

THE
UNIVERSAL
ANTHOLOGY

THE UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

WITH BIBLIOGRAPHIC ESSAYS

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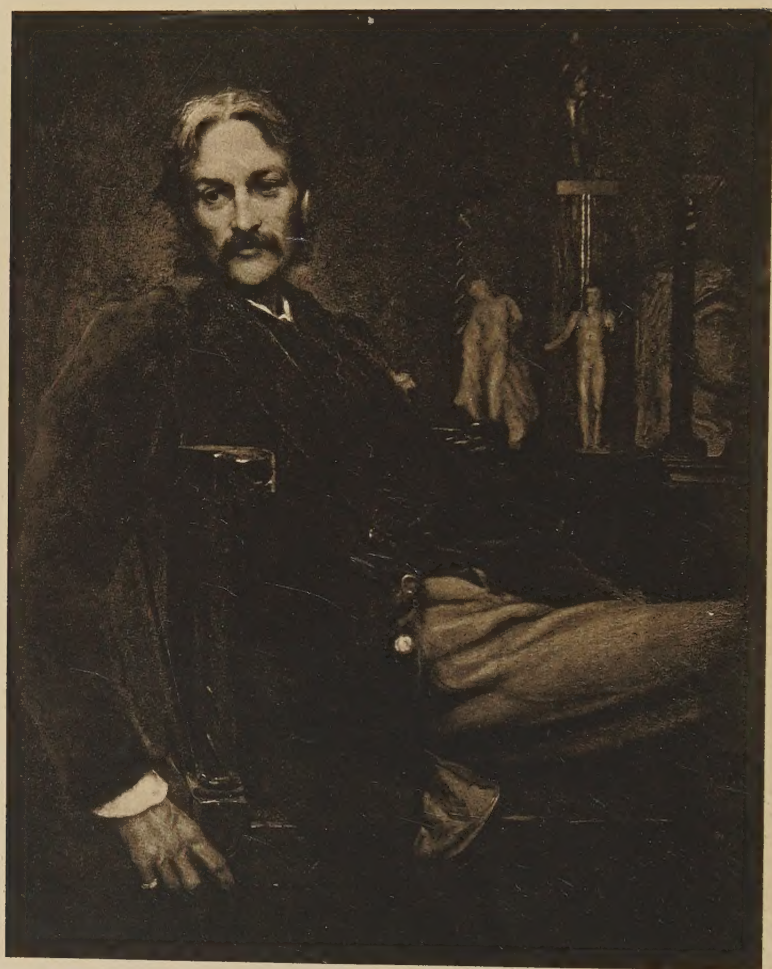
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THE UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

A COLLECTION OF THE BEST LITERATURE, ANCIENT, MEDIEVAL, AND
MODERN, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

EDITED BY
RICHARD GARNETT

Reader of French Literature at the British Museum, London, 1851 to 1897

Andrew Lang

LEON VALLEE

Lecturer at the Edinburgh Academy, France, since 1875

ALOIS BRANDL

Professor of Literature in the Imperial University of Berlin

Two Volumes in One

Volumes 21 and 22

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THE PROGRESS OF LITERATURE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

BY ANDREW LANG

CONTEMPLATING the literature of the whole century, we notice how slightly new developments correspond to our arbitrary divisions of time, and perhaps we convince ourselves of the futility of literary generalisations. The art of letters has, indeed, on the whole, and in the procession of the years, certain well-marked periods. Beginning with mere popular snatches of song, amatory, magical, religious, man advances to narrative lays of heroic adventure, and to the evolution of professional minstrels, and castes of hymn-singers. The Epic, the Drama, Satire, are developed; then come lyrics of individual experience, while, in the region of prose, and after the discovery of writing, the brief notes of annalists expand into history; philosophy turns from semi-religious verse to pedestrian measures, and written criticism comes last of all. Greece, Rome, the mediæval and the modern world all exhibit this natural process. But the full round once accomplished, the literature of a given century, say the nineteenth, depends for its character on forces which we can but partially estimate.

It has been a century of Revolution, of social and political unrest, of almost miraculous development in physical science, and in power of directing mechanically the forces of nature. Such a chaos of new ideas *may* take form in literature, but most of the ideas will be too raw for artistic expression. Thus the motive of Evolution, as formulated by Darwin, is revolutionary, and is grandiose, but in literature it does but tinge the thought of Tennyson, or extract the sharper whine from the many minor poets of cheap pessimism. The socialistic idea, no less vast, has but inspired William Morris, among notable English poets, and

less formally sounds in some pieces of Shelley. Meanwhile the mechanical knowledge of the time is hostile to literature, because it is hostile to leisure and to loneliness. Yearly, we become more hurried, more gregarious, and more apt to depend absolutely on newspapers for our reading.

Perhaps this may be the cause of the degeneracy of literature since 1860. After the great generation of 1790-1820, in England, after Wordsworth, Scott, Shelley, Coleridge, Byron, Keats, came a day of small things, followed by the period of Tennyson, Browning, Carlyle, and Matthew Arnold. In America, all the classical writers in prose and verse—Hawthorne, Poe, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Prescott, Motley, Holmes, and others—were contemporary with Dickens, Thackeray, and the Victorian authors already named. Since 1860, the stars of Rossetti, Swinburne, and a crowd of novelists arose, and for the most part set, in England, where we have no new poet high in the second rank, and no prose writer of the charm and distinction of Mr. Stevenson. In America, too, there is no Hawthorne or Poe, no Emerson or Longfellow. There is a fairly high level of merit, accompanied by much conscientious reflection on “art” and method, but we see no pre-eminent genius, among all the schools of experiment. The same rule applies to continental literature. “Decadence” and reaction from Decadence (as in M. Rostand); “Realism” and reaction from Realism; social philosophies striving to take literary form (as in Tolstoi); theories, and contending critical slogans, meet us everywhere, but we find little spontaneous genius, little permanent excellence.

Why is this so? Our hurry and confusion help to make us barren; our neglect of serious study of the classics in dead and living languages helps to make our authors ephemeral, mere creatures of the day, but causes which we can never hope to estimate are yet more potent. Persons of genius happen not to be born. So it was, with rare exceptions, between Pope and Burns. We can know no more, but do not let us shut ourselves into the belief that our mediocre talents are miracles of genius.

Though now we are "waiting for the fountain to arise," our century has been notable in letters. A man who died in 1800 had never a chance to read the *Waverley Novels*, *Vanity Fair*, *Esmond*, *Pickwick*, much of Wordsworth, all of Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne. He was unconscious of Poe, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Emerson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Hugo, Musset, Dumas, George Sand, Heine, Lamartine, Turguenieff, Daudet, and was innocent of Zola, to take only a few names. Great regions of philosophy, poetry, humour, were closed to him, which are open to us. Many musical voices, as of "all the angels singing out of heaven," had not yet been raised. Our familiar quotations, our household words, were, many of them, not yet uttered. The romance of the Middle Ages was a sealed book, practically, till Walter Scott opened it, as William of Deloraine opened the book of the buried wizard, and Alexandre Dumas turned over other pages full of as potent spells. The poetic secret of nature was waiting for Wordsworth: the inner charm of words, of verbal music, frozen by a century of common sense, was to be freed by Keats, Coleridge, Shelley, and Tennyson. The pity and the humour of the poor (the pity and tragedy already revealed by Crabbe) were to be made common knowledge by Dickens, Barrie, and an army of followers. The treasures of local and provincial literature had been revealed by Burns, but more were to be brought out from a hundred rural places. The comedy and tragedy of society expected Thackeray to renew the exploits of Fielding. The whole province of æsthetics was to be refreshed, and to flower quaintly under the showers of Mr. Ruskin's eloquence. The art of poetry was to be revolutionized, so that the verse of Pope and of Johnson should fall into unmerited disdain. Only the stage, for social reasons, probably, was to yield place, as far as literary merit is concerned, to the novel. The novel was almost to overrun the whole field of letters, so that "poetry is a drug," and the essayist prattles unheeded.

In History the man who died in 1800 missed Hallam, Macaulay, Grote, Thirlwall, Freeman, Froude, Motley, Prescott, Ban-

croft, Fustel de Coulanges, Michelet, Mommsen, Sismondi, Ranke, Henri Martin—one does not know where to stop—and he missed, of course, our learned Gardiner, Stubbs, and all the new explorers of documents. We are only beginning to come into the treasures of the Vatican, of Venice, of Foreign Offices, of the charter chests, and muniment rooms. Our dead man of 1800 knew only the beginnings of our science of institutions, of anthropology, of comparative philology, the sciences of Mr. Tylor, MacLennan, Maine, Grimm, Brinton, Fiske, Von Maurer, Réville, Spencer, Renan, Maspero, Max Müller. Their name is legion, but here we are on the debatable land between science and *littérature*.

Enfin, though he had good letters in abundance, and read much that is now unfortunately neglected, the dead man of 1800 missed a vast opulence of knowledge, style, beauty, and mirth, which he could have entered upon merely by living for another hundred years. Whatever evil men yet unborn may say of our century, they cannot deny to it the laurel.

There are drawbacks, of course. As to knowledge, much of it is premature speculation. Like other ages, ours thinks it has discovered "the secret," in a dozen provinces where (we are beginning to learn) the secret is yet to seek. Our secret has usually been one or other statement of Materialism, one or other exposition of scepticism. The next century, if it comes to know more than we, will be very apt to reverse a number of popular verdicts. Oriental archæology, anthropology, experimental psychology, may check or divert the present march of Biblical and Homeric criticism, and of religious and psychological science. A period of hope may even succeed a period of negation, and another note than that of wistful pessimism may come to sound in poetry. Great stores of "realism," "naturalism," Ibsenism, decadence, and art according to Maeterlinck, have been "unloaded" on a public which, lectured out of its natural human tastes, is already reverting to them. Theories of literary art have been based by moderns and on the mood of the passing moment, to the neglect of the ages. The dismal commonplace has now been advertised as our only theme, while, again, we

have been drugged with the abnormal, the hystèrical, the morally and psychologically aberrant. These new metaphysics of literature are based on sheer ignorance and mental shortness of sight. The moment can hardly be a law to itself, much less can it be a law to the future.

The next century, nay, next year or next month, is the waste-paper basket of our fine, new theories. Our modish originalities of morbid fiction, our novels with a purpose, our versified lamentations, our much advertised rhetoric, and popular fustian, to-day are, and to-morrow are cast into the oven. In thirty years there will be no such editions of our "Boomsters,"—our clamorously applauded and woefully ignorant dealers in fiction,—as to-day there are of Scott, Miss Austen, Fielding, Hawthorne, Dickens, and Thackeray. Our new poets last about three months, and will not survive to a tenth edition. The new age will thoroughly purge the garner, and huge stacks of our chaff will be cast into the fire. Herrick and Carew will outlast the famed Mr. A., and the entrancing Mr. B. I am tempted to venture on the prophetic; to try to see what will endure, out of our contemporary abundance. But we cannot be particular without being personal, nor is the practice of prophecy entirely free from danger.

There is undeniable danger to letters in the multitude of readers. A public pasturing on illustrated monthly miscellanies of trash, and listening to critical whipper-snappers preaching in columns of literary notes, demands the "spicy." Authors, with a natural human anxiety to gain dollars, are tempted to appeal to this great thoughtless unlearned public. The peril is conspicuous, but mankind is so fashioned that true excellence will not make its appeal in vain. Give us a Shakespeare or a Scott, and he will not miss his reward, neither will such a genius stoop to be merely "spicy," eccentric, or declamatory, for the sake of lucre. Only the minor talents squander themselves on voluble appeals to the tasteless, and rely on the arts of the paragraph and the interview. Many noble examples in our age, as of Tennyson, Carlyle, and (if we may mention the living), Mr. George Meredith, prove that genius will prefer neglect to advertisement, will take its own

path, and, shunning the beaten road, and the clamorous booths of charlatans, will await its day. The much-talked-of "artistic conscience" is more than a phrase, though "stained by all ignoble *usé*."

To end, the earlier and the middle century seems richer than the closing quarter in eminent names, in works which will endure. So we think, even after discounting the natural, almost inevitable blindness to contemporary excellence, a blindness which is a check on the no less natural tendency to exalt, as Homer says, "the song which comes newest to our ears," the song, or the story, the essay or the play. But, even while holding that "the old is better," every reader of sense will admit the existence of multitudes of contemporary writers honourably good and pleasing, and to be distinguished from the ranters of the novel, from the affected "stylists," from the prurient "dukes of dark corners," from the fashioners of modish æsthetics. These microbes ravage our newest literature, but they must pass, like other plagues in other and older literatures. They are as well known to the literary critic as the locust, the mouse, the phylloxera, and grouse-disease, to other experts. They work ruin for their allotted space, but the type attacked survives, and the pestilent things which prey on it disappear. In letters, as in all things, excellence endures from of old, and as of old; pretence, *reclame*, affectation, perish. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*

If we ask ourselves how the literature of the nineteenth is distinguished from that of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a formal difference at once presents itself. Our century has seen literature become a profession. In the seventeenth century men wrote because they had, or thought they had something to say, took pleasure in the work, and hoped for fame. Money was only considered by the booksellers' hacks, who had begun to exist as early as the Reformation. Writers for the stage made a little money, very little, and the booksellers kept their "hands" from starving, but Milton, Walton, Lovelace, Clarendon, and the divines did not write for pay. By Dryden's time, profit began to accrue, or place, but Pope had to secure his

gains by the method of subscription. In the eighteenth century we know how scanty were the earnings of Dr. Johnson and of Burns. The golden age of "places" for the wits ended with the death of the last Stuart and the coming of the first George. Probably Scott first proved that something more than a competence might be earned with the pen, and literature became a paying profession. As such it is plied with an almost plodding industry. We may rejoice the Muses need no longer shiver, as in Theocritus, but nobody can maintain that the literary art flourishes better in proportion as the commercial element increases. The author may be more comfortable and more independent, but he is not, on that account, a better author. He finds it more difficult to come "through his horses" to the front, in the race for recognition, as the course is crowded by innumerable jades, attracted by the rare prizes of success. Yet the multitude of critics, all on the outlook for some new thing, partly neutralises the effects of over-crowding, and Mr. Kipling, arrived almost as an unknown lad from India, had not to wait long for popularity.

The note of the early century was that of emancipation from "rules" which had always been conventional, the rules of French criticism under Louis XIV. The note of the closing century is emancipation from certain human decencies. The trammels which were not felt by Æschylus and Sophocles, by Homer and Virgil, are too galling for young persons anxious to dilate on "problems of sex." This, too, is only a passing phase. The old æsthetic controversies are reopened, the questions of naturalism, realism, idealism: and critics ignorant of literature cry for a kind of literary photography, for the stern reproduction in art of all that we avert our eyes from in nature. These are no new discussions, Athens was familiar with them, and they will be settled, as of old, by the common wisdom of mankind. Meanwhile we must endure constant exhibitions of crude and one-sided experiments, "symbolism," adventures in odd metres, tales without beginning, or end, or interest, uncouth attempts at phonetic reproduction of rude dialects, mincing euphuisms miscalled "style," and many

other tribulations, among them flocks of imitations of everything that has a week's success. Many of the productions of recent literature are, like the fantastic animals, nature's experiments, which lived before earth was fit for human habitation. They are "neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring," they spring from the mental ferment of people determined, at all hazards, to be "new." We ought to aim at excellence of matter and form, and we may be content to think that all goodness of form is old, and is not fantastic. Not novelty of method, not contortions, not convulsions, produce work which is good and will last, only genius and labour can do that. Literature is not an affair of fashion, like the costume of ladies; we are not to ask whether realism, or romance is "in," whether the "short story" is in demand, or weak on a falling market. Authors are not milliners; authors worth reckoning with obey a law stronger than the vagaries of vogue. The business of readers is to be deaf to the cries of the market, to peruse what is old and seasoned, and so to judge the quality of what is still in the gloss of freshness. Literature did not begin with Rossetti, Tolstoi, Verlaine, or Ibsen. *Vixere fortes ante* these distinguished masters, and the twentieth century, if it is wise, will not confine itself to the literature of the twentieth century. Few things have more seriously injured the taste of the last twenty-five years, than the common ignorance of all that was written by mankind before 1870. It has been a great century in letters, but its earlier glories are little studied (with a few exceptions), and the literature of the moment is only in one way encouraging. It cannot well be worse: it is the dark hour before the dawn.

A. Lang

LOCHINVAR.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[SIR WALTER SCOTT: The great Scotch novelist and poet; born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh, where he attended the university. He practiced as an advocate for a while, then withdrew from the bar and devoted his attention largely to literature. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805) brought him into prominence as an author; and in 1814 he published anonymously "Waverley," the first of the "Waverley Novels." He became a partner in Constable's publishing house and the Ballantynes' printing house, in order to realize all sides of the profit from his works; but bad management, and his immense overdrafts on their resources to build up a great feudal estate at Abbotsford, left them so weak that the panic of 1825 ruined both. He wore out his life in the effort to pay up in full the liabilities of £120,000, and the royalties on his books achieved this after his death. His other great poems are "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake," and lesser ones in merit are "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," "Harold the Dauntless," "The Bridal of Triermain," and "The Vision of Don Roderick." Among the "Waverleys" may be cited "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot," "Quentin Durward," "The Pirate," and "The Talisman."]

LADY HERON'S SONG.

OH, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west:
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
 Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
 "O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?" —

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied; —
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide!
 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine:
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —
 "Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
 And the bridemaids whispered, "'Twere better by far
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall door and the charger stood near;
 So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung! —
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
 There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

TRAFALGAR, 1805.—DEATH OF NELSON.¹

BY CAPTAIN ALFRED T. MAHAN.

(From "Life of Nelson.")

[ALFRED THAYER MAHAN, American naval officer and historian, was born at West Point, N.Y., September 27, 1840. He served in the Civil War, and was president for several years of the Naval War College, Newport. He has written: "The Gulf and Inland Waters" (1883); "Influence of Sea Power upon History" (1890), continued as "Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire" (1892); "Life of Admiral Farragut" (1892); "The Interest of America in Sea Power, Present and Future" (1897), a compilation of his magazine articles; and the "Life of Nelson" (1897). During the Spanish War of 1898 he was a member of the naval strategy board.]

THE general dispositions [were]: a main body of eighteen to twenty, fifty miles west of Cadiz, a frigate squadron close in to the harbor, and two groups of ships of the line extended between these extremes. With a westerly wind, approach to the port would be easy for all; with an easterly, Nelson wrote to Blackwood, he would habitually beat up for Cadiz, never going north of the port. His whereabouts in case of thick weather was thus always known. He notified Collingwood and his other subordinates, that if the enemy came out, he should stand for Cape Spartel, the African outpost of the straits, to bar the entrance of the allies to the Mediterranean. On the 13th of October his old ship, the "Agamemnon," joined the fleet. She was commanded by Sir Edward Berry, who had been first lieutenant in her with Nelson, had accompanied him in boarding the "San Nicolas" and "San Josef" at St. Vincent, and was afterwards his flag captain at the Nile. When her approach was reported to the admiral, he exclaimed gleefully, "Here comes Berry! Now we shall have a battle," for Berry, having been in more fleet actions than any captain in the British Navy, had a proverbial reputation for such luck. The event did not belie the prediction. Five days later, on the 18th of the month, Nelson noted in his diary: "Fine weather, wind easterly; the combined fleets cannot have finer weather to put to sea"; and the following morning, at half past nine, the signal, repeated from masthead to masthead, from the in-shore frigates to their commander-in-chief fifty miles at sea, announced that the long expected battle was at hand—for "The Enemy are coming out of port."

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Contrary to the general policy that for many years had governed the naval undertakings of France and Spain, the combined fleets put to sea on the 19th of October, 1805, with the fixed purpose of daring the hazard of battle, which they could scarcely expect to avoid. They numbered thirty-three ships of the line, eighteen French and fifteen Spanish, and were accompanied by five frigates and two brigs, all of which were French. This great force in its aggregate was one. There were not two separate entities, a French fleet and a Spanish fleet, acting in concert, as is often the case in alliances. Whatever the administrative arrangements, for cruising and for battle the vessels of the two nations were blended in a single mass, at the head of which was the French admiral, just as the general direction of the naval campaign was in the hands of the French emperor alone.

In the allied force there were four three-decked ships, of from one hundred to one hundred and thirty guns, all Spanish, of which one, the "Santisima Trinidad," was the largest vessel then afloat. Among Nelson's twenty-seven there were seven three-deckers, of ninety-eight to one hundred guns; but in the lower rates the British were at a disadvantage, having but one eighty-gun ship and three sixty-fours, whereas the allies had six of the former and only one of the latter. All the other vessels of the line of battle were seventy-fours, the normal medium type, upon which the experience of most navies of that day had fixed, as best fitted for the general purposes of fleet warfare. Where more tonnage and heavier batteries were put into single ships, it was simply for the purpose of reënforcing the critical points of an order of battle—an aim that could not be as effectively attained by the combination of two ships, under two captains. . . .

Nelson had several times said to Captain Hardy and Dr. Scott, "The 21st will be our day;" and on the morning of the battle, when the prediction was approaching fulfillment, he again remarked that the 21st of October was the happiest day in the year for his family; but he mentioned no reason other than that just given. . . .

Soon after daylight Nelson, who, according to his custom, was already up and dressed, had gone on deck. He wore as usual his admiral's frock coat, on the left breast of which were stitched the stars of four different Orders that he always bore. It was noticed that he did not wear his sword at Trafalgar,

although it lay ready for him on the cabin table; and it is supposed he forgot to call for it, as this was the only instance in which he was known not to carry it when engaged. At about six o'clock he summoned Captain Blackwood on board the "Victory."

Blackwood found him in good but very calm spirits, pre-occupied with the movements of the allies, and the probable results of his own plan of attack. He frequently asked, "What would you consider a victory?" Blackwood answered: "Considering the handsome way in which the battle is offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the proximity of the land, I think if fourteen ships are captured, it will be a glorious result." . . .

At seven o'clock Nelson had returned from the poop to the cabin, for at that hour was made in his private journal the last entry of occurrences, — "At seven the combined fleets wearing in succession." Here it seems likely that he laid down the pen, for, when he was found writing again, some hours later, it was to complete the long record of experiences and of duties, with words that summed up, in fit and most touching expression, the self-devotion of a life already entering the shadow of death.

Between eight and nine o'clock the other frigate commanders came on board the "Victory"; aids-de-camp, as it were, waiting to the last moment to receive such orders as might require more extensive wording, or precise explanation, than is supplied by the sententious phrases of the signal book. Blackwood himself, a captain of long standing and of tried ability, was in fact intrusted contingently with no small share of the power and discretion of the commander in chief. "He not only gave me command of all the frigates, but he also gave me a latitude, seldom or ever given, that of making any use I pleased of his name, in ordering any of the sternmost line-of-battle ships to do what struck me as best." While thus waiting, the captains accompanied the admiral in an inspection which he made of the decks and batteries of the flagship. He addressed the crew at their several quarters, cautioned them against firing a single shot without being sure of their object, and to the officers he expressed himself as highly satisfied with the arrangements made.

Meanwhile the two fleets were forming, as best they could with the scanty breeze, the order in which each meant to meet the shock of battle. The British could not range themselves

in regular columns without loss of time that was not to be thrown away. They advanced rather in two elongated groups, all under full sail, even to studding sails on both sides, the place of each ship being determined chiefly by her speed, or, perhaps, by some fortuitous advantage of position when the movement began. The great point was to get the heads of the columns into action as soon as possible, to break up the enemy's order. That done, those which followed could be trusted to complete the business on the general lines prescribed by Nelson. Collingwood's ship, the "Royal Sovereign," being but a few days out from home, and freshly coppered, easily took the lead in her own division. After her came the "Belleisle," also a recent arrival off Cadiz, but an old Mediterranean cruiser which had accompanied Nelson in the recent chase to the West Indies. Upon these two ships, as upon the heads of all columns, fell the weight of destruction from the enemy's resistance.

The "Victory," always a fast ship, had likewise little difficulty in keeping her place at the front. Blackwood, having failed to get Nelson on board his own frigate, and realizing the exposure inseparable from the position of leader, ventured, at about half-past nine, when still six miles from the enemy, to urge that one or two ships should be permitted to precede the "Victory." Nelson gave a conditional assent—"Let them go," if they can. The "Téméraire," a three-decker, being close behind, was hailed to go ahead, and endeavored to do so; but at the same moment the admiral gave an indication of how little disposed he was to yield either time or position. The lee lower studding sail happening to be badly set, the lieutenant of the forecastle had it taken in, meaning to reset it; which Nelson observing, ran forward and rated him severely for delaying the ship's progress. Anything much less useful than a lee lower studding sail is hard to imagine, but by this time the admiral was getting very restive. "About ten o'clock," says Blackwood, "Lord Nelson's anxiety to close with the enemy became very apparent: he frequently remarked that they put a good face upon it; but always quickly added: 'I'll give them such a dressing as they never had before.'"

Seeing that the "Téméraire" could not pass the "Victory" in time to lead into the hostile order, unless the flagship gave way, Blackwood, feeling perhaps that he might wear out his own privilege, told Hardy he ought to say to the admiral that, unless the "Victory" shortened sail, the other ships could

not get into place ; but Hardy naturally demurred. In any event, it was not just the sort of proposition that the captain of the ship would wish to make, and it was very doubtful how Nelson might take it. This the latter soon showed, however ; for, as the “*Téméraire*” painfully crawled up, and her bows doubled on the “*Victory*’s” quarter, he hailed her, and speaking as he always did with a slight nasal intonation, said : “I’ll thank you, Captain Harvey, to keep in your proper station, which is astern of the ‘*Victory*.’” The same concern for the admiral’s personal safety led the assembled officers to comment anxiously upon the conspicuous mark offered by his blaze of decorations, knowing as they did that the enemy’s ships swarmed with soldiers, that among them were many sharpshooters, and that the action would be close. None, however, liked to approach him with the suggestion that he should take any precaution. At length the surgeon, whose painful duty it was a few hours later to watch over the sad fulfillment of his apprehensions, said that he would run the risk of his Lordship’s displeasure ; but before he could find a fitting opportunity to speak, a shot flew over the “*Victory*,” and the admiral directed all not stationed on deck to go to their quarters. No remark therefore was made ; but it is more likely that Nelson would have resented the warning than that he would have heeded it.

The French and Spanish fleets, being neither a homogeneous nor a well-exercised mass, experienced even greater difficulty than the British in forming their array ; and the matter was to them of more consequence, for, as the defensive has an advantage in the careful preparations he may make, so, if he fail to accomplish them, he has little to compensate for the loss of the initiative, which he has yielded his opponent. The formation at which they aimed, the customary order of battle in that day, was a long, straight, single column, presenting from end to end an unbroken succession of batteries, close to one another and clear towards the foe, so that all the ships should sweep with their guns the sea over which, nearly at right angles, the hostile columns were advancing. Instead of this, embarrassed by both lack of wind and lack of skill, their maneuvers resulted in a curved line, concave to the enemy’s approach, — the horns of the crescent thus formed being nearer to the latter. Collingwood noted that this disposition facilitated a convergent fire upon the assailants, the heads of whose columns were bearing down on the allied center ; it does not seem to have been

remarked that the two horns, or wings, being to windward of the center, also had it more in their power to support the latter — a consideration of very great importance. Neither of these advantages, however, was due to contrivance. The order of the combined fleets was the result merely of an unsuccessful effort to assume the usual line of battle. The ships distributed along the crescent lay irregularly, sometimes two and three abreast, masking each other's fire. On the other hand, even this irregularity had some compensations, for a British vessel, attempting to pass through at such a place, fell at once into a swarm of enemies. From horn to horn was about five miles. Owing to the lightness of the breeze, the allies carried a good deal of sail, a departure from the usual battle practice. This was necessary in order to enable them to keep their places at all, but it also had the effect of bringing them continually, though very gradually, nearer to Cadiz. Seeing this, Nelson signaled to Collingwood, "I intend to pass through the van of the enemy's line, to prevent him from getting into Cadiz," and the course of the "Victory," for this purpose, was changed a little to the northward.

After this, towards eleven o'clock, Nelson went below to the cabin. It was his habit, when an engagement was expected, to have all the bulkheads upon the fighting decks taken down, and those of his own apartments doubtless had been removed at least as soon as the enemy's sailing was signaled; but it was possible to obtain some degree of privacy by hanging screens, which could be hurried out of the way at the last moment. The "Victory" did not come under fire till 12.30, so that at eleven she would yet be three miles or more distant from the enemy, and screens could still remain. Shortly after he entered, the signal lieutenant, who had been by his side all the morning, followed him, partly to make an official report, partly to prefer a personal request. He was the ranking lieutenant on board, but had not been permitted to exercise the duties of first lieutenant, because Nelson some time before, to avoid constant changes in that important station, had ordered that the person then occupying it should so continue, notwithstanding the seniority of any who might afterwards join. Now that battle was at hand, the oldest in rank wished to claim the position, and to gain the reward that it insured after a victory, — a request natural and not improper, but more suited for the retirement of the cabin than for the publicity of the deck.

Entering the cabin, the officer paused at the threshold, for

Nelson was on his knees writing. The words, the last that he ever penned, were written in the private diary he habitually kept, in which were noted observations and reflections upon passing occurrences, mingled with occasional self-communings. They followed now, without break of space, or paragraph, upon the last incident recorded — “At seven the enemy wearing in succession” — and they ran thus : —

“May the Great God, whom I worship, grant to my Country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory ; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it ; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavors for serving my Country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is intrusted to me to defend. Amen. Amen. Amen.”

The officer, Lieutenant Pasco, waited quietly till Nelson rose from his knees, and then made his necessary report ; but, although his future prospects hung upon the wish he had to express, he refrained with singular delicacy from intruding it upon the preoccupation of mind evidenced by the attitude in which he had found his commander. The latter soon afterwards followed him to the poop, where Blackwood was still awaiting his final instructions. To him Nelson said, “I will now amuse the fleet with a signal ;” and he asked if he did not think there was one yet wanting. Blackwood replied that the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about, and were vying with each other to get as near as possible to the leaders of the columns. Upon this succeeded the celebrated signal, the development of which to its final wording is a little uncertain. Comparing the various accounts of witnesses, it seems probably to have been as follows. Nelson mused for a little while, as one who phrases a thought in his own mind before uttering it, and then said, “Suppose we telegraph, ‘Nelson confides that every man will do his duty.’” In this form it was the call of the leader to the followers, the personal appeal of one who trusts to those in whom he trusts, a feeling particularly characteristic of the speaker, whose strong hold over others lay above all in the transparent and unswerving faith he showed in their loyal support ; and to arouse it now in full force he used the watchword “duty,” sure that the chord it struck in him would find its quick response in every

man of the same blood. The officer to whom the remark was made suggested "England" instead of "Nelson." To the fleet it could have made no difference,—to them the two names meant the same thing; but Nelson accepted the change with delight. "Mr. Pasco," he called to the signal officer, "I wish to say to the fleet, 'England confides that every man will do his duty;'" and he added, "You must be quick, for I have one more to make, which is for close action." This remark shows that the columns, and particularly Collingwood's ship, were already nearing the enemy. Pasco answered, "If your Lordship will permit me to substitute 'expects' for 'confides,' it will be sooner completed, because 'expects' is in the vocabulary, and 'confides' must be spelt." Nelson replied hastily, but apparently satisfied, "That will do, Pasco, make it directly;" but the slightly mandatory "expects" is less representative of the author of this renowned sentence than the cordial and sympathetic "confides." It is "Allez," rather than "Allons"; yet even so, become now the voice of the distant motherland, it carries with it the shade of reverence, as well as of affection, which patriotism exacts.

It is said that Collingwood, frequently testy, and at the moment preoccupied with the approaching collision with the Spanish three-decker he had marked for his opponent, exclaimed impatiently when the first number went aloft, "I wish Nelson would stop signaling, as we know well enough what we have to do." But the two lifelong friends, who were not again to look each other in the face, soon passed to other thoughts, such as men gladly recall when death has parted them. When the whole signal was reported to him, and cheers resounded along the lines, Collingwood cordially expressed his own satisfaction. A few moments later, just at noon, the French ship "Fougueux," the second astern of the "Santa Ana," for which the "Royal Sovereign" was steering, fired at the latter the first gun of the battle. As by a common impulse the ships of all the nations engaged hoisted their colors, and the admirals their flags,—a courteous and chivalrous salute preceding the mortal encounter. For ten minutes the "Royal Sovereign" advanced in silence, the one center of the hostile fire, upon which were fixed all eyes, as yet without danger of their own to distract. As she drew near the two ships between which she intended to pass, Nelson exclaimed admiringly, "See how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action."

At about the same instant Collingwood was saying to his flag captain, "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!"

These things being done, Nelson said to Blackwood, "Now I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events, and to the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty." When his last signal had been acknowledged by a few ships in the van, the admiral directed Pasco to make that for close action, and to keep it up. This was accordingly hoisted on board the flagship, where it was flying still as she disappeared into the smoke of the battle, and so remained till shot away. The "Victory" was about two miles from the "Royal Sovereign" when the latter, at ten minutes past twelve, broke through the allied order, and she had still a mile and a half to go before she herself could reach it. At twenty minutes past twelve Villeneuve's flagship, the "Bucentaure," of eighty guns, fired a shot at her, to try the range. It fell short. A few minutes later a second was fired, which dropped alongside. The distance then was a mile and a quarter. Two or three followed in rapid succession and passed over the "Victory." Nelson then turned to Blackwood and directed him and Captain Prowse of the "Sirius" to return to their ships, but in so doing to pass along the column and tell the captains he depended upon their exertions to get into action as quickly as possible. He then bade them again to go away. Blackwood, who was standing by him at the forward end of the poop, took his hand, and said, "I trust, my Lord, that on my return to the 'Victory,' which will be as soon as possible, I shall find your Lordship well and in possession of twenty prizes." Nelson replied, "God bless you, Blackwood, I shall never speak to you again."

The "Victory" was all the time advancing, the feeble breeze urging her progress, which was helped also by her lurching through the heavy following swell that prevailed. Before Blackwood could leave her, a shot passed through the main topgallant sail, and the rent proclaimed to the eager eyes of the foes that the ship was fairly under their guns. Thereupon everything about the "Bucentaure," some seven or eight ships, at least, opened upon this single enemy, as the allied rear and center had upon the "Royal Sovereign"; for it was imperative to stop her way, if possible, or at least to deaden it, and so to delay as long as might be the moment when she could bring her broadside to bear effectively. During the forty

minutes that followed, the "Victory" was an unresisting target to her enemies, and her speed, slow enough at the first, decreased continually as the hail of shot riddled the sails, or stripped them from the yards. Every studding-sail boom was shot away close to the yardarms, and this light canvas, invaluable in so faint a wind, fell helplessly into the water. During these trying moments, Mr. Scott, the admiral's public secretary, was struck by a round shot while talking with Captain Hardy, and instantly killed. Those standing by sought to remove the body without drawing Nelson's attention to the loss of one so closely associated with him; but the admiral had noticed the fall. "Is that poor Scott," he said, "who is gone?" The clerk who took the dead man's place was killed a few moments later by the wind of a ball, though his person was untouched.

The "Victory" continuing to forge slowly ahead, despite her injuries, and pointing evidently for the flagship of the hostile commander in chief, the ships round the latter, to use James' striking phrase, now "closed like a forest." The nearer the British vessel drew, the better necessarily became the enemies' aim. Just as she got within about five hundred yards—quarter of a mile—from the "Bucentaure's" beam, the mizzen topmast was shot away. At the same time the wheel was hit and shattered, so that the ship had to be steered from below, a matter that soon became of little importance. A couple of minutes more, eight marines were carried off by a single projectile, while standing drawn up on the poop, whereupon Nelson ordered the survivors to be dispersed about the deck. Presently a shot, coming in through the ship's side, ranged aft on the quarter-deck towards the admiral and Captain Hardy, between whom it passed. On its way it struck the forebrace bitts—a heavy block of timber—carrying thence a shower of splinters, one of which bruised Hardy's foot. The two officers, who were walking together, stopped, and looked inquiringly at each other. Seeing that no harm was done, Nelson smiled, but said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long." He then praised the cool resolution of the seamen around him, compelled to endure this murderous fire without present reply. He had never, he said, seen better conduct. Twenty men had so far been killed and thirty wounded, with not a shot fired from their own guns.

Still the ship closed with the "Bucentaure." It had been Nelson's purpose and desire to make her his special antagonist,

because of Villeneuve's flag; but to do so required room for the "Victory" to turn under the French vessel's stern, and to come up alongside. As she drew near, Hardy, scanning the hostile array, saw three ships crowded together behind and beyond the "Bucentaure." He reported to Nelson that he could go close under her stern, but could not round-to alongside, nor pass through the line, without running on board one of these. The admiral replied, "I cannot help it, it does not signify which we run on board of. Go on board which you please: take your choice." At one o'clock the bows of the "Victory" crossed the wake of the "Bucentaure," by whose stern she passed within thirty feet, the projecting yardarms grazing the enemy's rigging. One after another, as they bore, the double-shotted guns tore through the woodwork of the French ship, the smoke, driven back, filling the lower decks of the "Victory," while persons on the upper deck, including Nelson himself, were covered with the dust which rose in clouds from the wreck. From the relative positions of the two vessels, the shot ranged from end to end of the "Bucentaure," and the injury was tremendous. Twenty guns were at once dismounted, and the loss by that single discharge was estimated, by the French, at four hundred men. Leaving the further care of the enemy's flagship to her followers, secure that they would give due heed to the admiral's order, that "every effort must be made to capture the hostile commander in chief," the "Victory" put her helm up, inclining to the right, and ran on board a French seventy-four, the "Redoubtable," whose guns, as well as those of the French "Néptune," had been busily playing upon her hitherto. At 1.10 she lay along the port side of the "Redoubtable," the two ships falling off with their heads to the eastward, and moving slowly before the wind to the east-southeast.

In the duel which ensued between these two, in which Nelson fell, the disparity, so far as weight of battery was concerned, was all against the French ship; but the latter, while greatly overmatched at the guns, much the greater part of which were below deck, was markedly superior to her antagonist in small-arm fire on the upper deck, and especially aloft, where she had many musketeers stationed. Nelson himself was averse to the employment of men in that position, thinking the danger of fire greater than the gain, but the result on this day was fatal to very many of the "Victory's" men as well as to

himself. As the ship's place in the battle was fixed for the moment, nothing now remained to be done, except for the crews to ply their weapons till the end was reached. The admiral and the captain, their parts of direction and guidance being finished, walked back and forth together on the quarter-deck, on the side farthest from the "Redoubtable," where there was a clear space of a little over twenty feet in length, fore and aft, from the wheel to the hatch ladder leading down to the cabin. The mizzen top of the "Redoubtable," garnished with sharpshooters, was about fifty feet above them. Fifteen minutes after the vessels came together, as the two officers were walking forward, and had nearly reached the usual place of turning, Nelson, who was on Hardy's left, suddenly faced left about. Hardy, after taking a step farther, turned also, and saw the admiral in the act of falling — on his knees, with his left hand touching the deck ; then, the arm giving way, he fell on his left side. It was in the exact spot where Scott, the secretary, had been killed an hour before. To Hardy's natural exclamation that he hoped he was not badly hurt, he replied, "They have done for me at last ;" and when the expression of hope was repeated, he said again, "Yes, my backbone is shot through." "I felt it break my back," he told the surgeon, a few minutes later. The ball had struck him on the left shoulder, on the forward part of the epaulette, piercing the lung, where it severed a large artery, and then passed through the spine from left to right, lodging finally in the muscles of the back. Although there was more than one mortal injury, the immediate and merciful cause of his speedy death was the internal bleeding from the artery. Within a few moments of his wounding some forty officers and men were cut down by the same murderous fire from the tops of the enemy. Indeed, so stripped of men was the upper deck of the "Victory" that the French made a movement to board, which was repulsed, though with heavy loss.

The stricken hero was at once carried below, himself covering his face and the decorations of his coat with his handkerchief, that the sight of their loss might not affect the ship's company at this critical instant. The cockpit was already cumbered with the wounded and dying, but the handkerchief falling from his face, the surgeon recognized him, and came at once to him. "You can do nothing for me, Beatty," he said ; "I have but a short time to live." The surgeon also uttered the involuntary exclamation of encouragement which rises inevitably to the lips

at such a moment; but a short examination, and the sufferer's statement of his sensations, especially the gushing of blood within the breast, which was vividly felt, convinced him that there was indeed no hope. "Doctor, I am gone," he said to the Rev. Mr. Scott, the chaplain, who knelt beside him; and then added in a low voice, "I have to leave Lady Hamilton, and my adopted daughter Horatia, as a legacy to my country." . . .

Nelson now desired the surgeons to leave him to the attendants, as one for whom nothing could be done, and to give their professional care where it would be of some avail. In a few moments he recalled the chief surgeon, and said, "I forgot to tell you that all power of motion and feeling below my breast are gone; and *you* very well *know* I can live but a short time." From the emphasis he placed on his words, the surgeon saw he was thinking of a case of spinal injury to a seaman some months before, which had proved mortal after many days' suffering; yet it would seem that, despite the conviction that rested on his mind, the love of life, and of all it meant to him, yet clung to the hope that possibly there might be a reprieve. "One would like to live a little longer," he murmured; and added, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation!" "Beatty," he said again, "*you know* I am gone." "My Lord," replied the surgeon, with a noble and courteous simplicity, "unhappily for our country, nothing can be done for you;" and he turned away to conceal the emotion which he could not at once control. "I know it," said Nelson. "I feel something rising in my breast," putting his hand on his left side, "which tells me I am gone. God be praised, I have done my duty." To this latter thought he continually recurred.

At about three o'clock, the five ships of the enemy's van, passing within gunshot to windward, opened fire upon the British ships and their prizes. The "Victory" with her consorts replied. "Oh, Victory! Victory!" cried the sufferer, "how you distract my poor brain!" and after a pause added, "How dear life is to all men!" This distant exchange of shots was ineffectual, except to kill or wound a few more people, but while it continued Hardy had to be on deck, for the flag of the commander in chief still vested his authority in that ship. During this period an officer was sent to Collingwood to inform him of the admiral's condition, and to bear a personal message of farewell from the latter; but Nelson had no idea of transferring any portion of his duty until he parted with his life also.

A short hour elapsed between Hardy's leaving the cockpit and his returning to it, which brings the time to four o'clock. Strength had ebbed fast meanwhile, and the end was now very near; but Nelson was still conscious. The friends again shook hands, and the captain, before releasing his grasp, congratulated the dying hero upon the brilliancy of the victory. It was complete, he said. How many were captured, it was impossible to see, but he was certain fourteen or fifteen. The exact number proved to be eighteen. "That is well," said Nelson, but added, faithful to his exhaustive ideas of sufficiency, "I bargained for twenty." Then he exclaimed, "*Anchor, Hardy, anchor!*" Hardy felt the embarrassment of issuing orders now that Collingwood knew that his chief was in the very arms of death; but Nelson was clearly within his rights. "I suppose, my Lord," said the captain, "Admiral Collingwood will now take upon himself the direction of affairs." "Not while I live, I hope, Hardy," cried Nelson, and for a moment endeavored, ineffectually, to raise himself from the bed. "No. Do *you* anchor, Hardy." Captain Hardy then said, "Shall we make the signal, Sir?" "Yes," answered the admiral, "for if I live, I'll anchor." These words he repeated several times, even after Hardy had left him, and the energy of his manner showed that for the moment the sense of duty and of responsibility had triumphed over his increasing weakness.

Nelson now desired his steward, who was in attendance throughout, to turn him on his right side. "I wish I had not left the deck," he murmured; "for I shall soon be gone." Thenceforth he sank rapidly; his breathing became oppressed and his voice faint. To Dr. Scott he said, "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner," and after a short pause, "*Remember* that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country—never forget Horatia." This injunction, with remembrances to Lady Hamilton and the child, he frequently repeated; and he charged Scott to see Mr. Rose, and tell him—but here pain interrupted his utterance, and after an interval he simply said, "Mr. Rose will remember," alluding to a letter which he had written him, but which as yet could not have been received. His thirst now increased; and he called for "drink, drink," "fan, fan," and "rub, rub," addressing himself in this last case to Dr. Scott, who had been rubbing his breast with his hand, by which some relief was given. These words he spoke in a very rapid manner, which rendered

his articulation difficult; but he every now and then, with evident increase of pain, made a greater effort, and said distinctly, "Thank God, I have done my duty." This he repeated at intervals as long as the power of speech remained. The last words caught by Dr. Scott, who was bending closely over him, were, "God and my country." . . .

There, surrounded by the companions of his triumph, and by the trophies of his prowess, we leave our hero with his glory. Sharer of our mortal weakness, he has bequeathed to us a type of single-minded self-devotion that can never perish. As his funeral anthem proclaimed, while a nation mourned, "His body is buried in peace, but his Name liveth for evermore." Wars may cease, but the need for heroism shall not depart from the earth, while man remains man and evil exists to be redressed. Wherever danger has to be faced or duty to be done, at cost to self, men will draw inspiration from the name and deeds of Nelson.



SONNET WRITTEN AT OSTEND.

BY WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

[1762-1850.]

How sweet the tuneful bells' responsive peal!
 As when at opening morn, the fragrant breeze
 Breathes on the trembling sense of pale disease,
 So piercing to my heart their force I feel!
 And hark! with lessening cadence now they fall!
 And now along the white and level tide,
 They fling their melancholy music wide;
 Bidding me many a tender thought recall
 Of summer-days, and those delightful years
 When from an ancient tower in life's fair prime,
 The mournful magic of their mingling chime
 First waked my wondering childhood into tears!
 But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,
 The sounds of joy once heard and heard no more.

ADVENTURES OF ARAGO.

[FRANÇOIS JEAN DOMINIQUE ARAGO: A French astronomer; born near Perpignan, in the eastern Pyrenees, February 26, 1786; died at Paris, October 3, 1853. After a brilliant course at the École Polytechnique in Paris, he went to Spain in 1806 to make astronomical observations. There he was mistaken for a French spy and succeeded in escaping only after many remarkable adventures. On returning to Paris in 1809 he was elected a member of the Academy and was given a professorship in the École Polytechnique. He rapidly rose to distinction as an astronomer and natural philosopher and held many high offices. His collected works were published in fourteen volumes, 1865, of which three volumes are given to biographies of deceased Academicians.]

THE consul occupied himself the next day in procuring a passage for us on board a vessel of the Regency which was going to Marseilles. M. Ferrier, the Chancellor of the French Consulate, was at the same time Consul for Austria. He procured for us two false passports, which transformed us — M. Berthémie and me — into two strolling merchants, the one from *Schwekat*, in Hungary, the other from *Leoben*.

The moment of departure had arrived; the 13th of August, 1808, we were on board, but our ship's company was not complete. The captain, whose title was Rai Braham Ouled Mustapha Goja, having perceived that the Dey was on his terrace, and fearing punishment if he should delay to set sail, completed his crew at the expense of the idlers who were looking on from the pier, and of whom the greater part were not sailors. These poor people begged as a favor for permission to go and inform their families of this precipitate departure, and to get some clothes. The captain remained deaf to their remonstrances. We weighed anchor.

The vessel belonged to the Emir of Seca, Director of the Mint. The real commander was a Greek captain, named Spiro Calligero. The cargo consisted of a great number of *groups*. Amongst the passengers there were five members of the family which the Bakri had succeeded as kings of the Jews; two ostrich-feathers merchants, Moroccans; Captain Krog, from Berghen in Norway, who had sold his ship at Alicant; two lions sent by the Dey to the Emperor Napoleon, and a great number of monkeys.

We had already entered the Gulf of Lyons, and were approaching Marseilles, when on the 16th of August, 1808, we met with a Spanish corsair from Palamos, armed at the prow with two twenty-four pounders. We made full sail; we hoped

to escape it: but a cannon shot, a ball from which went through our sails, taught us that she was a much better sailer than we.

We obeyed an injunction thus expressed, and awaited the great boat from the corsair. The captain declared that he made us prisoners, although Spain was at peace with Barbary, under the pretext that we were violating the blockade which had been lately raised on all the coasts of France: he added, that he intended to take us to Rosas, and that there the authorities would decide on our fate.

I was in the cabin of the vessel; I had the curiosity to look furtively at the crew of the boat, and there I perceived, with a dissatisfaction which may easily be imagined, one of the sailors of the *Mistic*, commanded by Don Manuel de Vacaro, of the name of Pablo Blanco, of Palamos, who had often acted as my servant during my geodesic operations. My false passport would become from this moment useless, if Pablo should recognize me: I went to bed at once, covered my head with the counterpane, and lay as still as a statue.

During the two days which elapsed between our capture and our entrance into the roads of Rosas, Pablo, whose curiosity often brought him into the room, used to exclaim, "There is one passenger whom I have not yet managed to get a sight of."

When we arrived at Rosas it was decided that we should be placed in quarantine in a dismantled windmill, situated on the road leading to Figueras. I was careful to disembark in a boat to which Pablo did not belong. The corsair departed for a new cruise, and I was for a moment freed from the harassing thought which my old servant had caused me.

Our ship was richly laden; the Spanish authorities were immediately desirous to declare it a lawful prize. They pretended to believe that I was the proprietor of it, and wished, in order to hasten things, to interrogate me, even without awaiting the completion of the quarantine. They stretched two cords between the mill and the shore, and a judge placed himself in front of me. As the interrogatories were made from a good distance, the numerous audience which encircled us took a direct part in the questions and answers. I will endeavor to reproduce this dialogue with all possible fidelity.

"Who are you?"

"A poor roving merchant."

"Whence do you come?"

"From a country where you certainly never were."

"In a word, what country is it?"

I was afraid to answer, for the passports, steeped in vinegar, were in the hands of the judge-instructor, and I had forgotten whether I was from Schwekat or from Leoben. Finally I answered at all hazards: —

"I come from Schwekat."

And this information happily was found to agree with that of the passport.

"You are as much from Schwekat as I am," answered the judge. "You are Spanish, and, moreover, a Spaniard from the kingdom of Valencia, as I perceive by your accent."

"Would you punish me, sir, because nature has endowed me with the gift of languages? I learn with facility the dialects of those countries through which I pass in the exercise of my trade; I have learnt, for example, the dialect of Iviza."

"Very well, you shall be taken at your word. I see here a soldier from Iviza; you shall hold a conversation with him."

"I consent; I will even sing the goat song."

Each of the verses of this song (if verses they be) terminates by an imitation of the bleating of the goat.

I commenced at once, with an audacity at which I really feel astonished, to chant this air, which is sung by all the shepherds of the island.

Ah graciada señora
Una canzo bouil *canta*
Bè, bè, bè, bè.

No sera gaira pulida
Nosé si vos agradara
Bè, bè, bè, bè.

At once my Ivizacan, upon whom this air had the effect of the *ranz des vaches* on the Swiss, declared, all in tears, that I was a native of Iviza.

I then said to the judge that if he would put me in communication with a person knowing the French language, he would arrive at just as embarrassing a result.

An *émigré* officer of the Bourbon regiment offered at once to make the experiment, and, after some phrases interchanged between us, affirmed without hesitation that I was French.

The judge, rendered impatient, exclaimed: "Let us put an end to these trials which decide nothing. I summon you, sir, to tell me who you are. I promise that your life will be safe if you answer me with sincerity."

"My greatest wish would be to give an answer to your satisfaction. I will, then, try to do so ; but I warn you that I am not going to tell you the truth. I am son of the innkeeper at Mataro."

"I know that innkeeper ; you are not his son."

"You are right. I announced to you that I should vary my answers until one of them should suit you. I retract, then, and tell you that I am a *titiretero* (player of marionettes), and that I practiced at Lerida."

A loud shout of laughter from the multitude encircling us greeted this answer, and put an end to the questions.

"I swear by the d—l," exclaimed the judge, "that I will discover sooner or later who you are !"

And he retired.

The Spanish authorities, finding that to redeem my life I would not declare myself the owner of the vessel, had us conducted without farther molestation to the fortress of Rosas. Having to file through nearly all the inhabitants of the town, I had wished at first, through a false feeling of shame, to leave in the mill the remains of our week's meals. But M. Berthémie, more prudent than I, carried over his shoulder a great quantity of pieces of black bread, tied up with packthread. I imitated him. I furnished myself famously from our old stock, set it on my shoulder, and it was with this accouterment that I made my entrance into the famous fortress.

They placed us in a casemate, where we had barely the space necessary for lying down. In the windmill they used to bring us, from time to time, some provisions which came from our boat. Here, the Spanish government purveyed our food. We received every day some bread and a ration of rice ; but as we had no means of dressing food, we were in reality reduced to dry bread.

Dry bread was very unsubstantial food for one who could see from his casemate, at the door of his prison, a sutler selling grapes at two farthings a pound, and cooking, under the shelter of a half a cask, bacon and herrings ; but we had no money to bring us into connection with this merchant. I then decided, though with very great regret, to sell a watch which my father had given me. I was only offered about a quarter of its value ; but I might as well accept it, since there were no competitors for it.

As possessors of sixty francs, M. Berthémie and I could now appease the hunger from which we had long suffered ; but we

did not like this return of fortune to be profitable to ourselves alone, and we made some presents, which were very well received by our companions in captivity. Though this sale of my watch brought some comfort to us, it was doomed at a later day to plunge a family into sorrow.

The town of Rosas fell into the power of the French after a courageous resistance. The prisoners of the garrison were sent to France, and naturally passed through Perpignan. My father went in quest of news wherever Spaniards were to be found. He entered a café at the moment when a prisoner officer drew from his fob the watch which I had sold at Rosas. My good father saw in this act the proof of my death, and fell into a swoon. The officer had got the watch from a third party, and could give no account of the fate of the person to whom it had originally belonged.

The casemate having become necessary to the defenders of the fortress, we were taken to a little chapel, where they deposited for twenty-four hours those who had died in the hospital. There we were guarded by peasants who had come across the mountains from various villages, and particularly from Cadaqués. These peasants, eager to recount all that they had seen of interest during their one day's campaign, questioned me as to the deeds and behavior of all my companions in misfortune. I satisfied their curiosity amply, being the only one of the set who could speak Spanish.

To enlist their good will, I also questioned them at length upon the subject of their village, on the work that they did there, on smuggling, their principal sources of employment, etc.

They answered my questions with the loquacity common to country rustics. The next day our guards were replaced by some others who were inhabitants of the same village. "In my business of a roving merchant," I said to these last, "I have been at Cadaqués;" and then I began to talk to them, of what I had learnt the night before, of such an individual, who gave himself up to smuggling with more success than others, of his beautiful residence, of the property which he possessed near the village, — in short, of a number of particulars which it seemed impossible for any but an inhabitant of Cadaqués to know. My jest produced an unexpected effect. Such circumstantial details, our guards said to themselves, cannot be known by a roving merchant; this personage, whom we have found here in such singular society, is certainly a native of Cadaqués; and

the son of the apothecary must be about his age. He had gone to try his fortune in America; it is evidently he, who fears to make himself known, having been found with all his riches in a vessel on its way to France. The report spread, became more consistent, and reached the ears of a sister of the apothecary established at Rosas. She runs to me, believes she recognizes me, and falls on my neck. I protest against the identity. "Well played!" said she to me; "the case is serious, as you have been found in a vessel coming to France; persist in your denial; circumstances may perhaps take a more favorable turn, and I shall profit by them to insure your deliverance. In the meantime, my dear nephew, I will let you want for nothing." And truly every morning M. Berthémie and I received a comfortable repast.

The church having become necessary to the garrison to serve as a magazine, we were moved on the 25th of September, 1808, to a Trinity fort, called the *Bouton de Rosas*, a citadel situated on a little mountain at the entrance of the roads, and we were deposited deep under ground, where the light of day did not penetrate on any side. We did not long remain in this infected place, not because they had pity on us, but because it offered shelter for a part of the garrison attacked by the French. They made us descend by night to the edge of the sea, and then transported us on the 17th of October to the port of Palamos. We were shut up in a hulk; we enjoyed, however, a certain degree of liberty; they allowed us to go on land, and to parade our miseries and our rags in the town. It was there that I made the acquaintance of the dowager Duchess of Orleans, mother of Louis Philippe. She had left the town of Figueras, where she resided, because, she told me, thirty-two bombs sent from the fortress had fallen in her house. She was then intending to take refuge in Algiers, and she asked me to bring the captain of the vessel to her, of whom, perhaps, she would have to implore protection. I related to my "*raïs*" the misfortunes of the Princess; he was moved by them, and I conducted him to her. On entering, he took off his slippers from respect, as if he had entered within a mosque, and holding them in his hand, he went to kiss the front of the dress of Madame d'Orleans. The Princess was alarmed at the sight of this manly figure, wearing the longest beard I ever saw; she quickly recovered herself, and the interview proceeded with a mixture of French politeness and Oriental courtesy.

The sixty francs from Rosas were expended. Madame

d'Orleans would have liked much to assist us, but she was herself without money. All that she could gratify us with was a piece of sugar-bread. The evening of our visit I was richer than the Princess. To avoid the fury of the people, the Spanish Government sent those French who had escaped the first massacres back to France in slight boats. One of these *cartels* came and cast anchor by the side of our hulk. One of the unhappy emigrants offered me a pinch of snuff. On opening the snuffbox I found there "*una onza de oro*" (an ounce of gold), the sole remains of his fortune. I returned the snuffbox to him, with warm thanks, after having shut up in it a paper containing these words, "My fellow-countryman who carries this note has rendered me a great service ; treat him as one of your children." My petition was naturally favorably received ; it was by this bit of paper, the size of the *onza de oro*, that my family learned that I was still in existence, and it enabled my mother — a model of piety — to cease saying masses for the repose of my soul.

Five days afterwards one of my hardy compatriots arrived at Palamos, after having traversed the line of posts both French and Spanish, carrying to a merchant who had friends at Perpignan the proposal to furnish me with all I was in need of. The Spaniard showed a great inclination to agree to the proposal, but I did not profit by his good will, because of the occurrence of events which I shall relate presently.

The Observatory at Paris is very near the barrier. In my youth, curious to study the manner of the people, I used to walk in sight of the public-houses which the desire of escaping payment of the duty has multiplied outside the walls of the capital ; on these excursions I was often humiliated to see men disputing for a piece of bread, just as animals might have done. My feelings on this subject have very much altered since I have been personally exposed to the tortures of hunger. I have discovered, in fact, that a man, whatever may have been his origin, his education, and his habits, is governed under certain circumstances much more by his stomach than by his intelligence and his heart. Here is the fact which suggested these reflections to me.

To celebrate the unhopèd-for arrival of *una onza de oro*, M. Berthémie and I had procured an immense dish of potatoes. The ordnance officer of the Emperor was already devouring it with his eyes, when a Moroccan, who was making his ablutions

near us with one of his companions, accidentally filled it with dirt. M. Berthémie could not control his anger; he darted upon the clumsy Mussulman, and inflicted upon him a rough punishment.

I remained a passive spectator of the combat, until the second Moroccan came to the aid of his compatriot. The party no longer being equal, I also took part in the conflict by seizing the new assailant by the beard. The combat ceased at once, because the Moroccan would not raise his hand against a man who could write a petition so rapidly. This conflict, like the struggles of which I had often been a witness outside the barriers of Paris, had originated in a dish of potatoes.

The Spaniards always cherished the idea that the ship and her cargo might be confiscated; a commission came from Girone to question us. It was composed of two civil judges and one inquisitor. I acted as interpreter. When M. Berthémie's turn came, I went to fetch him, and said to him, "Pretend that you can only talk Styrian, and be at ease; I will not compromise you in translating your answers."

It was done as we agreed; unfortunately the language spoken by M. Berthémie had but little variety, and the *sacrement der Teufel*, which he had learnt in Germany, when he was aide-de-camp to Hautpoul, predominated too much in his discourse. Be that as it may, the judges observed that there was too great a conformity between his answer and those which I had made myself, to render it necessary to continue an interrogatory which, I may say by the way, disturbed me much. The wish to terminate it was still more decided on the part of the judges, when it came to the turn of a sailor named Mehemet. Instead of making him swear on the Koran to tell the truth, the judges were determined to make him place his thumb on the forefinger so as to represent the cross. I warned them that great offense would thus be given; and, accordingly, when Mehemet became aware of the meaning of this sign, he began to spit upon it with inconceivable violence. The meeting ended at once.

The next day things had wholly changed their appearance; one of the judges from Girone came to declare to us that we were free to depart, and to go with our ship wherever we chose. What was the cause of this sudden change? It was this.

During our quarantine in the windmill at Rosas, I had written, in the name of Captain Braham, a letter to the Dey of

Algiers. I gave him an account of the illegal arrest of his vessel, and of the death of one of the lions which the Dey had sent to the Emperor. The last circumstances transported the African monarch with rage. He sent immediately for the Spanish Consul, M. Onis, claimed pecuniary damages for his dear lion, and threatened war if his ship was not released directly. Spain had then to do with too many difficulties to undertake wantonly any new ones, and the order to release the vessel so anxiously coveted arrived at Girone, and from thence at Palamos.

This solution, to which our consul at Algiers, M. Dubois Thainville, had not remained inattentive, reached us at the moment when we least expected it. We at once made preparations for our departure, and on the 28th of November, 1808, we set sail, steering for Marseilles; but, as the Mussulmans on board the vessel declared, it was written above that we should not enter that town. We could already perceive the white buildings which crown the neighboring hills of Marseilles, when a gust of the "mistral," of great violence, sent us from the north toward the south.

I do not know what route we followed, for I was lying in my cabin, overcome with seasickness. I may, therefore, though an astronomer, avow without shame that at the moment when our unqualified pilots supposed themselves to be off the Baléares, we landed, on the 6th of November, at Bougie.

There, they pretended that during the three months of winter all communication with Algiers by means of the little boat named *Sandalis* would be impossible, and I resigned myself to the painful prospect of so long a stay in a place at that time almost a desert. One evening I was making these sad reflections while pacing the deck of the vessel, when a shot from a gun on the coast came and struck the side plank close to which I was passing. This suggested to me the thought of going to Algiers by land.

I went next day, accompanied by M. Berthémie and Captain Spiro Calligero, to the Caïd of the town: "I wished," said I to him, "to go to Algiers by land." The man, quite frightened, exclaimed, "I cannot allow you to do so; you would certainly be killed on the road; your consul would make a complaint to the Dey, and I should have my head cut off."

"Fear not on that ground. I will give you an acquittance."

It was immediately drawn up in these terms : —

“We, the undersigned, certify that the Caïd of Bougie wished to dissuade us from going to Algiers by land ; that he has assured us that we shall be massacred on the road ; that notwithstanding his representations, reiterated twenty times, we have persisted in our project. We beg the Algerine authorities, particularly our consul, not to make him responsible for this event if it should occur. We once more repeat, that the voyage has been undertaken against his will.

“*Signed : ARAGO and BERTHÉMIE.*”

Having given this declaration to the Caïd, we considered ourselves quit of this functionary ; but he came up to me, undid, without saying a word, the knot of my cravat, took it off, and put it into his pocket. All this was done so quickly that I had not time, I will add that I had not even the wish, to reclaim it.

At the conclusion of this audience, which had terminated in so singular a manner, we made a bargain with a Mahommedan priest, who promised to conduct us to Algiers for the sum of twenty “piastres fortes,” and a red mantle. The day was occupied in disguising ourselves well or ill, and we set out the next morning, accompanied by several Moorish sailors belonging to the crew of the ship, after having shown the Mahommedan priest that we had nothing with us worth a sou, so that if we were killed on the road he would inevitably lose all reward.

I went, at the last moment, to make my bow to the only lion that was still alive, and with whom I had lived in very good harmony ; I wished also to say good-bye to the monkeys, who during nearly five months had been equally my companions in misfortune.

These monkeys during our frightful misery had rendered us a service which I scarcely dare mention, and which will scarcely be guessed by the inhabitants of our cities, who look upon these animals as objects of diversion ; they freed us from the vermin which infested us, and showed particularly a remarkable cleverness in seeking out the hideous insects which lodged themselves in our hair.

Poor animals ! they seemed to me very unfortunate in being shut up in the narrow inclosure of the vessel, when, on the neighboring coast, other monkeys, as if to bully them, came on to the branches of the trees, giving innumerable proofs of their agility.

HAKON JARL.

BY ADAM GOTTLOB OEHLENSCHLÄGER.

[ADAM GOTTLOB OEHLENSCHLÄGER, Danish poet and dramatist, the greatest name in Scandinavian poetry, was born 1779 near Copenhagen; his father was organist and steward of the royal palace, and he feasted on its works of art, and wrote pieces for private theatricals which he and his sister got up. After being a "supe" at the Copenhagen theater, he entered the University to study law. On the bombardment in 1801 he served in the volunteer corps; and, fired with mingled patriotism and romanticism, turned from law to literary quarrying from the Northern Sagas. This made him speedily famous and gained him a traveling pension, with which he journeyed over Europe, visiting Weimar and the Goethe circle. At Halle in 1807 he wrote "Hakon Jarl," the first of his great roll of Scandinavian history and myth dramas, followed by others, nineteen in all, besides five on other subjects; some of the chief are "Balder the Good," "Thor's Journey to Jotunheim," "Palnatoke," "Axel and Valborg," "The Gods of the North," "The Varangians in Micklegarth," "Knud the Great," and "Correggio." He filled the chair of æsthetics in the University of Copenhagen; and in 1849 a great public festival was held in his honor in that city. He died two months later, January, 1850.]

HAKON'S SACRIFICE OF HIS FIRSTBORN, ERLING.

Erling—

'Tis cold, my father!

Hakon—

'Tis yet early morning.

Art thou so very chill?—

Erling—

Nay—'tis no matter.—

I shall behold the rising sun—how grand!

A sight that I have never known before.

Hakon—

See'st thou yon ruddy streaks along the east?

Erling—

What roses! how they bloom and spread on high!

Yet father, tell me whence come all these pearls,

Wherewith the valley here is richly strewn?

How brightly they reflect the rosy light!

Hakon—

They are not pearls—it is the morning dew!

And that which thou deem'st roses is the sun!

See'st thou? He rises now! Look at him, boy!

Erling—

Oh, what a beauteous whirling globe he seems!

How fiery red! Dear father, can we never

Visit the sun in yonder distant land?

Hakon —

My child, our whole life thitherward is tending;
That flaming ball of light is Odin's eye —
His other is the moon, of milder light,
That he just now has left in Mimer's well,
There by the charming waves to be refreshed.

Erling —

And where is Mimer's well?

Hakon —

The sacred ocean —
Down there, that foaming beats upon the rocks —
That is old Mimer's deep and potent well,
That strengthens Odin's eyes. From the cool waves,
At morning duly comes the sun refreshed,
The moon again by night.

Erling —

But now it hurts me —
It mounts too high. —

Hakon —

Upon his golden throne
The Almighty Father mounts, soon to survey
The whole wide earth. The central diamond
In his meridian crown, our earthly sight
May not contemplate — what man dares to meet
The unveiled aspect of the king of day?

Erling [*terrified*] —

Hu! hu! my father —
In the forest yonder —
What are those bearded frightful men?

Hakon —

Fear not —
These are the statues of the gods, by men
Thus hewn in marble. They blind not with sun gleams!
Before them we can pray with confidence,
And look upon them with untroubled firmness.
Come, child — let us go nearer!

Erling —

No — my father!
I am afraid — See'st thou that old man there?
Him with the beard? I am afraid of him!

Hakon —

Child, it is Odin — would'st thou fly from Odin?

Erling —

No — no. I fear not the great king in heaven —
He is so good and beautiful; and calls

The flowers from the earth's bosom, and himself
Shines like a flower on high — But that pale sorcerer,
He grins like an assassin!

Hakon —

Ha!

Erling —

Father, at least,
Let me bring my crown of flowers; I left it
There on the hedge, when first thou brought'st me hither,
To see the sun rise. Then let us go home;
Believe me, that old man means thee no good!

Hakon —

Go, bring thy wreath, and quickly come again.

[Exit ERLING.]

A lamb for sacrifice is ever crowned.
Immortal Powers! behold from Heaven the faith
Of Hakon in this deed!

Erling —

Here am I, father,
And here's the crown.

Hakon —

Yet ere thou goest, my child,
Kneel down before great Odin, stretch thy hands,
Both up to Heaven, and say, "Almighty Father,
Hear little Erling — As thy child receive him
To thy paternal bosom!"

Erling [*He kneels, stretching his arms out towards the sun, and says, with childish innocence and tranquillity*] —

"Oh great Odin,
Hear little Erling! As thy child receive him
To thy paternal bosom!"

[HAKON, who stands behind, draws his dagger and intends to stab him, but it drops out of his hand. ERLING turns and quietly takes it up, and says as he rises:]

Here it is —
Your dagger, father! 'Tis so bright and sharp!
When I grow taller, I will have one too,
Thee to defend against thine enemies!

Hakon —

Ha! what enchanter with such words assists thee,
To move thy father's heart?

Erling —

How's this, my father?
You are not angry, sure! — What have I done?

Hakon —

Come, Erling! follow me behind that statue!

Erling —

Behind that frightful man? oh, no!

Hakon [*resolutely*] —

Yet listen! —

There are fine roses blooming there — not white —

But red and purple roses — 'Tis a pleasure

To see them shooting forth. — Come, then, my child!

Erling —

Dear father, stay: I am so much afraid —

I do not love red roses.

Hakon —

Come, I say!

Hear'st thou not Heimdal's cock? — He crows and crows.

Now it is time! [*Exeunt behind the statues.*]

HAKON'S DEATH.

Scene: A ROCKY VAULT. Present: HAKON, KARKER. The last carries a burning lamp and a plate with food. HAKON has a spear in his hand.

Karker —

In this cavern, then,

Are we to live? Here is not much prepared

For life's convenience. Where shall I set down

Our lamp?

Hakon —

There; — hang it on that hook.

Karker —

At last,

This much is gained. And here too there are seats

Hewn in the rock, whereon one may repose.

My lord, will you not now take some refreshment?

This whole long day you have been without food.

Hakon —

I am not hungry, boy — but thou may'st eat.

Karker —

With your permission, then, I shall.

[*He eats. HAKON walks up and down, taking long steps.*]

Karker —

My Lord — Hu!

[*Looking round.*]

'Tis in sooth a frightful place!

Saw'st thou that black and hideous coffin there,

Close to the door as we stept in?

Hakon —

Be silent —

And eat, I tell thee. [*Aside*] — In this dark abode
Has Thora spent full many a sleepless night,
Lonely and weeping. Then, in her affliction,
That coffin she has secretly provided,
Even for herself; and here that fairest form
One day awaits corruption! [*He looks at KARKER.*

Wherefore, boy,

Wilt thou not eat! With eager haste till now,
Did'st thou devour thy food. What has thus changed thee?

Karker —

My lord, I am not hungry, and methinks
This food tastes not invitingly.

Hakon —

How so?

Be of good courage. Trust in me, thy master.

Karker —

Lord Jarl, thou art thyself oppressed and sad.

Hakon —

“Oppressed and sad!” How dar'st thou, slave, presume?
I say, be merry. If thou can'st, eat,
Then sing. I wish to hear a song.

Karker —

Which, then,
Would you prefer?

Hakon —

Sing what thou wilt. However,
Let it be of a deep and hollow tone,
Even like the music of a wintry storm!
A lullaby — my child, a lullaby!

Karker —

A lullaby!

Hakon —

Aye, that the grown-up child
May quietly by night repose.

Karker —

My Lord,
I know a famous war-song — an old legend.

Hakon —

Has it a mournful ending? Seems it first
As if all things went prosperously on,
Then winds up suddenly with death and murder?

Karker —

No, sire. The song is sad from the beginning.

Hakon —

Well — that I most approve. — For to commence
A song with calmness and serenity,
Only to end with more impressive horror —
This is a trick that poets too much use, —
Let clouds obscure the morning sky — and then
We know the worst! Begin the song.

Karker —

“King Harold and Erling they sailed by night;
(And blythe is the greenwood strain,)
But when they came to Oglehof,
The doughty Jarl was slain!”

Hakon —

How, slave! —
Hast lost thy reason? Wilt thou sing to me
My father's death-song?

Karker —

How! Was Sigurd Jarl
Your father, sire? In truth, I knew not this;
His fate at last was mournful.

Hakon —

Silence!

Karker —

Here,
One finds not even a little straw to rest on.

Hakon —

If thou art weary, on the naked earth
Can'st thou not rest, as I have often done?

Karker —

Since it must be so, — I shall try.

Hakon —

Enough!
Sleep, — sleep!

[KARKER stretches himself on the ground, and falls asleep.]

Hakon [looking at him] —

Poor nature! — slumber'st thou already?
The spark which restlessly betokened life
Already sunk in ashes! But 'tis well —
'Tis well for thee: — Within his heart what flames
Violently rage! — Ha! stupid slave! hast thou,
Commanded by the Normans, unto me
My father's death-song as a warning sung?
Shall Hakon's fate be like the fate of Sigurd?
He was, as I have been, unto the gods
A priest of bloody sacrifice. But how!

Can the wise God of Christians have o'ercome
 Odin and all his powers? And must *he* fall
 Who has of Christians been the enemy? [*He pauses.*
 'Tis cold within this damp and dusky cave —
 My blood is freezing in my veins. [*He looks at KARKER.*
 He dreams.

How hatefully his features are contorted!
 He grins like some fantastic nightly specter! [*Shaking him.*
 Ho! Karker! Slave, awake! What mean those faces?

Karker —

Ah! 'twas a dream.

Hakon —

And what, then, hast thou dreamed?

Karker —

Methought I saw —

Hakon —

Be silent. Hear'st thou not?

What is that noise above?

Karker —

Horsemen — my lord —

A numerous troop. I hear their armor clashing.

They are, as I suspect, King Olaf's people,

Who search for us.

Hakon —

This cave is all unknown.

Its iron gates are strong. I have the key,

Here are we safe.

Karker —

But hear'st thou what the Herald

Is now proclaiming?

Hakon —

No. What were the words?

Karker —

King Olaf will with riches and with honor

Reward the man who brings to him the head

Of Hakon Jarl of Hlade.

Hakon [*looking at him scrutinizingly*] —

Feel'st thou not

Desire to win this wealth — why art thou trembling?

Why are thy lips turned pale?

Karker —

The vision scared me. —

Perchance, my lord, you could explain it for me.

Hakon —

What hast thou dreamed?

Karker —

That we were both at sea,
In one small vessel, 'mid the stormy waves;
I had the helm.

Hakon —

That must betoken, Karker,
That my life finally depends on thee.
Therefore be faithful. In the hour of need,
Stand by thy master firmly; and one day,
He shall reward thee better than King Olaf.

Karker —

My lord — I dreamed yet more.

Hakon —

Boy — tell me all!

Karker —

There came a tall black man down to the shore,
Who from the rocks proclaimed with fearful voice
That every harbor was barred up against us.

Hakon —

Karker, thou dream'st not well; for this betokens
Short life even for us both. Be faithful still —
As thou thyself hast told me, we were born
On the same night; and therefore in one day
We both shall die.

Karker —

And then, methought once more,
I was at Hlade; and King Olaf there
Fixed round my neck a ring of gold.

Hakon —

Ha! this
Betokens that King Olaf round thy neck
A halter will entwine, when treacherously
Thou hast betrayed thy master. — But no more. —
Place thyself in that corner. I will here
Recline, and so we both will go to sleep.

Karker —

Even as thou wilt, my lord.

Hakon —

What would'st thou do?

Karker —

'Twas but to trim the lamp.

Hakon —

Go take thy place;
And leave the lamp. Thou might'st extinguish it —
Then should we sit in darkness. It is more

Than I can well explain, how every night
 Those who retire to sleep put out the light!
 Of death it is methinks a fearful emblem,
 More threatening far than slumber. — What appears
 In life so strong and vivid as a light?
 Where is the light when once it is extinguished?
 Let my lamp stand. It burns but feebly now —
 Yet still it burns — and where there's life is hope!
 Go take thy place and sleep.

[*He walks uneasily up and down, and then asks:*

Now, Karker, sleep'st thou? —

Karker —

Aye — my good lord.

Hakon —

Ha — stupid slave! —

[*Rising up.*

Jarl Hakon!

Is this wretch then the last that now remains
 Of all thy mighty force? — I cannot trust him —
 For what can such a dull and clouded brain
 Conceive of honor and fidelity?
 Like a chained dog, fawning he will come straight
 To him who offers the most tempting morsels —
 Karker — give me thy dagger. Slaves, thou knowest,
 Should wear no weapons.

Karker —

From yourself, my lord,
 It was a gift; and here it is again.

Hakon —

'Tis well. Now sleep.

Karker —

Immediately.

Hakon [*aside*] — A fever

Burns in my brain and blood. I am outworn,
 Exhausted with the combat of the day,
 With watching, and our long nocturnal flight.
 Yet sleep I dare not — while that sordid slave —

[*He pauses.*

Well — I may rest awhile — yet carefully
 Beware of sleep. —

[*He sits down, and is overpowered by slumber.*

Karker [*softly*] —

Ha! now — he sleeps! —

He trusts me not — he fears

That I may betray him to King Olaf —

Olaf gives wealth and honors for his life —

What can I more expect from Hakon Jarl?
He moves! Protect me, Heaven! He rises up,
And yet is not awake.—

Hakon [rising up in his sleep, and coming forward towards

KARKER — as if he fled from some fearful apparition] —

GOLD — HAROLD! SCHAAFELL!

What would'st thou with me? Go! leave me in peace!

Wherefore dost thou intrude thy death-pale visage

Between those broken rocks? HAROLD! thou liest!

I was to thee no traitor. How now, children!

What would you here? Go home! go home! for now

There is no time for dalliance. Then your bridegroom!

And Odin's marble statue — it has fallen!

And Freya stands with flowers upon her head! [*Listening.*

Who weeps there, 'mid the grass!

Ha! that is worst.

Poor child! poor little Erling! dost thou bleed?

And have I struck too deeply? 'mid the roses,

Till now snow-white, are purple drops descending?

[*Calling aloud.*

Ha! Karker! Karker!

Karker —

Still he dreams. My lord,

Here is your faithful slave.

Hakon —

Hold! take that spear —

Strike it at once into my heart. 'Tis done!

There! strike!

Karker —

My lord, can'st thou indeed desire

That I should such a deed fulfill?

Hakon —

No more!

[*Threateningly.*

Thou wretch, strike instantly, for one of us

Must fall — we cannot both survive.

Karker —

Nay, then,

Die thou!

[*He takes the spear and stabs HAKON.*

Hakon [falling] —

Now in my heart the avenging spear

Of Heaven is deeply fixed. Thy threatening words,

Olaf, are now confirmed.

Karker —

Now it is past;

And cannot be recalled. Therefore shall I

Faust in His Study



FAUST.

By GOETHE.

(Translation of Anna Swanwick.)

[JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE was born August 28, 1749; went to Leipsic University in 1759; shortly after began to write dramas and songs; in 1771 took a doctor's degree at Strasburg and became an advocate at Frankfort; wrote "Götz von Berlichingen" in 1771, as also the "Wanderer" and "The Wanderer's Storm Song"; settled in Wetzlar for law practice in 1772, but had to fly on account of a love intrigue; in 1773 wrote "Prometheus," some farce satires, the comedy "Erwin and Elmira," and began "Faust"; "The Sorrows of Young Werther" and "Clavigo" in 1774; in 1775 settled in Weimar, became a privy counselor to the duke, and most useful public official; studied and made valuable discoveries in natural science; began "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" in 1777; wrote "Iphigenia" in prose 1779, in verse 1786; completed "Egmont" in 1787, and "Tasso" in 1789; was director of the court theater at Weimar, 1791; 1794-1805 was associated with Schiller, and they conducted the literary review *Horen* together; he finished "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" in 1796, "Hermann and Dorothea" in 1797, the first part of "Faust" in 1808, "Elective Affinities" in 1809, "Doctrine of Color" in 1810, and his autobiography "Fancy and Truth" in 1811. In 1815 he issued the "Divan of East and West," a volume of poems; in 1821 "Wilhelm Meister's Wander-jahre," a *mélange* of various pieces put together by his secretary. In 1831 he finished the second part of "Faust." He died March 22, 1832.]

THE TEMPTATION OF FAUST.

Scene: Night. A high-vaulted, narrow Gothic chamber. FAUST, restless, seated at his desk.

Faust — I have, alas! Philosophy,
 Medicine, Jurisprudence too,
 And to my cost Theology,
 With ardent labor, studied through.
 And here I stand, with all my lore,
 Poor fool, no wiser than before.
 Magister, doctor, styled indeed,
 Already these ten years I lead,
 Up, down, across, and to and fro,
 My pupils by the nose — and learn
 That we in truth can nothing know!
 This in my heart like fire doth burn.
 'Tis true, I've more cunning than all your dull tribe,
 Magister and doctor, priest, parson, and scribe;
 Scruple or doubt comes not to enthrall me,
 Neither can devil nor hell now appall me —

Hence also my heart must all pleasure forego!
 I may not pretend aught rightly to know,
 I may not pretend, through teaching, to find
 A means to improve or convert mankind.
 Then I have neither goods nor treasure,
 No worldly honor, rank, or pleasure;
 No dog in such fashion would longer live!
 Therefore myself to magic I give,

In hope, through spirit-voice and might,
 Secrets now veiled to bring to light,
 That I no more, with aching brow,
 Need speak of what I nothing know;

That I the force may recognize

That binds creation's inmost energies;

Her vital powers, her embryo seeds survey,

And fling the trade in empty words away.

O full-orbed moon, did but thy rays

Their last upon mine anguish gaze!

Beside this desk, at dead of night,

Oft have I watched to hail thy light:

Then, pensive friend! o'er book and scroll,

With soothing power, thy radiance stole!

In thy dear light, ah, might I climb,

Freely, some mountain height sublime,

Round mountain caves with spirits ride,

In thy mild haze o'er meadows glide,

And, purged from knowledge-fumes, renew

My spirit in thy healing dew!

Woe's me! still prisoned in the gloom

Of this abhorred and musty room!

Where heaven's dear light itself doth pass

But dimly through the painted glass!

Hemmed in by book-heaps, piled around,

Worm-eaten, hid 'neath dust and mold,

Which to the high vault's topmost bound,

A smoke-stained paper cloth enfold;

With boxes round thee piled, and glass,

And many a useless instrument,

With old ancestral lumber blent—

This is thy world! a world, alas!

And dost thou ask why heaves thy heart

With tightened pressure in thy breast?

Why the dull ache will not depart,

By which thy life-pulse is oppressed?

Instead of nature's living sphere,
 Created for mankind of old,
 Brute skeletons surround thee here,
 And dead men's bones in smoke and mold.

Up! forth into the distant land!
 Is not this book of mystery
 By Nostradamus' proper hand,
 An all-sufficient guide? Thou'lt see
 The courses of the stars unrolled;
 When Nature doth her thoughts unfold
 To thee, thy soul shall rise, and seek
 Communion high with her to hold,
 As spirit doth with spirit speak!
 Vain by dull poring to divine
 The meaning of each hallowed sign.
 Spirits! I feel you hovering near;
 Make answer, if my voice ye hear!

[*He opens the book and perceives the sign of the MACROCOSMOS.*

Ah! at this spectacle, through every sense
 What sudden ecstasy of joy is flowing!
 I feel new rapture, hallowed and intense,
 Through every nerve and vein with ardor glowing.
 Was it a god who characterized this scroll,
 The tumult in my spirit healing,
 O'er my sad heart with rapture stealing,
 And by a mystic impulse, to my soul,
 The powers of nature all around revealing?
 Am I a God? What light intense!
 In these pure symbols do I see
 Nature exert her vital energy.
 Now of the wise man's words I learn the sense;
 "Unlocked the spirit-world is lying,
 Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead!
 Up scholar, lave, with zeal undying,
 Thine earthly breast in the morning-red!"

[*He contemplates the sign.*

How all things live and work, and ever blending,
 Weave one vast whole from Being's ample range!
 How powers celestial, rising and descending,
 Their golden buckets ceaseless interchange!
 Their flight on rapture-breathing pinions winging,
 From heaven to earth their genial influence bringing.
 Through the wide sphere their chimes melodious ringing!

A wondrous show! but ah! a show alone!
 Where shall I grasp thee, infinite nature, where?
 Ye breasts, ye fountains of all life, whereon
 Hang heaven and earth, from which the withered heart
 For solace yearns, ye still impart
 Your sweet and fostering tides — where are ye — where?
 Ye gush, and must I languish in despair?

[*Turns over the leaves of the book impatiently, and perceives the sign of the EARTH SPIRIT.*

How all unlike the influence of this sign!
 Earth Spirit, thou to me art nigher,
 E'en now my strength is rising higher,
 E'en now I glow as with new wine;
 Courage I feel, abroad the world to dare,
 The woe of earth, the bliss of earth to bear,
 With storms to wrestle, brave the lightning's glare,
 And 'mid the crashing shipwreck not despair.

Clouds gather over me —
 The moon conceals her light —
 The lamp is quenched —
 Vapors are rising — quivering round my head
 Flash the red beams — down from the vaulted roof
 A shuddering horror floats,
 And seizes me!
 I feel it, Spirit — prayer-compelled, 'tis thou
 Art hovering near!
 Unveil thyself!
 Ha! How my heart is riven now!
 Each sense, with eager palpitation,
 Is strained to catch some new sensation!
 I feel my heart surrendered unto thee!
 Thou must! Thou must, though life should be the fee!

[*Seizes the book, and pronounces mysteriously the sign of the SPIRIT. A ruddy flame flashes up; the SPIRIT appears in the flame.*

Spirit — Who calls me?

Faust — Dreadful shape!

Spirit — With might

Thou hast compelled me to appear;

Long hast been sucking at my sphere,

And now —

Faust — Woe's me! I cannot bear thy sight!

- Spirit* — To see me thou dost breathe thine invocation,
 My voice to hear, to gaze upon my brow;
 Me doth thy strong entreaty bow —
 Lo! I am here! — What cowering agitation
 Grasps thee, the demigod! Where's now the soul's deep cry?
 Where is the breast, which in its depths a world conceived,
 And bore and cherished? which, with ecstacy,
 To rank itself with us, the spirits, heaved?
 Where art thou, Faust? whose voice I heard resound,
 Who towards me pressed with energy profound?
 Art thou he? Thou, — who by my breath art blighted,
 Who, in his spirit's depths affrighted,
 Trembles, a crushed and writhing worm!
- Faust* — Shall I yield, thing of flame, to thee?
 Faust, and thine equal, I am he!
- Spirit* — In the currents of life, in action's storm,
 I float and I wave
 With billowy motion!
 Birth and the grave,
 A limitless ocean,
 A constant weaving
 With change still rife,
 A restless heaving,
 A glowing life —
 Thus time's whirring loom unceasing I ply,
 And weave the life-garment of deity.
- Faust* — Thou, restless spirit, dost from end to end
 O'ersweep the world; how near I feel to thee!
- Spirit* — Thou'rt like the spirit thou dost comprehend,
 Not me! [Vanishes.]

THE TEMPTATION OF MARGARET.

Scene: Evening. A small neat room. MARGARET is braiding her hair.

- Margaret* — I would give something now to know
 Who yonder gentleman could be!
 He had a gallant air, I trow,
 And doubtless was of high degree:
 That written on his brow was seen —
 Nor else would he so bold have been. [Exit.]
- Mephistopheles* [to FAUST] —
 Come in! tread softly! be discreet!
- Faust* [after a pause] —
 Begone and leave me, I entreat!

Mephistopheles [looking round] —

Not every maiden is so neat.

[*Exit.*

Faust [gazing round] —

 Welcome, sweet twilight, calm and blest,
 That in this hallowed precinct reigns !
 Fond yearning love, inspire my breast,
 Feeding on hope's sweet dew thy blissful pains !
 What stillness here environs me !
 Content and order brood around.
 What fullness in this poverty !
 In this small cell what bliss profound !

[*Throws himself on the leather arm-chair beside the bed.*

Receive me thou, who hast in thine embrace,
 Welcomed in joy and grief, the ages flown !
 How oft the children of a bygone race
 Have clustered round this patriarchal throne !
 Haply she, also, whom I hold so dear,
 For Christmas gift, with grateful joy possessed,
 Hath with the full round cheek of childhood, here,
 Her grandsire's withered hand devoutly pressed.
 Maiden ! I feel thy spirit haunt the place,
 Breathing of order and abounding grace.
 As with a mother's voice it prompteth thee,
 The pure white cover o'er the board to spread,
 To strew the crisping sand beneath thy tread.
 Dear hand ! so godlike in its ministry !
 The hut becomes a paradise through thee !
 And here — [He raises the bed-curtain.
 How thrills my pulse with strange delight !
 Here could I linger hours untold ;
 Thou, Nature, didst in vision bright
 The embryo angel here unfold.
 Here lay the child, her bosom warm
 With life ; while steeped in slumber's dew,
 To perfect grace, her godlike form,
 With pure and hallowed weavings grew !
 And thou ! ah, here what seekest thou ?
 How quails mine inmost being now !
 What wouldst thou here ? what makes thy heart so sore ?
 Unhappy Faust ! I know thee now no more.
 Do I a magic atmosphere inhale ?
 Erewhile, my passion would not brook delay !
 Now in a pure love-dream I melt away.
 Are we the sport of every passing gale ?

Should she return and enter now,
 How wouldst thou rue thy guilty flame!
 Proud vaunter, thou wouldst hide thy brow,
 And at her feet sink down with shame.

Mephistopheles —

Quick! quick! Below I see her there!

Faust — Away! I will return no more!

Mephistopheles —

Here is a casket, with a store
 Of jewels which I got elsewhere.
 Just lay it in the press; make haste!
 I swear to you, 'twill turn her brain;
 Therein some trifles I have placed,
 Wherewith another to obtain.
 But child is child, and play is play.

Faust — I know not — shall I?

Mephistopheles —

Do you ask?

Perchance you would retain the treasure?
 If such your wish, why then, I say,
 Henceforth absolve me from my task,
 Nor longer waste your hours of leisure.
 I trust you're not by avarice led!
 I rub my hands, I scratch my head. —

[*Places the casket in the press and fastens the lock.*

Now quick! away!

That soon the sweet young creature may
 The wish and purpose of your heart obey;
 Yet stand you there
 As you would to the lecture-room repair,
 As if before you stood,
 Arrayed in flesh and blood,
 Physics and metaphysics weird and gray!

Away!

[*Exeunt.*

Margaret [*with a lamp*] —

Here 'tis so close, so sultry now, [*Opens the window.*
 Yet out of doors 'tis not so warm.

I feel so strange, I know not how —

I wish my mother would come home.

Through me there runs a shuddering —

I'm but a foolish, timid thing!

[*While undressing, she begins to sing.*

There was a king in Thule,
 True even to the grave;
 To whom his dying mistress
 A golden beaker gave.

At every feast he drained it,
 Naught was to him so dear,
 And often as he drained it,
 Gushed from his eyes the tear.

When death came, unrepining,
 His cities o'er he told;
 All to his heir resigning,
 Except his cup of gold.

With many a knightly vassal
 At a royal feast sat he,
 In yon proud hall ancestral,
 In his castle o'er the sea.

Up stood the jovial monarch,
 And quaffed his last life's glow,
 Then hurled the hallowed goblet
 Into the flood below.

He saw it splashing, drinking,
 And plunging in the sea;
 His eyes meanwhile were sinking,
 And never again drank he.

[She opens the press to put away her clothes and perceives the casket.]

How comes this lovely casket here? The press
 I locked, of that I'm confident.
 'Tis very wonderful! What's in it I can't guess:
 Perhaps 'twas brought by some one in distress,
 And left in pledge for loan my mother lent.
 Here by a ribbon hangs a little key —
 I have a mind to open it and see!

Heavens! only look! what have we here!
 In all my days ne'er saw I such a sight!

Jewels! which any noble dame might wear,
 For some high pageant richly dight!
 This chain — how would it look on me?
 These splendid gems, whose may they be?

[Puts them on and steps before the glass.]

Were but the earrings only mine!
 Thus, one has quite another air.
 What boots it to be young and fair?
 It doubtless may be very fine;

But then, alas, none cares for you,
And praise sounds half like pity too.
Gold all doth lure,
Gold doth secure
All things. Alas, we poor!

FAUST IN MARGARET'S DUNGEON.

[FAUST, at the door, hears singing within.

My mother, the harlot,
She took me and slew!
My father, the scoundrel,
Hath eaten me too!
My sweet little sister
Hath all my bones laid
Where soft breezes whisper
All in the cool shade!
Then became I a wood-bird, and sang on the spray,
Fly away, little bird! fly away! fly away!

Faust [unlocking the door] —

Ah! she forebodes not that her lover's near,
The clanking chains, the rustling straw, to hear. [Enters.

Margaret [hiding her face in the bed of straw] —

Woe! woe! they come! Oh, bitter 'tis to die!

Faust [softly] —

Hush! hush! be still! I come to set thee free.

Margaret [throwing herself at his feet] —

If thou art human, feel my misery!

Faust —

Thou wilt awake the jailor with thy cry!

[Grasps the chains to unlock them.

Margaret — Who, headsman, unto thee this power

O'er me could give?

Thou com'st for me at midnight hour.

Be merciful, and let me live!

Is morrow's dawn not time enough?

[Rises.

I'm still so young, so young —

And must so early die!

Fair was I too, and that was my undoing.

My love is now afar, he then was nigh;

Torn lies the garland, the fair blossoms strewed.

Nay, seize me not with hand so rude!

Spare me! What harm have I e'er done to thee?

Oh, let me not in vain implore!

I ne'er have seen thee in my life before!

Faust—

Can I endure this bitter agony?

Margaret—I now am at thy mercy quite.

Let me my babe but suckle once again!

I fondled it the livelong night;

They took it from me but to give me pain,

And now they say that I my child have slain.

Gladness I ne'er again shall know.

Then they sing songs about me—'tis wicked of the throng—

An ancient ballad endeth so:

Who bade them thus apply the song?

Faust [*throwing himself on the ground*]—

A lover at thy feet bends low,

To loose the bonds of wretchedness and woe.

Margaret [*throws herself beside him*]—

Oh, let us kneel and move the saints by prayer!

Look! look! yon stairs below,

Under the threshold there,

Hell's flames are all aglow!

Beneath the floor,

With hideous noise,

The devils roar!

Faust [*loudly*]— Gretchen! Gretchen!

Margaret [*listening*]—

That was my loved one's voice!

Where is he? I heard him calling me.

Free am I! There's none shall hinder me.

To his neck will I fly,

On his bosom will lie!

"Gretchen," he called!—On yon threshold he stood;

Amidst all the howling of hell's fiery flood,

The scoff and the scorn of its devilish crew,

The tones of his voice, sweet and loving, I knew.

Faust—

'Tis I!

Margaret— 'Tis thou! Oh, say so once again!

[*Embracing him*]

'Tis he! 'Tis he! Where's now the torturing pain?

Where are the fetters? where the dungeon's gloom?

'Tis thou! To save me thou art come!

And I am saved!

Already now the street I see

Where the first time I caught a glimpse of thee.

There, too, the pleasant garden shade

Where I and Martha for thy coming stayed.

Faust [*endeavoring to lead her away*] —

Come! come away!

Margaret —

Oh, do not haste!

I love to linger where thou stay'st.

[*Caressing him.*]

Faust —

Ah, haste! For if thou still delay'st,

Our lingering we shall both deplore.

Margaret —

How, dearest? canst thou kiss no more?

So short a time away from me, and yet,

To kiss thou couldst so soon forget!

Why on thy neck so anxious do I feel —

When formerly a perfect heaven of bliss

From thy dear looks and words would o'er me steal?

As thou wouldst stifle me thou then didst kiss! —

Kiss me!

Or I'll kiss thee!

Woe! woe! thy lips are cold,

Are dumb!

Thy love where hast thou left?

Who hath me of thy love bereft?

Faust —

Come! Follow me, my dearest love, be bold!

I'll cherish thee with ardor thousand-fold;

I but entreat thee now to follow me!

Margaret [*turning towards him*] —

And art thou he? and art thou really he?

Faust —

'Tis I! Oh come!

Margaret —

Thou wilt strike off my chain,

And thou wilt take me to thine arms again.

How comes it that thou dost not shrink from me? —

And dost thou know, love, whom thou wouldst set free?

Faust —

Come! come! already night begins to wane.

Margaret —

I sent my mother to her grave,

I drowned my child beneath the wave.

Was it not given to thee and me — thee too?

'Tis thou thyself! I scarce believe it yet.

Give me thy hand! It is no dream! 'Tis true!

Thine own dear hand! — But how is this? 'Tis wet!

Quick, wipe it off! Meseems that yet

There's blood thereon.

Ah, God! what hast thou done?

Put up thy sword,

I beg of thee!

Faust —

Oh, dearest, let the past forgotten be!
Death is in every word.

Margaret —

No, thou must linger here in sorrow!
The graves I will describe to thee,
And thou to them must see

To-morrow:

The best place give to my mother,
Close at her side my brother,
Me at some distance lay —
But not too far away!

And the little one place on my right breast.

Nobody else will near me lie!

To nestle beside thee so lovingly —

That was a rapture, gracious and sweet!

A rapture I never again shall prove;

Methinks I would force myself on thee, love,

And thou dost spurn me, and back retreat —

Yet 'tis thyself, thy fond, kind looks I see.

Faust —

If thou dost feel 'tis I, then come with me.

Margaret —

What, there? without?

Faust —

Yes, forth in the free air.

Margaret —

Aye, if the grave's without. If death lurks there!

Hence to the everlasting resting-place,

And not one step beyond! — Thou'rt leaving me?

O Henry! would that I could go with thee!

Faust —

Thou canst! But will it! Open stands the door.

Margaret —

I dare not go! I've naught to hope for more.

What boots it to escape? They lurk for me!

'Tis wretched to beg, as I must do,

And with an evil conscience thereto!

'Tis wretched, in foreign lands to stray;

And me they will catch, do what I may!

Faust —

With thee will I abide.

Margaret —

Quick! Quick!

Save thy poor child!

Keep to the path

The brook along,

Over the bridge

To the wood beyond,
To the left, where the plank is,
In the pond.
Seize it at once!
It fain would rise,
It struggles still!
Save it. Oh save!

Faust — Dear Gretchen, more collected be!
One little step, and thou art free!

Margaret — Were we but only past the hill!
There sits my mother upon a stone —
My brain, alas, is cold with dread! —
There sits my mother upon a stone,
And to and fro she shakes her head;
She winks not, she nods not, her head it droops sore;
She slept so long, she waked no more;
She slept, that we might taste of bliss:
Ah! those were happy times, I wis!

Faust —
Since here avails nor argument nor prayer,
Thee hence by force I needs must bear.

Margaret —
Loose me! I will not suffer violence!
With murderous hand hold not so fast!
I have done all to please thee in the past!

Faust —
Day dawns! My love! My love!

Margaret — Yes! day draws near
The Day of Judgment, too, will soon appear.
It should have been my bridal! No one tell
That thy poor Gretchen thou hast known too well.

Woe to my garland!
Its bloom is o'er!

Though not at the dance,
We shall meet once more.

The crowd doth gather, in silence it rolls;
The squares, the streets,
Scarce hold the throng.

The staff is broken — the death-bell tolls —
They bind and seize me! I'm hurried along,
To the seat of blood already I'm bound!
Quivers each neck as the naked steel
Quivers on mine the blow to deal —

The silence of the grave now broods around!

Faust — Would I had ne'er been born!

Mephistopheles [*appearing without*] —

Up, or you're lost!
Vain hesitation! babbling, quaking!
My steeds are shivering,
Morn is breaking.

Margaret —

What from the floor ascendeth like a ghost?
'Tis he! 'tis he! Him from my presence chase!
What would he in this holy place?
It is for me he cometh!

Faust —

Thou shalt live!

Margaret —

Judgment of God! to thee my soul I give!

Mephistopheles [*to FAUST*] —

Come, come! With her I'll else abandon thee!

Margaret —

Father, I'm thine! Do thou deliver me!
Ye angels! Ye angelic hosts! descend,
Encamp around to guard me and defend! —
Henry! I shudder now to look on thee!

Mephistopheles —

She now is judged!

Voices [*from above*] — Is saved!

Mephistopheles [*to FAUST*] —

Come thou with me!

[*Vanishes with FAUST.*]

Voice [*from within, dying away*] — Henry! Henry!



GOETHE AND BETTINA.

By GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

[GEORGE HENRY LEWES: An English author, husband of George Eliot; born in London, April 18, 1817; died there November 28, 1878. His career was varied: he attended school in London, Jersey, Brittany, and Greenwich, studied law and medicine, became an actor and a playwright, and finally an author and journalist. Among his writings are: "Biographical History of Philosophy" (4 vols., 1845-1846), "The Spanish Drama" (1847), "Rose, Blanche, and Violet" (1848), "Life of Maximilien Robespierre" (1849), "The Noble Heart" (1850), "Life and Works of Goethe" (1855), "Seaside Studies" (1858), "Physiology of Common Life" (2 vols., 1859-1860), "Studies in Animal Life" (1862), "Aristotle" (1864), "Problems of Life and Mind" (5 vols., 1874-1879), and "The Physical Basis of Mind" (1877).]

It is very characteristic that during the terror and the pilage of Weimar, Goethe's greatest anxiety on his own account was lest his scientific manuscripts should be destroyed. Wine,

plate, furniture, could be replaced ; but to lose his manuscripts was to lose what was irreparable. Herder's posthumous manuscripts *were* destroyed ; Meyer lost everything, even his sketches : but Goethe lost nothing, except wine and money.

The Duke, commanded by Prussia to submit to Napoleon, laid down his arms and returned to Weimar, there to be received with the enthusiastic love of his people, as some compensation for the indignities he had endured. Peace was restored. Weimar breathed again. Goethe availed himself of the quiet to print his "Farbenlehre" and "Faust," that they might be rescued from any future peril. He also began to meditate once more an epic on William Tell ; but the death of the Duchess Amalia on the 10th of April drove the subject from his mind.

On the 23d of April Bettina came to Weimar. We must pause awhile to consider this strange figure, who fills a larger space in the literary history of the nineteenth century than any other German woman. Every one knows "the Child" Bettina Brentano, — daughter of the Maximiliane Brentano with whom Goethe flirted at Frankfurt in the Werther days, — wife of Achim von Arnim, the fantastic Romanticist, — the worshiper of Goethe and Beethoven, — for some time the privileged favorite of the King of Prussia, — and writer of that wild but unvarnished book, "Goethe's Correspondence with a Child." She is one of those phantasts to whom everything seems permitted. More elf than woman, yet with flashes of genius which light up in splendor whole chapters of nonsense, she defies criticism, and puts every verdict at fault. If you are grave with her, people shrug their shoulders, and saying, "She is a Brentano," consider all settled. "At the point where the folly of others ceases, the folly of the Brentanos begins," runs the proverb in Germany.

I do not wish to be graver with Bettina than the occasion demands ; but while granting fantasy its widest license, while grateful to her for the many picturesque anecdotes she has preserved from the conversation of Goethe's mother, I must consider the history of her relation to Goethe seriously, because out of it has arisen a charge against his memory which is very false and injurious. Many unsuspecting readers of her book, whatever they may think of the passionate expressions of her love for Goethe, whatever they may think of her demeanor towards him, on first coming into his presence, feel greatly

hurt at his coldness ; while others are still more indignant with him for keeping alive this mad passion, feeding it with poems and compliments, and doing this out of a selfish calculation, in order that *he might gather from her letters materials for his poems!* In both these views there is complete misconception of the actual case. True it is that the "Correspondence" furnishes ample evidence for both opinions ; and against that evidence there is but one fact to be opposed, but the fact is decisive : the "Correspondence" is a romance.

A harsher phrase would be applied were the offender a man, or not a Brentano ; for the romance is put forward as biographical fact, not as fiction playing around and among fact. How much is true, how much exaggeration, and how much pure invention, I am in no position to explain. But Riemer, the old and trusted friend of Goethe, living in the house with him at the time of Bettina's arrival, has shown the "Correspondence" to be a "romance which has only borrowed from reality the time, place, and circumstances ;" and from other sources I have learned enough to see both Goethe's conduct and her own in quite a different light from that presented in her work.

A young, ardent, elfin creature worships the great poet at a distance, writes to tell him so, is attentive to his mother, who gladly hears praises of her son, and is glad to talk of him. He is struck with her extraordinary mind, is grateful to her for the attentions to his mother, and writes as kindly as he can without compromising himself. She comes to Weimar. She falls into his arms, and, according to her not very credible account, goes to sleep in his lap on their first interview ; and ever afterwards is ostentatious of her adoration and her jealousy. If the story is true, the position was very embarrassing for Goethe : a man aged fifty-eight worshiped by a girl, who though a woman in years, looked like a child, and worshiped with the extravagance, partly mad, and partly willful, of a Brentano, — *what* could he do ? He could take a base advantage of her passion ; he could sternly repress it ; or he could smile at it, and pat her head as one pats a whimsical, amusing child. These three courses were open to him, and only these. He adopted the last, until she forced him to adopt the second ; forced him by the very impetuosity of her adoration. At first the child's coquettish, capricious ways amused him ; her bright-glancing intellect interested him ; but when her demonstrations

became obtrusive and fatiguing, she had to be "called to order" so often, that at last his patience was fairly worn out. The continuation of such a relation was obviously impossible. She gave herself the license of a child, and would not be treated as a child. She fatigued him.

Rierner relates that during this very visit she complained to him of Goethe's coldness. This coldness, he rightly says, was simply patience ; a patience which held out with difficulty against such assaults. Bettina quitted Weimar, to return in 1811, when by her own conduct she gave him a reasonable pretext for breaking off the connection ; a pretext, I am assured, he gladly availed himself of. It was this. She went one day with Goethe's wife to the Exhibition of Art, in which Goethe took great interest ; and there her satirical remarks, especially on Meyer, offended Christiane, who spoke sharply to her. High words rose, gross insult followed. Goethe took the side of his insulted wife, and forbade Bettina the house. It was in vain that on a subsequent visit to Weimar she begged Goethe to receive her. He was resolute. He had put an end to a relation which could not be a friendship, and was only an embarrassment.

Such being the real story, as far as I can disentangle it, we have now to examine the authenticity of the "Correspondence," in as far as it gives support to the two charges : first, of Goethe's alternate coldness and tenderness ; second, of his using her letters as material for his poems. That he was ever tender to her is denied by Rierner, who pertinently asks how we are to believe that the coldness of which she complained during her visit to Weimar grew in her absence to the loverlike warmth glowing in the sonnets addressed to her ? This is not credible ; but the mystery is explained by Rierner's distinct denial that the sonnets were addressed to her. They were *sent* to her, as to other friends ; but the poems, which she says were inspired by her, were in truth written for another. The proof is very simple. These sonnets were written before she came to Weimar, and had already passed through Rierner's hands, like other works, for his supervision. Rierner, moreover, knew to *whom* these passionate sonnets were addressed, although he did not choose to name her. I have no such cause for concealment, and declare the sonnets to have been addressed to Minna Herzlieb, of whom we shall hear more presently ; as indeed the charade on her name, which closes the

series (*Herz-Lieb*), plainly indicates. Not only has Bettina appropriated the sonnets which were composed at Jena while Riemer was with Goethe, and inspired by one living at Jena, but she has also appropriated poems known by Riemer to have been written in 1813-1819, she then being the wife of Achim von Arnim, and having since 1811 been resolutely excluded from Goethe's house. To shut your door against a woman, and yet write love-verses to her, — to respond so coldly to her demonstrations that she complains of it, and yet pour forth sonnets throbbing with passion, — is a course of conduct certainly not credible on evidence such as the "Correspondence with a Child." Hence we are the less surprised to find Riemer declaring that some of her letters are "little more than meta- and para-phrases of Goethe's poems, *in which both rhythm and rhyme are still traceable.*" So that instead of Goethe turning her letters into poems, Riemer accuses her of turning Goethe's poems into her letters. An accusation so public and so explicit — an accusation which ruined the whole authenticity of the "Correspondence" — should at once have been answered. The production of the originals with their postmarks might have silenced accusers. But the accusation has been many years before the world, and no answer attempted.

Although the main facts had already been published, a loud uproar followed the first appearance of this chapter in Germany. Some ardent friend of Bettina's opened fire upon me in a pamphlet, which called forth several replies in newspapers and journals; and I believe there are few Germans who now hesitate to acknowledge that the whole correspondence has been so tampered with as to have become, from first to last, a romance. For the sake of any still unconvinced partisans in England, a few evidences of the manipulation which the correspondence has undergone may not be without interest.

In the letter bearing date 1st March, 1807, we read of the King of Westphalia's court, when, unless History be a liar, the kingdom of Westphalia was not even in existence. Goethe's mother, in another letter, speaks of her delight at Napoleon's appearance, — four months before she is known to have set eyes upon him. The letters of Goethe, from November to September, all imply that he was at Weimar; nay, he invites her to Weimar on the 16th of July; she arrives there at the end of the month; visits him, and on the 16th of August he writes to her from hence. Düntzer truly says that these letters *must* be

spurious, since Goethe left for Carlsbad on the 25th of May, and did not return till September. Not only does Bettina visit Goethe at Weimar at a time when he is known to have been in Bohemia, but she actually receives letters from his mother dated the 21st September and 7th October, 1808, although the old lady died on the 13th of September. One may overlook Bettina's intimating that she was only thirteen, when the parish register proves her to have been two and twenty; but it is impossible to place the slightest reliance on the veracity of a book which exhibits flagrant and careless disregard of facts; and if I have been somewhat merciless in the exposure of this fabrication, it is because it has greatly helped to disseminate very false views respecting a very noble nature.

In conclusion, it is but necessary to add that Bettina's work thus deprived of its authenticity, all those hypotheses which have been built on it respecting Goethe's conduct fall to the ground. Indeed, when one comes to think of it, the hypothesis of his using her letters as poetic material does seem the wildest of all figments; for not only was he prodigal in invention and inexhaustible in material, but he was especially remarkable for always expressing his own feelings, his own experience, not the feelings and experience of others.



GOETHE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH A CHILD.

By BETTINA BRENTANO.

[ELIZABETH VON ARNIM, generally known as Bettina Brentano, born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, April 4, 1785, was the wife of Ludwig Achim von Arnim, poet and novelist, and sister of Clemens Brentano, romantic writer. In her girlhood she was an enthusiastic admirer of Goethe, with whom she corresponded, and in 1835 published "Goethe's Correspondence with a Child," largely fictitious. She died at Berlin, January 20, 1859.]

TO GOETHE.

WHAT shall I write to you, since I am sad, and have nothing new or welcome to say? Rather would I at once send thee the white paper, instead of first covering it with letters, which do not always say what I wish,—and that thou shouldst fill it up at thy leisure, and make me but too happy and send it back to me; and when I then see the blue cover and tear it open,—curiously hasty, as longing is always expectant of bliss, and I should then read what once charmed me from thy

lips: "Dear child, my gentle heart, my only love, little darling," — the friendly words with which thou spoiledst me, soothing me the while so kindly, — ah, more I would not ask. I should have all again, even thy whisper I should read there, with which thou softly pouredst into my soul all that was most lovely, and madest me forever beautiful to myself. As I there passed through the walks on thy arm, — ah, how long ago does it seem! — I was contented; all wishes were laid to sleep; they had, like the mountains, enveloped color and form in mist; I thought, thus it would glide, — and ever on, without much labor, — from the land to the high sea, — bold and proud, with unfolded flags and fresh breeze. But, Goethe, fiery youth wants the customs of the hot season: when the evening shadows draw over the land, then the nightingales shall not be silent; all shall sing or express itself joyfully; the world shall be a luxuriant fruit garland, all shall crowd in enjoyment, — and all enjoyment shall expand mightily; it shall pour itself forth like fermenting wine juice, which works in foam till it comes to rest; we shall sink in it, as the sun beneath the ocean waves, but also return like him. So it has been with thee, Goethe; none knows how thou heldst communion with heaven, and what wealth thou hast asked there, when thou hadst set in enjoyment.

That delights me, to see when the sun sets, when the earth drinks in his glow, and slowly folds his fiery wings and detains him prisoner of night: then it becomes still in the world; out of the darkness, longing rises up so secretly, and the stars there above lighten so unreachingly to it, — so very unreachably, Goethe!

He who shall be happy becomes so timid: the heart, trembling, pants with happiness ere it has dared a welcome; I also feel that I am not matched for my happiness; what a power of senses to comprehend thee! Love must become a master-ship, — to want the possession of that which is to be loved, in the common understanding, is worthy of eternal love, and wrecks each moment on the slightest occurrence. This is my task, that I appropriate myself to thee, but will not possess thee, — thou most to be desired!

I am still so young that it may be easily pardoned if I am ignorant. Ah! I have no soul for knowledge; I feel I cannot learn what I do not know; I must wait for it, as the prophet in the wilderness waits for the ravens to bring him food. The

simile is not so unapt : nourishment is borne to my spirit through the air, — often exactly as it is on the point of starvation.

Since I have loved thee, something unattainable floats in my spirit, — a mystery which nourishes me. As the ripe fruits fall from the tree, so here thoughts fall to me, which refresh and invigorate me. O Goethe ! had the fountain a soul, it could not hasten more full of expectation on to light, to rise again, than I, with foreseeing certainty, hasten on to meet this new life, which has been given me through thee, and which gives me to know that a higher impulse of life will burst the prison, not sparing the rest and ease of accustomed days, which in fermenting inspiration it destroys. This lofty fate the loving spirit evades as little as the seed evades the blossom when it once lies in fresh earth. Thus I feel myself in thee, thou fruitful, blessed soil ! I can say what it is when the germ bursts the hard rind, — it is painful ; the smiling children of spring are brought forth amid tears.

O Goethe, what happens with man ? what does he feel ? what happens in the most flaming cup of his heart ? I would willingly confess my faults to thee, but love makes me quite an ideal being. Thou hast done much for me, even before thou knewest me ; above much that I coveted and did not ask, thou hast raised me.

BETTINA.



THE LAST METAMORPHOSIS OF MEPHISTOPHELES.

By FRANK MARZIALS.

CANDID he is, and courteous therewithal,
Nor, as he once was wont, in the far prime,
Flashes his scorn to heaven ; — nor as the mime
Of after-days, with antic bestial
Convenes the ape in man to carnival ; —
Nor as the cynic of a later time
Jeers, that his laughter, like a jangled chime,
Rings through the abyss of our eternal fall.

But now, in courtliest tones of cultured grace,
He glories in the growth of good, his glance

Beaming benignant as he bids us trace
 Good everywhere — till, as mere motes that dance
 Athwart the sunbeams, all things evil and base
 Glint golden in his genial tolerance.



ON WIT.

By SYDNEY SMITH.

[**SYDNEY SMITH**, preacher, lecturer, essayist, reformer, and wit, was born in Woodford, Essex, June 3, 1771. After graduating at Oxford he was for a short time curate of a parish in Wiltshire. Accepting a tutorship in Edinburgh, in 1798, he became the friend of Brougham, Jeffrey, and other writers; assisted in founding the *Edinburgh Review* (1802); was its first editor; and remained one of its chief contributors for twenty years. In 1803 he went to London, where he soon became famous for his lectures and sermons; held livings at Foston-le-Clay and Combe-Florey; and in 1831 was made canon residentiary of St. Paul's. His chief works are: "Peter Plymley's Letters" (1807-1808) and "Wit and Wisdom" (1856), edited by Duyckinck. He died in London, February 22, 1845.]

To begin at the beginning of this discussion, it is plain that wit concerns itself with the relations which subsist between our ideas: and the first observation which occurs to any man turning his attention to this subject is that it cannot, of course, concern itself with *all* the relations which subsist between all our ideas; for then every proposition would be witty; — The rain wets me through — Butter is spread upon bread — would be propositions replete with mirth; and the moment the mind observed the plastic and diffusible nature of butter, and the excellence of bread as a substratum, it would become enchanted with this flash of facetiousness. Therefore, the first limit to be affixed to that observation of relations which produces the feeling of wit is that they must be relations which *excite surprise*. If you tell me that all men must die, I am very little struck with what you say, because it is not an assertion very remarkable for its novelty; but if you were to say that man was like a time glass — that both must run out, and both render up their dust, I should listen to you with more attention, because I should feel something like surprise at the sudden relation you had struck out between two such apparently dissimilar ideas as a man and a time glass.

Surprise is so essential an ingredient of wit, that no wit

will bear repetition—at least the original electrical feeling produced by any piece of wit can never be renewed. There is a sober sort of approbation succeeds at hearing it the second time, which is as different from its original rapid, pungent volatility, as a bottle of champagne that has been open three days is from one that has at that very instant emerged from the darkness of the cellar. To hear that the top of Mont Blanc is like an umbrella, though the relation be new to me, is not sufficient to excite surprise; the idea is so very obvious, it is so much within the reach of the most ordinary understandings, that I can derive no sort of pleasure from the comparison. The relation discovered must be something remote from all the common tracks and sheep walks made in the mind; it must not be a comparison of color with color, and figure with figure, or any comparison which, though individually new, is specifically stale, and to which the mind has been in the habit of making many similar; but it must be something removed from common apprehension, distant from the ordinary haunts of thought—things which are never brought together in the common events of life, and in which the mind has discovered relations by its own subtilty and quickness.

Now, then, the point we have arrived at, at present, in building up our definition of wit, is that it is the discovery of those relations in ideas which are calculated to excite surprise. But a great deal must be taken away from this account of wit before it is sufficiently accurate; for, in the first place, there must be no feeling or conviction of the *utility* of the relation so discovered. If you go to see a large cotton mill, the manner in which the large water wheel below works the little parts of the machinery seven stories high, the relation which one bears to another, is extremely surprising to a person unaccustomed to mechanics; but, instead of feeling as you feel at a piece of wit, you are absorbed in the contemplation of the *utility* and *importance* of such relations—there is a sort of rational approbation mingled with your surprise, which makes the *whole* feeling very different from that of wit. At the same time, if we attend very accurately to our feelings, we shall perceive that the discovery of any surprising relation whatever produces some slight sensation of wit. When first the manner in which a steam engine opens and shuts its own valves is explained to me, or when I at first perceive the ingenious and complicated contrivances of any piece of machinery, the surprise that I feel

at the discovery of these connections has always something in it which resembles the feeling of wit, though that is very soon extinguished by others of a very different nature. Children, who view the different parts of a machine not so much with any notions of its utility, feel something still more like the sensation of wit when first they perceive the effect which one part produces upon another. Show a child of six years old that, by moving the treadle of a knife grinder's machine, you make the large wheel turn round, or that by pressing the spring of a repeating watch you make the watch strike, and you probably raise up a feeling in the child's mind precisely similar to that of wit. There is a mode of teaching children geography by disjointed parts of a wooden map, which they fit together. I have no doubt that the child, in finding the kingdom or republic which fits into a great hole in the wooden sea, feels exactly the sensation of wit. Every one must remember that fitting the inviting projection of Crim Tartary into the Black Sea was one of the greatest delights of their childhood; and almost all children are sure to scream with pleasure at the discovery.

The relation between ideas which excite surprise, in order to be witty, must not excite any feeling of the beautiful. "The good man," says a Hindu epigram, "goes not upon enmity, but rewards with kindness the very being who injures him. So the sandalwood, while it is felling, imparts to the edge of the ax its aromatic flavor." Now here is a relation which would be witty if it were not beautiful: the relation discovered betwixt the falling sandalwood, and the returning good for evil, is a new relation which excites surprise; but the *mere* surprise at the relation is swallowed up by the contemplation of the moral beauty of the thought, which throws the mind into a more solemn and elevated mood than is compatible with the feeling of wit.

It would not be a difficult thing to do (and if the limits of my lecture allowed I would do it), to select from Cowley and Waller a suite of passages, in order to show the effect of the beautiful in destroying the feeling of wit, and *vice versa*. First, I would take a passage purely witty, in which the mind merely contemplated the singular and surprising relation of the ideas: next, a passage where the admixture of some beautiful sentiment—the excitation of some slight moral feeling—arrested the mind from the contemplation of the relation between the

ideas ; then, a passage in which the beautiful overpowered still more the facetious, till, at last, it was totally destroyed.

If the relation between the ideas, to produce wit, must not be mingled with the beautiful, still less must they be so with the sublime. In that beautiful passage in Mr. Campbell's poem of "Lochiel," the wizard repeats these verses — which were in every one's mouth when first the poem was written : —

Lochiel! Lochiel! though my eyes I should seal,
Man cannot keep secret what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives *me* mystical lore,
And *coming events* cast their shadows before.

Now this comparison of the dark, uncertain sort of prescience of future events implied by the gift of second sight, and the notice of an approaching solid body by the previous approach of its shadow, contains a new and striking relation ; but it is not *witty*, nor would it ever have been considered as witty, if expressed in a more concise manner, and with the rapidity of conversation, because it inspires feelings of a much higher cast than those of wit, and, instead of suffering the mind to dwell upon the mere relation of ideas, fills it with a sort of mysterious awe, and gives an air of sublimity to the fabulous power of prediction. Every one knows the Latin line on the miracle at the marriage supper in Cana of Galilee — on the conversion of water into wine. The poet says, —

The modest water saw its God, and blushed !

Now, in my mind, that sublimity which some persons discover in this passage is destroyed by its wit ; it appears to me witty, and *not* sublime. I have no *great* feelings excited by it, and can perfectly well stop to consider the mere relation of ideas. I hope I need not add that the line, *if it produce the effect of a witty conceit, and not of a sublime image, is perfectly misplaced and irreverent* : the *intent*, however, of the poet, was *undoubtedly* to be *serious*. In the same manner, whenever the mind is not left to the mere surprise excited by the relation of ideas, but when that relation excites any powerful emotion — as those of the sublime and beautiful, or any high passion — as anger or pity, or any train of reflections upon the *utility* of the relations, the feeling of wit is always diminished or destroyed. It seems to be occasioned by those relations of ideas which excite surprise, and surprise *alone*. Whenever relations excite any other

strong feeling as well as surprise, the wit is either destroyed, diminished, or the two coexistent feelings of wit and the other emotion may, by careful reflection, be distinguished from each other. I may be very wrong (for these subjects are extremely difficult), but I know no single passage in any author which is at once beautiful and witty, or sublime and witty. I know innumerable passages which are intended to be beautiful or sublime, and which are merely witty; and I know many passages in which the relation of ideas is very new and surprising, and which are *not* witty because they are beautiful and sublime. Lastly, when the effect of wit is heightened by strong sense and useful truth, we may perceive in the mind what part of the pleasure arises from the mere relation of ideas, what from the utility of the precept; and many instances might be produced, where the importance and utility of the thing said prevent the mind from contemplating the mere relation, and considering it as wit. For example: in that apothegm of Rochefoucault, that hypocrisy is a homage which vice renders to virtue, the image is witty, but all attention to the *mere wit* is swallowed up in the justness and value of the observation. So that I think I have some color for saying that wit is produced by those relations between ideas which excite surprise, and surprise only. Observe, I am only defining the *causes* of a certain feeling in the mind called wit; I can no more define the feeling itself than I can define the flavor of venison. We all seem to partake of one and the other, with a very great degree of satisfaction; but why each feeling *is* what it is, and nothing else, I am sure I cannot pretend to determine.

Louis XIV. was exceedingly molested by the solicitations of a general officer at the *levée*, and cried out, loud enough to be overheard, "That gentleman is the most troublesome officer in the whole army." "Your Majesty's enemies have said the same thing more than once," was the answer. The wit of this answer consists in the sudden relation discovered in his assent to the King's invective and his own defense. By admitting the King's observation, he seems, at first sight, to be subscribing to the imputation against him; whereas, in reality, he effaces it by this very means. A sudden relation is discovered where none was suspected. Voltaire, in speaking of the effect of epithets in weakening style, said that the adjectives were the greatest enemies of the substantives, though they agreed in gender, number, and in cases. Here, again, it is very obvious

that a relation is discovered which, upon first observation, does not appear to exist. These instances may be multiplied to any extent. A gentleman at Paris, who lived very unhappily with his wife, used, for twenty years together, to pass his evenings at the house of another lady, who was very agreeable and drew together a pleasant society. His wife died ; and his friends all advised him to marry the lady in whose society he had found so much pleasure. He said no, he certainly should not, for that, if he married her, he should not know where to spend his evenings. Here we are suddenly surprised with the idea that the method proposed of securing his comfort may possibly prove the most effectual method of destroying it. At least, to enjoy the pleasantry of the reply, we view it through *his* mode of thinking, who had not been very fortunate in the connection established by his first marriage. I have, in consequence of the definition I have printed of wit in the cards of the Institution, passed one of the most polemical weeks that ever I remember to have spent in my life. I think, however, that if my words are understood in their fair sense, I am not wrong. I have said, surprising relations between *ideas* — not between *facts*. The difference is very great. A man may tell me he sees a fiery meteor on the surface of the sea : he has no merit in the discovery — it is no extraordinary act of mind in him — any one who has eyes can ascertain this relation of facts as well, if it really exist ; but to discover a surprising relation in *ideas* is an act of power in the discoverer, in which, if his wit be good, he exceeds the greater part of mankind : so that the very terms I have adopted imply comparison and superiority of mind. The discovery of any relation of ideas exciting pure surprise involves the notion of such superiority, and enhances the surprise. To discover relations between facts exciting pure surprise involves the notion of no such superiority ; for any man could ascertain that a calf had two heads if it had two heads : therefore, I again repeat, let any man show me that which is an acknowledged proof of wit, and I believe I could analyze the pleasure experienced from it into surprise, partly occasioned by the unexpected relation established, partly by the display of talent in discovering it ; and, putting this position synthetically, I would say, whenever there is a superior act of intelligence in discovering a relation between ideas, which relation excites surprise, and no other high emotion, the mind will have the feeling of wit. Why is it not witty to find

a gold watch and seals hanging upon a hedge? Because it is a mere relation of facts discovered without any effort of mind, and not (as I have said in my definition) a relation of ideas. Why is it not witty to discover the relation between the moon and the tides? Because it raises other notions than those of mere surprise. Why are not all the extravagant relations in "Gargantua" witty? Because they are merely odd and extravagant; and mere oddity and extravagance is too easy to excite surprise. Why is it witty, in one of Addison's plays, where the undertaker reproves one of his mourners for laughing at a funeral, and says to him, "You rascal, you! I have been raising your wages for these two years past, upon condition that you should appear more sorrowful, and the higher wages you receive the happier you look!" Here is a relation between ideas, the discovery of which implies superior intelligence, and excites no other emotion than surprise.

It is imagined that wit is a sort of inexplicable visitation, that it comes and goes with the rapidity of lightning, and that it is quite as unattainable as beauty or just proportion. I am so much of a contrary way of thinking that I am convinced a man might sit down as systematically and as successfully to the study of wit, as he might to the study of mathematics: and I would answer for it that, by giving up only six hours a day to being witty, he should come on prodigiously before midsummer, so that his friends should hardly know him again. For what is there to hinder the mind from gradually acquiring a habit of attending to the lighter relations of ideas in which wit consists? Punning grows upon everybody, and punning is the wit of words. I do not mean to say that it is so easy to acquire a habit of discovering new relations in *ideas* as in *words*, but the difficulty is not so much greater as to render it insuperable to habit. One man is unquestionably much better calculated for it by nature than another: but association, which gradually makes a bad speaker a good one, might give a man wit who had it not, if any man chose to be so absurd as to sit down to acquire it.

I have mentioned puns. They are, I believe, what I have denominated them — the wit of words. They are exactly the same to words which wit is to ideas, and consist in the sudden discovery of relations in language. A pun, to be perfect in its

kind, should contain two distinct meanings : the one common and obvious, the other more remote ; and in the notice which the mind takes of the relation between these two sets of words, and in the surprise which that relation excites, the pleasure of a pun consists. Miss Hamilton, in her book on Education, mentions the instance of a boy so very neglectful that he could never be brought to read the word *patriarchs* ; but whenever he met with it he always pronounced it *partridges*. A friend of the writer observed to her that it could hardly be considered as a mere piece of negligence, for it appeared to him that the boy, in calling them partridges, was *making game* of the patriarchs. Now here are two distinct meanings contained in the same phrase ; . . . and the whole pleasure derived from this pun consists in the sudden discovery that two such different meanings are referable to one form of expression. I have very little to say about puns ; they are in very bad repute, and so they *ought* to be. The wit of language is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas, that it is very deservedly driven out of good company. Sometimes, indeed, a pun makes its appearance which seems for a moment to redeem its species ; but we must not be deceived by them : it is a radically bad race of wit. By unremitting persecution, it has been at last got under, and driven into cloisters,—from whence it must never again be suffered to emerge into the light of the world. One invaluable blessing produced by the banishment of punning is, an immediate reduction of the number of wits. It is a wit of so low an order, and in which some sort of progress is so easily made, that the number of those endowed with the gift of wit would be nearly equal to those endowed with the gift of speech. The condition of putting together ideas in order to be witty operates much in the same salutary manner as the condition of finding rhymes in poetry ;—it reduces the number of performers to those who have vigor enough to overcome incipient difficulties, and makes a sort of provision that that which need not be done at all should be done *well* whenever it *is* done. For we may observe that mankind are always more fastidious about that which is pleasing, than they are about that which is useful. A commonplace piece of morality is much more easily pardoned than a commonplace piece of poetry or of wit ; because it is absolutely necessary for the wellbeing of society that the rules of morality should be frequently repeated and enforced ; but as there is no absolute necessity that men should be either wits or

poets, we are less inclined to tolerate their mediocrity in superfluities. If a man have ordinary chairs and tables, no one notices it; but if he stick vulgar gaudy pictures on his walls, which he need not have at all, every one laughs at him for his folly.



THE RESCUE OF PICCIOLA.

By X. B. SAINTINE.

[XAVIER BONIFACE SAINTINE, a French novelist and dramatist, was born in Paris, July 10, 1798. A little romantic masterpiece, "Picciola" (1838), gained him celebrity the moment it appeared. The work ranks as a French classic. Saintine wrote several other romances and over two hundred plays, most of them in collaboration with other authors. He died in Paris, January 21, 1865.]

[Charney, a political prisoner, has fixed his affections on a flower that grew between the stone of his prison and is in danger of withering.]

THE intervention of Josephine in Charney's favor had not proved so efficient as might have been supposed. At the conclusion of her mild intercessions in favor of the prisoner and his plant, when she proceeded to place in the hands of Napoleon the handkerchief inscribed with his memorial, the Emperor recalled to mind the singular indifference—so mortifying to his self-love—with which, during the warlike evolutions of the morning at Marengo, Josephine had cast her vacant, careless gaze upon the commemoration of his triumph; and thus predisposed to displeasure, the obnoxious name of Charney served only to aggravate his ill humor.

"Is the man mad?" cried he, "or does he pretend to deceive me by a farce? A Jacobin turned botanist!—about as good a jest as Marat descanting in the tribune on the pleasures of pastoral life, or Couthon presenting himself to the Convention with a rose in his buttonhole."

Josephine vainly attempted to appeal against the name of Jacobin thus lightly bestowed upon the Count; for as she commenced her remonstrance a chamberlain made his appearance, to announce that the general officers, ambassadors, and deputies of Italy were awaiting their Majesties in the audience chamber,—where, having hastily repaired, Napoleon immediately burst forth into a denunciation against visionaries, phi-

losophers, and liberals, mainly inspired by the recent mention of the Count de Charney. In an imperious tone he threatened that all such disturbers of public order should be speedily reduced to submission; but the loud and threatening tone he had assumed, which was supposed to be a spontaneous outbreak of passion, was in fact a premeditated lesson bestowed on the assembly, and more especially on the Prussian ambassador, who was present at the scene. Napoleon seized the opportunity to announce to the representatives of Europe the divorce of the Emperor of the French from the principles of the French Revolution!

By way of homage to the throne, the subordinates of the Emperor hastened to emulate his new profession of faith. The general commandant at Turin more especially, Jacques-Abdallah Menon, forgetting or renouncing his former principles, burst forth into a furious diatribe against the pseudo-Brutus of the clubs and taverns of Italy and France,—on which signal there arose from the minions of the Empire a unanimous chorus of execrations against all conspirators, revolutionists, and more especially Jacobins, till, overawed by their virulence, Josephine began to tremble at the storm she had been unwittingly the means of exciting. At length drawing near to the ear of Napoleon she took courage to whisper, in a tone of mingled tenderness and irony, “What need, Sire, of all these denunciations? My memorial regards neither a Jacobin nor a conspirator, but simply a poor plant, whose plots against the safety of the Empire should scarcely excite such vast tumults of consternation.”

Napoleon shrugged his shoulders. “Can you suppose me the dupe of such absurd pretenses?” he exclaimed. “This Charney is a man of high faculties and the most dangerous principles,—would you pass him upon me for a blockhead? The flower, the pavement, the whole romance, is a mere pretext. The fellow is getting up a plan of escape! It must be looked to. Menon, let a careful eye be kept upon the movements of those imprisoned for political offenses in the citadel of Fenestrella. One Charney has presumed to address to me a memorial. How did he manage to forward his petition otherwise than through the hands of the commandant? Is such the discipline kept up in the state prisons of the Empire?”

Again the Empress ventured to interpose in defense of her protégé.

"Enough, madam, enough of this man!" exclaimed the commander in chief; and discouraged and alarmed by the displeasure expressed in his words and looks, Josephine cast down her eyes, and was silent from confusion.

General Menon, on the other hand, mortified by the public rebuke of the Emperor, was not sparing in the reprimand dispatched to the captain commandant of the citadel of Fenestrella, who in his turn, as we have seen, vented his vexation on the prisoners committed to his charge. Even Girardi, in addition to the cruel sentence of separation from his daughter (who on arriving full of hopes at the gate of the fortress was commanded to appear there no more), had been subjected, like Charney, to a domiciliary visit, by which, however, nothing unsatisfactory was elicited.

But emotions more painful than those resulting from the forfeiture of his manuscripts now awaited the Count. As he traversed the courtyard on his way to the bastion with the commandant and his two acolytes, Captain Morand, who had either passed without notice on his arrival the fences and scaffolding surrounding the plant, or was now stimulated by the arrogant contumacy of Charney to an act of vengeance, paused to point out to Ludovico this glaring breach of prison discipline manifested before his eyes.

"What is the meaning of all this rubbish?" cried he. "Is *such*, sir, the order you maintain in your department?"

"*That*, captain," replied the jailer, in a half-hesitating, half-grumbling tone, drawing his pipe out of his mouth with one hand, and raising the other to his cap in a military salute, — "*that*, under your favor, is the plant I told you of, which is so good for the gout and all sorts of disorders."

Then letting fall his arm by an imperceptible movement, he replaced his pipe in its usual place.

"Death and the devil!" cried the captain, "if these gentlemen were allowed to have their way, all the chambers and courts of the citadel might be made into gardens, menageries, or shops, — like so many stalls at a fair. Away with this weed at once, and everything belonging to it!"

Ludovico turned his eyes alternately toward the captain, the Count, and the flower, and was about to interpose a word or two of expostulation. "Silence!" cried the commandant, — "silence, and do your duty!"

Thus fiercely admonished, Ludovico held his peace. Re-

moving the pipe once more from his mouth, he extinguished it, shook out the dust, and deposited it on the edge of the wall while he proceeded to business. Deliberately laying aside his cap, his waistcoat, and rubbing his hands as if to gain courage for the job, he paused a moment, then suddenly, with a movement of anger as if against himself or his chief, seized the hay bands and matting and dispersed them over the court. Next went the uprights which had supported them, which he tore up one after the other, broke over his knee, and threw the pieces on the pavement. His former tenderness for Picciola seemed suddenly converted into a fit of abhorrence.

Charney, meanwhile, stood motionless and stupefied, his eyes fixed wistfully upon the plant thus exposed to view, as if his looks could still afford protection to its helplessness. The day had been cool, the sky overclouded, and from the stem, which had rallied during the night, sprang several little healthy, verdant shoots. It seemed as though Picciola were collecting all her strength to die!

To die, — Picciola! — his own, his only; the world of his existence and his dreams; the pivot on which revolved his very life, — to be reduced to nothingness! Midway in his aspirations toward a higher sphere, the flight of the poor captive over whose head Heaven has suspended its sentence of expiation is to be suddenly arrested! How will he henceforward fill up the vacant moments of his leisure, — how satisfy the aching void in his own bosom? Picciola, the desert which thou didst people is about to become once more a solitary wilderness! — no more visions, no more hopes, no more reminiscences, no more discoveries to inscribe, no further objects of affection! How narrow will his prison now appear, how oppressive its atmosphere, — the atmosphere of a tomb; the tomb of Picciola! The golden branch, the sibylline divining rod which sufficed to exorcise the evil spirits by which he was beset, will no longer protect him against himself! The skeptic, the disenchanted philosopher, must return to his former mood of incredulity, and bear once more the burden of his bitter thoughts, with no prospect before him but eternal extinction! No! death were a thousand times preferable to such a destiny!

As these thoughts glanced through the mind of Charney, he beheld at the little grated window the shadow of the venerable Girardi. "Alas!" murmured the Count, "I have deprived him of all he had to live for; and he comes to triumph over

my affliction, to curse me, to deride me ! And he is right ; for what are sorrows such as mine compared with those I have heaped upon his revered head ? ”

Charney perceived the old man clasping the iron window bars in his trembling hands, but dared not meet his eyes and hazard an appeal to the forgiveness of the only human being of whose esteem he was ambitious. The Count dreaded to find that venerable countenance distorted by the expression of reproach or contempt ; and when at length their glances met, he was touched to the soul by the look of tender compassion cast upon him by the unhappy father, forgetful of his own sorrows in beholding those of his companion in misfortune. The only tears that had ever fallen from the eyes of the Count de Charney started at that trying moment ; but consolatory as they were, he dried them hurriedly as they fell, in the dread of exposing his weakness to the contempt and misapprehension of the men by whom he was surrounded.

Among the spectators of this singular scene, the two spirits alone remained indifferent to what was passing, — staring vacantly at the prisoner, the old man, the commandant, and the jailer ; wondering what reference their emotions might bear to the supposed conspiracy, and nothing doubting that the mysterious plant about to be dislodged would prove to have been a cover to some momentous hiding place.

Meanwhile, the fatal operations proceeded. Under the orders of the commandant, Ludovico was attempting to break up the rustic bench, which had first seemed to resist his feeble efforts.

“ A mallet ! take a mallet ! ” cried Captain Morand.

Ludovico obeyed ; but the mallet fell from his hands.

“ Death and the devil ! how much longer am I to be kept waiting ? ” now vociferated the captain ; and the jailer immediately let fall a blow under which the bench gave way in a moment. Mechanically Ludovico bent down towards his goddaughter, which was now alone and undefended in the court ; while the Count stood ghastly and overpowered, big drops of agony rising upon his brow.

“ Why destroy it, sir, why destroy it ? You must perceive that the plant is about to die ! ” he faltered, descending once more to the abject position of a suppliant. But the captain replied only by a glance of ironical compassion. It was now his turn to remain silent !

"Nay, then," cried Charney, in a sort of frenzy, "since it must needs be sacrificed, it shall die by no hand but mine!"

"I forbid you to touch it!" exclaimed the commandant; and extending his cane before Charney, as if to create a barrier between the prisoner and his idol, he renewed his orders to Ludovico, who, seizing the stem, was about to uproot it from the earth.

The Count, startled into submission, stood like an image of despair.

Near the bottom of the stem, below the lowest branches where the sap had got power to circulate, a single flower, fresh and brilliant, had just expanded! Already all the others were drooping, withered, on their stalks; but this single one retained its beauty, as yet uncrushed by the rude hand of the jailer. Springing in the midst of a little tuft of leaves, whose verdure threw out in contrast the vivid colors of its petals, the flower seemed to turn imploringly towards its master. He even fancied its last perfumes were exhaling towards him; and as the tears arose in his eyes, he seemed to see the beloved object enlarge, disappear, and at last bloom out anew. The human being and the flower so strangely attached to each other were interchanging an eternal farewell!

If at that moment, when so many human passions were called into action by the existence of an humble vegetable, a stranger could have entered unprepared the prison court of Fenestrella, where the sky shed a somber and saddening reflection, the aspect of the officers of justice invested in their tri-colored scarfs, of the commandant issuing his ruthless orders in a tone of authority, would naturally have seemed to announce some frightful execution, of which Ludovico was the executioner, and Charney the victim whose sentence of death had just been recited to him. And see! they come! Strangers *are* entering the court, two strangers, the one an aid-de-camp of General Menon; the other, a page of the Empress Josephine. The dust with which their uniforms are covered attests with what speed they have performed their journey to the fortress; yet a minute more, and they had been too late!

At the noise produced by their arrival, Ludovico, raising his head, relaxed his grasp of Picciola, and confronted Charney face to face. Both the jailer and the prisoner were pale as death!

The commandant had now received from the hands of the

aid-de-camp an order, the perusal of which seemed to strike him with astonishment ; but after taking a turn or two in the courtyard to compare in his mind the order of to-day with that of the day preceding, he assumed a more courteous demeanor, and approaching the Count de Charney placed in his hands the missive of General Menon. Trembling with emotion, the prisoner read as follows : —

His Majesty the Emperor and King deposes me, sir, to inform you that he grants the petition forwarded to him by the prisoner Charney, now under your custody in the fortress of Fenestrella, relative to a plant growing among the stones of one of its pavements. Such as are likely to be injurious to the flower must be instantly removed ; for which purpose you are requested to consult the wishes and convenience of your prisoner.

“Long live the Emperor !” cried Ludovico.

“Long live the Emperor !” murmured another voice, which seemed to issue from the adjoining wall ; and while all this was proceeding, the commandant stood leaning on his cane by way of keeping himself in countenance ; the two officers of justice, completely puzzled, were trying in vain to connect the new turn of affairs with the plot which their imagination had created ; while the aid-de-camp and page secretly wondered what could be the motive of the haste which had been so urgently recommended to them. The latter now addressed Charney to inform him that the letter contained a postscript in the handwriting of the Empress ; and the Count turning over the page read aloud as follows : —

I earnestly recommend Monsieur the Count de Charney to the good offices of Captain Morand ; to whom I shall feel personally obliged for any acts of kindness by which he may be enabled to alleviate the situation of his prisoner. JOSEPHINE.

“Long live the Empress !” cried Ludovico. Charney said not a word. *His* feelings could not be satisfied with less than raising to his lips the precious signature of his benefactress. The letter, held for some minutes in silence before his eyes, seemed to conceal his face from the curiosity of the spectators.

REMINISCENCES OF NAPOLEON'S WARS.

BY BARON DE MARBOT.

[BARON MARCELLIN DE MARBOT was born in 1782, at the castle of Lari-vière, department of Corrèze, France. He became major-general in Napoleon's wars, and served under five of the great marshals, finally as chief of staff; 1815-1818 was in exile; 1829 aide-de-camp to the Duke of Orleans, and in regular service till 1848, taking part in the Algerian campaign. He died in 1854.]

MARSHAL AUGEREAU.

MOST of the generals who became celebrated in the early wars of the Revolution rose from the lower ranks of society; but it is wrong to imagine, as some have done, that they were without education and owed their success to nothing but their brilliant courage. Augereau especially has been much misjudged. People have thought fit to represent him as a kind of rough, noisy, ill-conditioned swashbuckler. This is a mistake; for, although his youth was pretty stormy, and though he fell into sundry errors in politics, he was kind, well-mannered, and affectionate. I can assert that of the five marshals under whom I served he was distinctly the one who did most to alleviate the evils of war, who showed most kindness to non-combatants, and treated his officers the best, living with them like a father among his children. He had an extremely disturbed life, but before judging him one must consider the manners and customs of the period.

Pierre Augereau was born in Paris, 1757. His father did a large business as a fruiterer, and had amassed a sufficient fortune to enable him to educate his children well. His mother was a native of Munich, and she had the good sense always to speak German to her son, so that he spoke it perfectly, which both in his travels and in war was of great use to him. Augereau was a handsome man, tall and well built. He was fond of all physical exercises, and a proficient at them: a good rider, and an excellent swordsman. At the age of seventeen he lost his mother, and her brother, who was one of the secretaries of "Monsieur," obtained his enlistment in the carabineers, of which that prince was proprietary colonel. He passed some years at Saumur, the regular garrison of the carabineers. His attention to duty and his good conduct soon raised him to the rank of non-commissioned officer. Unfortunately, at that time

there was a craze for duelling, and Augereau's reputation as an excellent fencer compelled him to fight often, for among the garrison it was the correct thing to allow no superior. Noblemen, officers, soldiers, used to fight on the most futile grounds. Thus it happened that on one occasion, when Augereau was on a long leave in Paris, the celebrated fencing-master Saint-Georges, seeing him pass, said in the presence of several swordsmen that "there went one of the best blades in France." Thereupon a sergeant of dragoons named Belair, who claimed to be the next best to Saint-Georges, wrote to Augereau that he would like to fight him unless the other would admit his superiority. Augereau answered that he would do nothing of the sort, so they met in the Champs Elysées, and Belair got a thrust right through the body. He recovered, and, having left the service, married and became the father of eight children. In the early days of the Empire, being at a loss how to feed them, it occurred to him to apply to his old adversary, now become a marshal. I knew the man; he was witty and gay in a very original fashion. He called upon Augereau with a fiddle under his arm, and said that, having nothing to give his eight children for dinner, he was going to make them dance to keep up their spirits unless the marshal would kindly give him the means of supplying them with more substantial nourishment. Augereau recognized Belair, asked him to dinner, gave him money, and in a few days obtained him a very good post in the Government Parcels Office, and got two of his sons into a *lycée*. This conduct needs no remark.

All Augereau's duels did not end thus. According to a most absurd usage, ancient feuds existed between certain regiments, the cause of which was often pretty much forgotten, but which were handed down from one generation to another, and gave rise to duels whenever those corps met. Thus the Lunéville gendarmes and the carabineers had been at war for more than half a century, although in all this period they had not seen each other. At last, at the beginning of Louis XVI.'s reign, these two bodies were summoned to the camp at Compiègne; so to show that they were no less brave than their predecessors, carabineers and gendarmes resolved to fight, and the custom was of such ancient date that the chiefs felt bound to wink at it. However, in order to avoid too great bloodshed, they contrived to make a regulation that there should be only one duel. Each corps was to appoint a combatant to

represent it, and after that there should be a truce. As the self-esteem of each side required that the selected champion should be victorious, the carabineers picked out their twelve best swordsmen, Augereau being among them, and it was agreed to choose by lot the one to whom the honor of the regiment should be intrusted. The lot was that day even blinder than usual, for it fell upon a sergeant named Donnadiou, who had five children. Augereau remarked that they ought not to have put among the papers one bearing the name of a father of a family, and demanded to act as his substitute. Donnadiou declared that as the lot had fallen on him he would go out; Augereau insisted. At last the generous contest was terminated by the meeting accepting Augereau's proposal. They soon learnt who was the combatant chosen by the gendarmes, and it only remained to bring the adversaries together, so that a shadow of a quarrel might furnish a pretext for the meeting.

Augereau's adversary was a terrible man, an excellent swordsman, and a professional duellist, who, to keep his hand in while waiting, had on the previous day killed two sergeants of the Garde Française. Augereau, without letting himself be frightened by this bully's reputation, went off to the café, where he knew that he would come, and sat down at a table to wait for him. The gendarme entered, and as soon as the carabineers' champion was pointed out to him he turned up his coat-tails and sat down insolently on the table with his hind-quarters a foot from Augereau's face. The latter was at this moment taking a cup of very hot coffee; he gently opened the slit which in those days existed in the waistband of the leather breeches worn by the cavalry, and poured the scalding liquid upon the person of the impertinent gendarme. The man turned round in a fury. The quarrel was started, and they went off to the ground, followed by a crowd of carabineers and gendarmes. On the way the gendarme, by way of a ferocious raillery of his intended victim, asked Augereau in a jeering tone, "Would you rather be buried in the town or in the country?" Augereau replied, "I prefer the country, I have always liked the open air." "Very good," said the gendarme, turning to his second, "you may put him beside the two whom I packed off yesterday and the day before." This was not very encouraging, and might have shaken the nerves of another than Augereau. It was not so with him. Resolved to defend

his life to the best of his power, he played so close and so well that his adversary, enraged at being unable to touch him, lost his temper and blundered. Augereau, always calm, profited by this to run him through, remarking, "You shall be buried in the country."

When the camp was broken up the carabineers returned to Saumur, where Augereau continued to serve quietly until a disastrous event drove him into a life of adventure. A young officer of high birth and very hasty temper, happening to find some fault with the manner in which the horses were groomed, fell foul of Augereau, and in a fit of anger offered to strike him with his whip in presence of the whole squadron. Augereau replied to the insult by sending the imprudent officer's whip flying from his hand. In a rage he drew his sword and attacked Augereau, saying, "Defend yourself!" Augereau at first confined himself to parrying, but, having been wounded, he at length returned a thrust, and the officer fell dead. General Count de Malseigne, who commanded the carabineers as deputy for "Monsieur," was soon informed of this affair; and although the eye-witnesses with one accord testified that Augereau had been most unjustly provoked, and that it was a case of lawful self-defense, the interest which he took in Augereau led him to think it advisable to get him out of the way. He therefore summoned a soldier named Papon, a native of Geneva, whose time expired in a few days, and asked him to let Augereau have his paper of discharge, promising him another shortly. Papon agreed, for which Augereau was always most grateful to him. Having reached Geneva, he learnt that in spite of the evidence a court-martial had condemned him to death for having drawn his sword on an officer.

The Papon family exported watches largely to the East. Augereau resolved to accompany the clerk who was sent in charge of them, and thus visited Greece, the Ionian Islands, Constantinople, and the shores of the Black Sea. When he was in the Crimea a Russian colonel, judging from his fine bearing that he had been a soldier, offered him the rank of sergeant. Augereau accepted, and passed some years in the Russian army, serving under Souvaroff against the Turks, and being wounded at the assault on Ismail. Peace having been made between Russia and the Porte, Augereau's regiment was ordered to Poland; but, not caring to stay longer among the Russians, half-barbarous as they were, he deserted and reached

Prussia. There he took service, at first in Prince Henry's regiment; later on his stature and his pleasing countenance gained him admission into Frederick the Great's celebrated regiment of guards. He was there for two years, and his captain held out hopes of promotion for him, when one day the King, reviewing his guards, stopped in front of Augereau. "There is a fine grenadier: what countryman is he?" said the King. "A Frenchman, sir." "So much the worse," replied Frederick, who had come to hate the French as much as he once liked them; "so much the worse. If he had been a Swiss or a German, we might have made something of him."

After this assurance from the King's mouth that he would never come to anything in Prussia, he decided to leave the country; not an easy thing to do, for every desertion was signaled by a cannon-shot, and the populace at once pursued in order to get the reward, while the deserter when taken was shot. To avoid this misfortune and regain his liberty, Augereau, knowing well that a good third of the guards who were foreigners like himself longed for nothing better than to get out of Prussia, got speech of some sixty of the boldest, and pointed out that if they deserted individually they were lost, as two or three men were quite able to arrest one. The right thing was for them all to go off together with arms and ammunition, so as to be able to defend themselves. They acted accordingly, Augereau taking command. Though attacked on the road by the peasants, and even by a detachment of soldiers, these determined men, with loss of some of their numbers, but with greater loss to their assailants, reached in one night a small place belonging to Saxony, not more than ten leagues from Potsdam. Augereau went on to Dresden, where he gave dancing and fencing lessons until the birth of Louis XVI.'s eldest son. The French government celebrated this event by an amnesty to all deserters, which enabled Augereau not only to return to Paris, but also to reënter the carabineers. His sentence was quashed, and General de Malseigne claimed him back as one of the best sergeants in the regiment. Augereau thus recovered his rank and his position. In 1788 the King of Naples, feeling the necessity of reform in his army, asked the King of France to send him as instructors some officers and non-commissioned officers, promising them an advance in rank. Augereau was among those selected, and on arriving in Naples received the rank of sub-lieutenant. He served there several years, and had

just become lieutenant, when he fell in love with the daughter of a Greek merchant. Her father being unwilling to agree to his proposal, they got secretly married ; then, going on board the first ship that they found starting, they went to Lisbon, where they lived quietly for some time.

AN ADVENTURE AT EYLAU.

I must go back to the autumn of 1805, when the officers of the Grand Army, among their preparations for the battle of Austerlitz, were completing their outfits. I had two good horses ; the third for whom I was looking, my charger, was to be better still. It was a difficult thing to find, for though horses were far less dear than now, their price was pretty high, and I had not much money ; but chance served me admirably. I met a learned German, Herr von Aister, whom I had known when he was a professor at Sorèze. He had become tutor to the children of a rich Swiss banker, M. Schérer, established at Paris in partnership with M. Finguerlin. He informed me that M. Finguerlin, a wealthy man, living in fine style, had a large stud, in the first rank of which figured a lovely mare, called Lisette, easy in her paces, as light as a deer, and so well broken that a child could lead her. But this mare, when she was ridden, had a terrible fault, and fortunately a rare one : she bit like a bulldog, and furiously attacked people whom she disliked, which decided M. Finguerlin to sell her. She was bought for Mme. de Lauriston, whose husband, one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, had written to her to get his campaigning outfit ready. When selling the mare M. Finguerlin had forgotten to mention her fault, and that very evening a groom was found disemboweled at her feet. Mme. de Lauriston, reasonably alarmed, brought action to cancel the bargain ; not only did she get her verdict, but in order to prevent further disasters, the police ordered that a written statement should be placed in Lisette's stall to inform purchasers of her ferocity, and that any bargain with regard to her should be void unless the purchaser declared in writing that his attention had been called to the notice. You may suppose that with such a character as this the mare was not easy to dispose of, and thus Herr von Aister informed me that her owner had decided to let her go for what any one would give. I offered 1000 francs, and M. Finguerlin delivered Lisette to me, though she had cost

him 5000. This animal gave me a good deal of trouble for some months. It took four or five men to saddle her, and you could only bridle her by covering her eyes, and fastening all four legs ; but once you were on her back, you found her a really incomparable mount.

However, since while in my possession she had already bitten several people, and had not spared me, I was thinking of parting with her. But I had meanwhile engaged in my service Francis Woirland, a man who was afraid of nothing, and he, before going near Lisette, whose bad character had been mentioned to him, armed himself with a good hot roast leg of mutton. When the animal flew at him to bite him, he held out the mutton ; she seized it in her teeth, and burning her gums, palate, and tongue, gave a scream, let the mutton drop, and from that moment was perfectly submissive to Woirland, and did not venture to attack him again. I employed the same method with a like result. Lisette became as docile as a dog, and allowed me and my servant to approach her freely. She even became a little more tractable towards the stablemen of the staff, whom she saw every day, but woe to the strangers who passed near her ! I could quote twenty instances of her ferocity, but I will confine myself to one. While Marshal Augereau was staying at the château of Bellevue, near Berlin, the servants of the staff, having observed that when they went to dinner some one stole the sacks of corn that were left in the stable, got Woirland to unfasten Lisette and leave her near the door. The thief arrived, slipped into the stable, and was in the act of carrying off a sack, when the mare seized him by the nape of the neck, dragged him into the middle of the yard, and trampled on him till she broke two of his ribs. At the shrieks of the thief, people ran up, but Lisette would not let him go till my servant and I compelled her, for in her fury she would have flown at any one else. She had become still more vicious ever since the Saxon hussar officer, of whom I have told you, had treacherously laid open her shoulder with a sabre-cut on the battlefield of Jena.

Such was the mare which I was riding at Eylau at the moment when the fragments of Augereau's army corps, shattered by a hail of musketry and cannon-balls, were trying to rally near the great cemetery. The 14th of the line had remained alone on a hillock, which it could not quit except by the Emperor's order. The snow had ceased for the moment ; we

could see how the intrepid regiment, surrounded by the enemy, was waving its eagle in the air to show that it still held its ground and asked for support. The Emperor, touched by the grand devotion of these brave men, resolved to try to save them, and ordered Augereau to send an officer to them with orders to leave the hillock, form a small square, and make their way towards us, while a brigade of cavalry should march in their direction and assist their efforts. This was before Murat's great charge. It was almost impossible to carry out the Emperor's wishes, because a swarm of Cossacks was between us and the 14th, and it was clear that any officer who was sent towards the unfortunate regiment would be killed or captured before he could get to it. But the order was positive, and the marshal had to comply.

It was customary in the Imperial army for the aides-de-camp to place themselves in file a few paces from their general, and for the one who was in front to go on duty first; then, when he had performed his mission, to return and place himself last, in order that each might carry orders in his turn, and dangers might be shared equally. A brave captain of engineers, named Froissard, who, though not an aide-de-camp, was on the marshal's staff, happened to be nearest to him, and was bidden to carry the order to the 14th. M. Froissard galloped off; we lost sight of him in the midst of the Cossacks, and never saw him again nor heard what had become of him. The marshal, seeing that the 14th did not move, sent an officer named David; he had the same fate as Froissard: we never heard of him again. Probably both were killed and stripped, and could not be recognized among the many corpses which covered the ground. For the third time the marshal called, "The officer for duty." It was my turn.

Seeing the son of his old friend, and I venture to say his favorite aide-de-camp, come up, the kind marshal's face changed, and his eyes filled with tears, for he could not hide from himself that he was sending me to almost certain death. But the Emperor must be obeyed. I was a soldier; it was impossible to make one of my comrades go in my place, nor would I have allowed it; it would have been disgracing me. So I dashed off. But though ready to sacrifice my life I felt bound to take all necessary precautions to save it. I had observed that the two officers who went before me had gone with swords drawn, which led me to think that they had purposed to defend them-

selves against any Cossacks who might attack them on the way. Such defense, I thought, was ill-considered, since it must have compelled them to halt in order to fight a multitude of enemies, who would overwhelm them in the end. So I went otherwise to work, and leaving my sword in the scabbard, I regarded myself as a horseman who is trying to win a steeplechase, and goes as quickly as possible and by the shortest line towards the appointed goal, without troubling himself with what is to right or left of his path. Now, as my goal was the hillock occupied by the 14th, I resolved to get there without taking any notice of the Cossacks, whom I thought I abolished. This plan answered perfectly. Lisette, lighter than a swallow and flying rather than running, devoured the intervening space, leaping the piles of dead men and horses, the ditches, the broken gun-carriages, the half-extinguished bivouac fires. Thousands of Cossacks swarmed over the plain. The first who saw me acted like sportsmen who, when beating, start a hare, and announce its presence to each other by shouts of "Your side! Your side!" but none of the Cossacks tried to stop me, first on account of the extreme rapidity of my pace, and also probably because, their numbers being so great, each thought that I could not avoid his comrades farther on; so that I escaped them all, and reached the 14th regiment without either myself or my excellent mare having received the slightest scratch.

I found the 14th formed in square on the top of the hillock, but as the slope was very slight the enemy's cavalry had been able to deliver several charges. These had been vigorously repulsed, and the French regiment was surrounded by a circle of dead horses and dragoons, which formed a kind of rampart, making the position by this time almost inaccessible to cavalry; as I found, for in spite of the aid of our men, I had much difficulty in passing over this horrible entrenchment. At last I was in the square. Since Colonel Savary's death at the passage of the Wkra, the 14th had been commanded by a major. While I imparted to this officer, under a hail of balls, the order to quit his position and try to rejoin his corps, he pointed out to me that the enemy's artillery had been firing on the 14th for an hour, and had caused it such loss that the handful of soldiers which remained would inevitably be exterminated if they went down into the plain, and that, moreover, there would not be time to prepare to execute such a movement, since a Russian column was marching on him, and was not more than a hun-

dred paces away. "I see no means of saving the regiment," said the major; "return to the Emperor, bid him farewell from the 14th of the line, which has faithfully executed his orders, and bear to him the eagle which he gave us, and which we can defend no longer; it would add too much to the pain of death to see it fall into the hands of the enemy." Then the major handed me his eagle. Saluted for the last time by the glorious fragment of the intrepid regiment with cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" they were going to die for him. It was the *Cæsar morituri te salutant* of Tacitus [Suetonius], but in this case the cry was uttered by heroes.

The infantry eagles were very heavy, and their weight was increased by a stout oak pole on the top of which they were fixed. The length of the pole embarrassed me much, and as the stick without the eagle could not constitute a trophy for the enemy, I resolved with the major's consent to break it and only carry off the eagle. But at the moment when I was leaning forward from my saddle in order to get a better purchase to separate the eagle from the pole, one of the numerous cannonballs which the Russians were sending at us went through the hinder peak of my hat, less than an inch from my head. The shock was all the more terrible since my hat, being fastened on by a strong leather strap under the chin, offered more resistance to the blow. I seemed to be blotted out of existence, but I did not fall from my horse; blood flowed from my nose, my ears, and even my eyes; nevertheless I could still hear and see, and I preserved all my intellectual faculties, although my limbs were paralyzed to such an extent that I could not move a single finger.

Meanwhile the column of Russian infantry which we had just perceived was mounting the hill; they were grenadiers wearing miter-shaped caps with metal ornaments. Soaked with spirits, and in vastly superior numbers, these men hurled themselves furiously on the feeble remains of the unfortunate 14th, whose soldiers had for several days been living only on potatoes and melted snow; that day they had not had time to prepare even this wretched meal. Still our brave Frenchmen made a valiant defense with their bayonets, and when the square had been broken, they held together in groups and sustained the unequal fight for a long time.

During this terrible struggle several of our men, in order not to be struck from behind, set their backs against my mare's

flanks, she, contrary to her practice, remaining perfectly quiet. If I had been able to move I should have urged her forward to get away from this field of slaughter. But it was absolutely impossible for me to press my legs so as to make the animal I rode understand my wish. My position was the more frightful since, as I have said, I retained the power of sight and thought. Not only were they fighting all round me, which exposed me to bayonet-thrusts, but a Russian officer with a hideous countenance kept making efforts to run me through. As the crowd of combatants prevented him from reaching me, he pointed me out to the soldiers around him, and they, taking me for the commander of the French, as I was the only mounted man, kept firing at me over their comrades' heads, so that bullets were constantly whistling past my ear. One of them would certainly have taken away the small amount of life that was still in me had not a terrible incident led to my escape from the mêlée.

Among the Frenchmen who had got their flanks against my mare's near flank was a quartermaster-sergeant, whom I knew from having frequently seen him at the marshal's, making copies for him of the "morning states." This man, having been attacked and wounded by several of the enemy, fell under Lisette's belly, and was seizing my leg to pull himself up, when a Russian grenadier, too drunk to stand steady, wishing to finish him by a thrust in the breast, lost his balance, and the point of his bayonet went astray into my cloak, which at that moment was puffed out by the wind. Seeing that I did not fall, the Russian left the sergeant and aimed a great number of blows at me. These were at first fruitless, but one at last reached me, piercing my left arm, and I felt with a kind of horrible pleasure my blood flowing hot. The Russian grenadier with redoubled fury made another thrust at me, but, stumbling with the force which he put into it, drove his bayonet into my mare's thigh. Her ferocious instincts being restored by the pain, she sprang at the Russian, and at one mouthful tore off his nose, lips, eyebrows, and all the skin of his face, making of him a living death's-head, dripping with blood. Then hurling herself with fury among the combatants, kicking and biting, Lisette upset everything that she met on her road. The officer who had made so many attempts to strike me tried to hold her by the bridle; she seized him by his belly, and carrying him off with ease, she bore him out of the crush to the foot of the hil-

lock, where, having torn out his entrails and mashed his body under her feet, she left him dying on the snow. Then, taking the road by which she had come, she made her way at full gallop towards the cemetery of Eylau. Thanks to the hussar's saddle on which I was sitting I kept my seat. But a new danger awaited me. The snow had begun to fall again, and great flakes obscured the daylight when, having arrived close to Eylau, I found myself in front of a battalion of the Old Guard, who, unable to see clearly at a distance, took me for an enemy's officer leading a charge of cavalry. The whole battalion at once opened fire on me; my cloak and my saddle were riddled, but I was not wounded nor was my mare. She continued her rapid course, and went through the three ranks of the battalion as easily as a snake through a hedge. But this last spurt had exhausted Lisette's strength; she had lost much blood, for one of the large veins in her thigh had been divided, and the poor animal collapsed suddenly and fell on one side, rolling me over on the other.

Stretched on the snow among the piles of dead and dying, unable to move in any way, I gradually and without pain lost consciousness. I felt as if I was being gently rocked to sleep. At last I fainted quite away, without being revived by the mighty clatter which Murat's ninety squadrons advancing to the charge must have made in passing close to me and perhaps over me.

I judge that my swoon lasted four hours, and when I came to my senses I found myself in this horrible position. I was completely naked, having nothing on but my hat and my right boot. A man of the transport corps, thinking me dead, had stripped me in the usual fashion, and wishing to pull off the only boot that remained, was dragging me by one leg with his foot against my body. The jerks which the man gave me had no doubt restored me to my senses. I succeeded in sitting up and spitting out the clots of blood from my throat. The shock caused by the wind of the ball had produced such an extravasation of blood, that my face, shoulders, and chest were black, while the rest of my body was stained red by the blood from my wound. My hat and my hair were full of bloodstained snow, and as I rolled my haggard eyes I must have been horrible to see. Anyhow, the transport man looked the other way, and went off with my property without my being able to say a single word to him, so utterly prostrate was I. But I

had recovered my mental faculties, and my thoughts turned towards God and my mother.

[He was recognised and saved by one of Augereau's valets whom he had befriended.]

MARSHAL SAINT-CYR.

On August 15 [1812], the Emperor's *fête* day, the 2d army corps arrived, in very low spirits, at Polotsk, where we found the 6th corps, formed by two fine Bavarian divisions, under General Wrede, and commanded in chief by a French general, Gouvion Saint-Cyr. The Emperor had sent this reinforcement of 8000 to 10,000 men to Marshal Oudinot, who would have received it with more satisfaction if he had not dreaded the influence of its leader. Saint-Cyr was, indeed, one of the most able soldiers in Europe; a contemporary and rival of Moreau, Hoche, Kleber, and Desaix, he had commanded successfully a wing of the Army of the Rhine at a time when Oudinot was colonel, or at most major-general. I never knew any one handle troops in battle better than Saint-Cyr. He was a son of a small landowner at Toul, and had studied for a civil engineer; but, disliking this profession, he became an actor in Paris, and it was he who created the famous part of Robert, the brigand chief, at the *Théâtre de la Cité*. The revolution of 1789 found him in this position; he entered a volunteer battalion, showed talent and much courage, and very quickly rose to the rank of lieutenant-general, and distinguished himself by many successes. He was of tall stature, but looked more like a professor than a soldier, which may perhaps be ascribed to the habit which, like the other generals of the Army of the Rhine, he had acquired of wearing neither uniform nor epaulettes, but a plain blue overcoat. It was impossible to find a calmer man; the greatest danger, disappointments, successes, defeats, were alike unable to move him. In presence of every sort of contingency he was like ice. It may be easily understood of what advantage such a character, backed by a taste for study and meditation, was to a general officer.

But Saint-Cyr had serious faults as well: he was jealous of his colleagues, and was often seen to keep his troops inactive when other divisions were being shattered close to him. Then he would advance, and, profiting by the enemy's weariness, would beat them, seeming thus to have the sole credit of the victory.

Further, if he was among the commanders who were best able to handle their troops on the field, he was undoubtedly the one who took least thought for their welfare. He never inquired if his soldiers had food, clothing, or boots, or if their arms were in good condition. He never held a review, never visited the hospitals, did not even ask if there were any. His view was that the colonels ought to see to all that. In a word, he expected that his regiments should be brought into the field all ready to fight, without troubling himself about the means to keep them in good condition. This method of procedure had done Saint-Cyr much harm, and wherever he had served, his troops, while doing justice to his military talents, had disliked him. His colleagues all dreaded having to act with him, and the different successive governments of France had only employed him from necessity. It was the same with the Emperor; and such was his antipathy for Saint-Cyr that he did not include him in his first creation of marshals, although he had a better record and much greater talent than the majority of those to whom Napoleon gave the baton. Such was the man who had just been placed under Oudinot's command, much to his regret, for he knew that he would be put in the shade by Saint-Cyr's superior ability.

On August 16, the day on which my eldest son Alfred was born, the Russian army, more than 60,000 strong, attacked Oudinot, who, with Saint-Cyr's Bavarians, had 52,000 men at his disposal. In an ordinary war an engagement in which 112,000 men took part would have been called a battle, and its decision would have had important results; but in 1812, amid belligerent forces amounting to 600,000 or 700,000 men, the meeting of 100,000 only reckoned as a combat. At any rate this is the name given to the affair between Oudinot and the Russians under the walls of Polotsk. This town, which stands on the left bank of the Dwina, is surrounded with ancient earthworks. Before the principal front of the place, the fields in which vegetables are grown are cut up by an infinite number of little watercourses; obstacles which, though not exactly impassable for guns and cavalry, hamper their march a good deal. These market-gardens extended to some half a league before the town; but to their left, along the bank of the Dwina, is a vast stretch of meadow, level as a carpet. That was the side by which the Russian general should have attacked Polotsk. He would thus have become master of the single

weak bridge of boats affording us our only communication with the left bank, whence we drew our supplies of ammunition and provisions. But Wittgenstein preferred to take the bull by the horns, and directed his main body towards the gardens, hoping to be able from thence to carry the place by escalade; the ramparts being, in fact, nothing but slopes easy to ascend, though commanding a distant view. The attack was smartly delivered; but our infantry defended the gardens bravely, while from the top of the ramparts our artillery, including the fourteen guns captured at Sivoshina, did terrible execution in the enemy's ranks. The Russians retired in disorder to reform in the plain; and Oudinot, instead of maintaining his good position, pursued them, and was in his turn repulsed. Thus a great part of the day passed; the Russians returning incessantly to the attack and the French always driving them back beyond the gardens. While the slaughter thus swayed to and fro Saint-Cyr followed Oudinot in silence; and whenever his opinion was asked he merely bowed and said: "My lord marshal!" as though he would say: "As they have made you a marshal, you must know more about the matter than a mere general like me; get out of it as best you can." . . .

The fighting slackened, and for the last hour of the day degenerated into sharpshooting. But Marshal Oudinot could not hide from himself that he would have to begin again next day. Full of thought over a state of things of which he could not see the issue, and brought up at every turn by Saint-Cyr's obstinate refusal to speak, he was riding along at a walk, followed by a single aide-de-camp, among his infantry skirmishers, when the enemy's marksmen, noticing the horseman with white plumes, made him their target, and sent a bullet into his arm.

The marshal at once sent word to Saint-Cyr that he was wounded, and handed the command over to him. Leaving to him the task of getting things straight, he left the field, crossed the bridge, and, leaving the army, retired to Lithuania, to get his hurt tended. It was two months before we saw him again.

Saint-Cyr seized the reins of command with a firm and capable hand, and in a few hours the aspect of things changed entirely — so great is the influence of an able man who knows how to inspire confidence. Marshal Oudinot had left the army in a most alarming situation — part of the troops with the river at their backs, others scattered about beyond the gardens, and

keeping up a disorderly fire; the ramparts badly furnished with guns; the streets of the town blocked with caissons, baggage wagons, and wounded, heaped together pell-mell; lastly, the troops had in case of defeat no other way of retreat than by the bridge of boats, which was very narrow, and six inches deep in water. Night was coming on, and the regiments of the different nations were so out of hand that it was quite possible for the sharpshooting to bring on a general action, which might be fatal to us.

General Saint-Cyr's first act was to call in the skirmishers. He was certain that the tired enemy would follow his example as soon as they were no longer attacked; and in fact the fire soon ceased on both sides. The troops could concentrate and take some rest, and business seemed to be put off until the next day. So that he might be in a position to engage with best chances of success, Saint-Cyr took advantage of the night to make his arrangements for repulsing the enemy, or securing his retreat in the event of a reverse. To this end he assembled the regimental commanders, and after having explained the dangers of the situation, the most serious of which was the crowded state of the town and of the approaches to the bridge, he gave orders that the colonels, with other officers and patrols, should go through the streets directing all the uninjured soldiers of their regiments to the bivouacs, and sending the sick and wounded and all led horses and wagons across the bridge. He added that at break of day he would go round the town and suspend any colonel who had not carried out his orders. No excuse would be accepted. The orders were quickly carried out, and all that was not required for the fight — all the impedimenta of the army, in short — was collected on the left bank. Soon the ramparts and streets, as well as the bridge, were completely clear. The bridge was strengthened, the cavalry and artillery brought back to the right bank and established in the suburb furthest from the enemy. Finally, to facilitate his means of retreat the prudent commander-in-chief had a second bridge, to be used only by infantry, constructed out of empty barrels and planks. All these preparations were finished before daylight, and the army awaited the enemy with confidence.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

BY CHARLES WOLFE.

[1791-1823.]

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow;

Lightly they talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him, —
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone —
But we left him alone with his glory.

UNDINE.

By LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

[BARON FRIEDRICH DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ, German romance-writer, was born at Brandenburg in 1777. Grandson of a distinguished Prussian officer, he became one himself in 1792 and 1813; the rest of the time, till his death in 1843, he spent mostly in Paris, and on his country estate, feasting on the old legends of France, Spain, and the North, and shaping them into fantastic cloudland forms of prose and verse. Unreal as dreams, and full of quaint conceits and affectations, they are full also of pretty and elevated sentiment, and one of them, "Undine" (1811), rises into a symbolic beauty and pathos worthy of Goethe. "Sintram and his Companions" ranks next in popular memory; "Aslauga's Knight" and "The Companions" may be mentioned of stories filling several volumes. He wrote also dramas and epics.]

HOW THE KNIGHT FOUND UNDINE.

[Sir Huldbrand of Ringstetten, exploring a haunted forest to keep the favor of a court beauty, Bertalda, the foster-daughter of a great nobleman, is forced by a supernatural storm to take refuge in the hut.]

DURING the conversation, the stranger had already occasionally heard a splash against the little low window, as if some one were sprinkling water against it. Every time the noise occurred, the old man knit his brow with displeasure; but when at last a whole shower was dashed against the panes, and bubbled into the room through the decayed casement, he rose angrily, and called threateningly from the window, "Undine! will you for once leave off these childish tricks? and to-day, besides, there is a stranger knight with us in the cottage." All was silent without, only a suppressed laugh was audible, and the fisherman said as he returned: "You must pardon it in her, my honored guest, and perhaps many a naughty trick besides; but she means no harm by it. It is our foster-child, Undine, and she will not wean herself from this childishness, although she has already entered her eighteenth year. But, as I said, at heart she is thoroughly good." . . .

Just then the door flew open, and a beautiful, fair girl glided into the room, and said, "You have only been jesting, father, for where is your guest?"

At the same moment, however, she perceived the knight, and stood fixed with astonishment before the handsome youth. Huldbrand was struck with her charming appearance, and dwelt

the more earnestly on her lovely features, as he imagined it was only her surprise that gave him this brief enjoyment, and that she would presently turn from his gaze with increased bashfulness. It was, however, quite otherwise; for after having looked at him for some time, she drew near him confidently, knelt down before him, and said, as she played with a gold medal which he wore on his breast, suspended from a rich chain: "Why, you handsome, kind guest, how have you come to our poor cottage at last? Have you been obliged then to wander through the world for years, before you could find your way to us? Do you come out of that wild forest, my beautiful knight?" The old woman's reproof allowed him no time for reply. She admonished the girl to stand up and behave herself and to go to her work. Undine, however, without making any answer, drew a little footstool close to Huldbrand's chair, sat down upon it with her spinning, and said pleasantly, "I will work here." The old man did as parents are wont to do with spoiled children. He affected to observe nothing of Undine's naughtiness and was beginning to talk of something else. But this the girl would not let him do; she said, "I have asked our charming guest whence he comes, and he has not yet answered me."

"I come from the forest, you beautiful little vision," returned Huldbrand; and she went on to say:—

"Then you must tell me how you came there, for it is usually so feared, and what marvelous adventures you met with in it, for it is impossible to escape without something of the sort."

Huldbrand felt a slight shudder at this remembrance, and looked involuntarily toward the window, for it seemed to him as if one of the strange figures he had encountered in the forest were grinning in there; but he saw nothing but the deep dark night, which had now shrouded everything without. Upon this he composed himself and was on the point of beginning his little history, when the old man interrupted him by saying, "Not so, Sir Knight! this is no fit hour for such things." Undine, however, sprang angrily from her little stool, and standing straight before the fisherman with her fair arms fixed in her sides, she exclaimed: "He shall not tell his story, father? He shall not? But it is my will. He shall! He shall in spite of you!" And thus saying, she stamped her pretty little foot vehemently on the floor, but she did it all with such a comically

graceful air that Huldbrand now felt his gaze almost more riveted upon her in her anger than before in her gentleness.

The restrained wrath of the old man, on the contrary, burst forth violently. He severely reproved Undine's disobedience and unbecoming behavior to the stranger, and his good old wife joined with him heartily. Undine quickly retorted, "If you want to chide me, and won't do what I wish, then sleep alone in your old smoky hut!" and swift as an arrow she flew from the room, and fled into the dark night.

[The fisherman restrains the knight from going in search of her, and tells her story: that fifteen years before, their baby girl had leapt from her mother's arms into the lake while out in a boat, and was never found; that the same evening, a richly dressed little girl, three or four years old, dripping with water, came to their door, and they adopted her, and had her baptized by the name she herself insisted on — Undine.]

The knight interrupted the fisherman to draw his attention to a noise, as of a rushing flood of waters, which had caught his ear during the old man's talk, and which now burst against the cottage window with redoubled fury. Both sprang to the door. There they saw, by the light of the now risen moon, the brook which issued from the wood, widely overflowing its banks, and whirling away stones and branches of trees in its sweeping course. The storm, as if awakened by the tumult, burst forth from the mighty clouds which passed rapidly across the moon; the lake roared under the furious lashing of the wind; the trees of the little peninsula groaned from root to topmost bough, and bent, as if reeling, over the surging waters. "Undine! for Heaven's sake, Undine!" cried the two men in alarm. No answer was returned, and regardless of every other consideration, they ran out of the cottage, one in this direction, and the other in that, searching and calling.

The longer Huldbrand sought Undine beneath the shades of night, and failed to find her, the more anxious and confused did he become. The idea that Undine had been only a mere apparition of the forest, again gained ascendancy over him; indeed, amid the howling of the waves and the tempest, the cracking of the trees, and the complete transformation of a scene lately so calmly beautiful, he could almost have considered the whole peninsula with its cottage and its inhabitants as a mocking illusive vision; but from afar he still ever heard

through the tumult the fisherman's anxious call for Undine and the loud praying and singing of his aged wife. At length he came close to the brink of the swollen stream, and saw in the moonlight how it had taken its wild course directly in front of the haunted forest, so as to change the peninsula into an island. "Oh God!" he thought to himself, "if Undine has ventured a step into that fearful forest, perhaps in her charming willfulness, just because I was not allowed to tell her about it; and now the stream may be rolling between us, and she may be weeping on the other side alone among phantoms and specters!" A cry of horror escaped him, and he clambered down some rocks and overthrown pine stems, in order to reach the rushing stream, and by wading or swimming to seek the fugitive on the other side. He remembered all the awful and wonderful things which he had encountered, even by day, under the now rustling and roaring branches of the forest. Above all it seemed to him as if a tall man in white, whom he knew but too well, was grinning and nodding on the opposite shore; but it was just these monstrous forms which forcibly impelled him to cross the flood, as the thought seized him that Undine might be among them in the agonies of death and alone.

He had already grasped the strong branch of a pine, and was standing supported by it, in the whirling current, against which he could with difficulty maintain himself; though with a courageous spirit he advanced deeper into it. Just then a gentle voice exclaimed near him, "Venture not, venture not, the old man the stream is full of tricks!" He knew the sweet tones; he stood as if entranced beneath the shadows that duskily shrouded the moon, and his head swam with the swelling of the waves, which he now saw rapidly rising to his waist. Still he would not desist.

"If thou art not really there, if thou art only floating about me like a mist, then may I too cease to live and become a shadow like thee, dear, dear Undine!" Thus exclaiming aloud, he again stepped deeper into the stream. "Look round thee, oh! look round thee, beautiful but infatuated youth!" cried a voice again close beside him, and looking aside, he saw by the momentarily unveiled moon, a little island formed by the flood, on which he perceived, under the interweaved branches of the overhanging trees, Undine smiling and happy, nestling in the flowery grass. . . .

The young knight took the beautiful girl in his arms, and bore her over the narrow passage which the stream had forced between her little island and the shore.

The old man fell upon Undine's neck and could not satisfy the exuberance of his joy; his good wife also came up and caressed the newly found in the heartiest manner. Not a word of reproach passed their lips; nor was it thought of, for Undine, forgetting all her waywardness, almost overwhelmed her foster parents with affection and fond expressions.

THE EVENING OF THE WEDDING.

[The knight having engaged himself to Undine, her uncle the brook-spirit drives a journeying priest out of his way to the cottage, and he marries them.]

Both before and during the ceremony, Undine had shown herself gentle and quiet; but it now seemed as if all the wayward humors which rioted within her, burst forth all the more boldly and unrestrainedly. . . . At length the priest said in a serious and kind tone, "My fair young maiden, no one indeed can look at you without delight; but remember so to attune your soul betimes, that it may ever harmonize with that of your wedded husband."

"Soul!" said Undine laughing; "that sounds pretty enough, and may be a very edifying and useful caution for most people. But when one hasn't a soul at all, I beg you, what is there to attune then? and that is my case." The priest was silent and deeply wounded, and with holy displeasure he turned his face from the girl. She however went up to him caressingly, and said, "No! listen to me first, before you look angry, for your look of anger gives me pain, and you must not give pain to any creature who has done you no wrong — only have patience with me, and I will tell you properly what I mean."

It was evident that she was preparing herself to explain something in detail, but suddenly she hesitated, as if seized with an inward shuddering, and burst out into a flood of tears. Then none of them knew what to make of this ebullition, and filled with various apprehensions they gazed at her in silence. At length, wiping away her tears, and looking earnestly at the reverend man, she said: "There must be something beautiful, but at the same time extremely awful, about a soul. Tell me,

holy sir, were it not better that we never shared such a gift?" She was silent again as if waiting for an answer, and her tears had ceased to flow. All in the cottage had risen from their seats and had stepped back from her with horror. She, however, seemed to have eyes for no one but the holy man; her features wore an expression of fearful curiosity, which appeared terrible to those who saw her. "The soul must be a heavy burden," she continued, as no one answered her, "very heavy! for even its approaching image overshadows me with anxiety and sadness. And, ah! I was so light-hearted and so merry till now!" And she burst into a fresh flood of tears, and covered her face with the drapery she wore. . . .

[She and Huldbrand are left alone.]

Undine had sunk on her knees; she unveiled her face and said, looking timidly round on Huldbrand, "Alas! you will surely now not keep me as your own; and yet I have done no evil, poor child that I am!" As she said this, she looked so exquisitely graceful and touching, that her bridegroom forgot all the horror he had felt, and all the mystery that clung to her, and hastening to her, he raised her in his arms. She smiled through her tears; it was a smile like the morning light playing on a little stream. "You cannot leave me," she whispered, with confident security, stroking the knight's cheek with her tender hand. Huldbrand tried to dismiss the fearful thoughts that still lurked in the background of his mind, persuading him that he was married to a fairy or to some malicious and mischievous being of the spirit world, only the single question half unawares escaped his lips, "My little Undine, tell me this one thing, what was it you said of spirits of the earth and of Kühleborn, when the priest knocked at the door?"

"It was nothing but fairy tales!—children's fairy tales!" said Undine, with all her wonted gayety; "I frightened you at first with them, and then you frightened me, that's the end of our story and of our nuptial evening."

"Nay! that it isn't," said the knight, intoxicated with love; and extinguishing the tapers, he bore his beautiful beloved to the bridal chamber by the light of the moon which shone brightly through the windows.

THE DAY AFTER THE WEDDING.

The fresh light of the morning awoke the young married pair. Wonderful and horrible dreams had disturbed Huldbrand's rest ; he had been haunted by specters, who, grinning at him by stealth, had tried to disguise themselves as beautiful women, and from beautiful women they all at once assumed the faces of dragons, and when he started up from these hideous visions, the moonlight shone pale and cold into the room ; terrified he looked at Undine, who still lay in unaltered beauty and grace. Then he would press a light kiss upon her rosy lips, and would fall asleep again only to be awakened by new terrors. After he had reflected on all this, now that he was fully awake, he reproached himself for any doubt that could have led him into error with regard to his beautiful wife. He begged her to forgive him for the injustice he had done her, but she only held out to him her fair hand, sighed deeply, and remained silent. But a glance of exquisite fervor beamed from her eyes such as he had never seen before, carrying with it the full assurance that Undine bore him no ill will. He then rose cheerfully and left her, to join his friends in the common apartment.

He found the three sitting round the hearth, with an air of anxiety about them, as if they dared not venture to speak aloud. The priest seemed to be praying in his inmost spirit that all evil might be averted. When, however, they saw the young husband come forth so cheerfully, the careworn expression of their faces vanished.

The old fisherman even began to jest with the knight so pleasantly that the aged wife smiled good-humoredly as she listened to them. Undine at length made her appearance. All rose to meet her, and all stood still with surprise, for the young wife seemed so strange to them and yet the same. The priest was the first to advance toward her, with paternal affection beaming in his face, and, as he raised his hand to bless her, the beautiful woman sank reverently on her knees before him. With a few humble and gracious words she begged him to forgive her for any foolish things she might have said the evening before, and entreated him in an agitated tone to pray for the welfare of her soul. She then rose, kissed her foster-parents, and thanking them for all the goodness they had shown her, she exclaimed, "Oh ! I now feel in my innermost heart,

how much, how infinitely much, you have done for me, dear, kind people!" She could not at first desist from her caresses, but scarcely had she perceived that the old woman was busy in preparing breakfast, than she went to the hearth, cooked and arranged the meal, and would not suffer the good old mother to take the least trouble.

She continued thus throughout the whole day, quiet, kind, and attentive—at once a little matron and a tender, bashful girl. The three who had known her longest, expected every moment to see some whimsical vagary of her capricious spirit burst forth. But they waited in vain for it. Undine remained as mild and gentle as an angel. The holy father could not take his eyes from her, and he said repeatedly to the bridegroom, "The goodness of heaven, sir, has intrusted a treasure to you yesterday through me, unworthy as I am; cherish it as you ought, and it will promote your temporal and eternal welfare."

Toward evening Undine was hanging on the knight's arm with humble tenderness, and drew him gently out of the door, where the declining sun was shining pleasantly on the fresh grass, and upon the tall, slender stems of the trees. The eyes of the young wife were moist, as with the dew of sadness and love, and a tender and fearful secret seemed hovering on her lips, which, however, was only disclosed by scarcely audible sighs. She led her husband onward and onward in silence; when he spoke, she only answered him with looks, in which, it is true, there lay no direct reply to his inquiries, but a whole heaven of love and timid devotion. Thus they reached the edge of the swollen forest stream, and the knight was astonished to see it rippling along in gentle waves, without a trace of its former wildness and swell. "By the morning it will be quite dry," said the beautiful wife, in a regretful tone, "and you can then travel away wherever you will, without anything to hinder you."

"Not without you, my little Undine," replied the knight, laughing; "remember, even if I wished to desert you, the church, and the spiritual powers, and the emperor, and the empire would interpose and bring the fugitive back again."

"All depends upon you, all depends upon you," whispered his wife, half weeping and half smiling. "I think, however, nevertheless, that you will keep me with you. I love you so heartily. Now carry me across to that little island that lies before us. The matter shall be decided there. I could easily

indeed glide through the rippling waves, but it is so restful in your arms, and if you were to cast me off, I shall have sweetly rested in them once more for the last time."

Huldbrand, full as he was of strange fear and emotion, knew not what to reply. He took her in his arms and carried her across, remembering now for the first time that this was the same little island from which he had borne her back to the old fisherman on that first night. On the further side he put her down on the soft grass, and was on the point of placing himself lovingly near his beautiful burden, when she said: "No, there, opposite to me! I will read my sentence in your eyes, before your lips speak; now, listen attentively to what I will relate to you." And she began:—

"You must know, my loved one, that there are beings in the elements which almost appear like mortals, and which rarely allow themselves to become visible to your race. Wonderful salamanders glitter and sport in the flames; lean and malicious gnomes dwell deep within the earth; spirits, belonging to the air, wander through the forests, and a vast family of water spirits live in the lakes, and streams, and brooks. In resounding domes of crystal, through which the sky looks in with its sun and stars, these latter spirits find their beautiful abode; lofty trees of coral with blue and crimson fruits gleam in their gardens; they wander over the pure sand of the sea, and among lovely variegated shells, and amid all exquisite treasures of the old world, which the present is no longer worthy to enjoy; all these the floods have covered with their secret veils of silver, and the noble monuments sparkle below, stately and solemn, and bedewed by the loving waters which allure from them many a beautiful moss-flower and entwining cluster of sea grass. Those, however, who dwell there are very fair and lovely to behold, and for the most part are more beautiful than human beings. Many a fisherman has been so fortunate as to surprise some tender mermaid as she rose above the waters and sang. He would tell afar of her beauty, and such wonderful beings have been given the name of Undines. You, however, are now actually beholding an Undine."

The knight tried to persuade himself that his beautiful wife was under the spell of one of her strange humors, and that she was taking pleasure in teasing him with one of her extravagant inventions. But repeatedly as he said this to himself, he could

not believe it for a moment; a strange shudder passed through him; unable to utter a word, he stared at the beautiful narrator with an immovable gaze. Undine shook her head sorrowfully, drew a deep sigh, and then proceeded as follows:—

“Our condition would be far superior to that of other human beings—for human beings we call ourselves, being similar to them in form and culture—but there is one evil peculiar to us. We and our like in the other elements vanish into dust and pass away, body and spirit, so that not a vestige of us remains behind; and when you mortals hereafter awake to a purer life, we remain with the sand and the sparks and the wind and the waves. Hence we have also no souls; the element moves us, and is often obedient to us while we live, though it scatters us to dust when we die; and we are merry, without having aught to grieve us—merry as the nightingales and the little gold-fishes and other pretty children of nature. But all things aspire to be higher than they are. Thus, my father, who is a powerful water prince in the Mediterranean Sea, desired that his only daughter should become possessed of a soul, even though she must then endure many of the sufferings of those thus endowed. Such as we are, however, can only obtain a soul by the closest union of affection with one of your human race. I am now possessed of a soul, and my soul thanks you, my inexpressibly beloved one, and it will ever thank you, if you do not make my whole life miserable. For what is to become of me, if you avoid and reject me? Still, I would not retain you by deceit. And if you mean to reject me, do so now, and return alone to the shore. I will dive into this brook, which is my uncle; and here in the forest, far removed from other friends, he passes his strange and solitary life. He is, however, powerful, and is esteemed and beloved by many great streams; and as he brought me hither to the fisherman, a light-hearted, laughing child, he will take me back again to my parents, a loving, suffering, and soul-endowed woman.”

She was about to say still more, but Huldbrand embraced her with the most heartfelt emotion and love, and bore her back again to the shore. It was not till he reached it that he swore amid tears and kisses never to forsake his sweet wife, calling himself more happy than the Greek Pygmalion, whose beautiful statue received life from Venus and became his loved one. In endearing confidence, Undine walked back to the

cottage, leaning on his arm; feeling now for the first time, with all her heart, how little she ought to regret the forsaken crystal palaces of her mysterious father.

THE FATAL VOYAGE.

[Undine becomes deeply attached to Bertalda on meeting her at Ratisbon, and takes her to live with them at Ringstetten, where Huldbrand's heart turns from his half-unearthly bride to the coarse and worldly but wholly mortal Bertalda. The river spirit Kühleborn is enraged at this, and Undine has the castle fountain covered with a stone to prevent his exit there, for vengeance on her rival and her husband; to Bertalda's anger, as she thinks the fountain water good for her complexion. Finally Bertalda suggests a journey down the Danube to Vienna; and Undine only stipulates that her husband shall not show ill-will to her and favor to her rival there, to rouse the spirits' anger.]

During the first few days of their voyage down the Danube they were extremely happy. Everything grew more and more beautiful as they sailed further and further down the proudly flowing stream. But in a region, otherwise so pleasant, and in the enjoyment of which they had promised themselves the purest delight, the ungovernable Kühleborn began, undisguisedly, to exhibit his power of interference. This was indeed manifested in mere teasing tricks, for Undine often rebuked the agitated waves or the contrary winds, and then the violence of the enemy would be immediately humbled; but again the attacks would be renewed, and again Undine's reproofs would become necessary, so that the pleasure of the little party was completely destroyed. The boatmen, too, were continually whispering to each other in dismay, and looking with distrust at the three strangers, whose servants even began more and more to forbode something uncomfortable, and to watch their superiors with suspicious glances. Huldbrand often said to himself, "This comes from like not being linked with like, from a man uniting himself with a mermaid!" Excusing himself, as we all love to do, he would often think indeed as he said this, "I did not really know that she was a sea-maiden; mine is the misfortune, that every step I take is disturbed and haunted by the wild caprices of her race, but mine is not the fault." By thoughts such as these, he felt himself in some measure strengthened, but on the other hand he felt increasing ill humor and almost animosity toward Undine. He would look at her with an expression of anger, the meaning of which the poor wife understood well. Wearied with this exhibition of displeasure, and ex-

hausted by the constant effort to frustrate Kühleborn's artifices, she sank one evening into a deep slumber, rocked soothingly by the softly gliding bark.

Scarcely, however, had she closed her eyes, than every one in the vessel imagined he saw, in whatever direction he turned, a most horrible human head ; it rose out of the waves, not like that of a person swimming, but perfectly perpendicular, as if invisibly supported upright on the watery surface, and floating along in the same course with the bark. Each wanted to point out to the other the cause of his alarm, but each found the same expression of horror depicted on the face of his neighbor, only that his hands and eyes were directed to a different point where the monster, half-laughing and half-threatening, rose before him. When, however, they all wished to make each other understand what each saw, and all were crying out : "Look there ! No, there !" the horrible heads all at one and the same time appeared to their view, and the whole river around the vessel swarmed with the most hideous apparitions. The universal cry raised at the sight awoke Undine. As she opened her eyes, the wild crowd of distorted visages disappeared. But Huldbrand was indignant at such unsightly jugglery. He would have burst forth in uncontrolled imprecations had not Undine said to him with a humble manner and a softly imploring tone, "For God's sake, my husband, we are on the water, do not be angry with me now."

The knight was silent, and sat down absorbed in reverie. Undine whispered in his ear, "Would it not be better, my love, if we gave up this foolish journey, and returned to castle Ringstetten in peace?"

But Huldbrand murmured moodily : "So I must be a prisoner in my own castle, and only be able to breathe so long as the fountain is closed ! I would your mad kindred —" Undine lovingly pressed her fair hand upon his lips. He paused, pondering in silence over much that Undine had before said to him.

Bertalda had meanwhile given herself up to a variety of strange thoughts. She knew a good deal of Undine's origin, and yet not the whole, and the fearful Kühleborn especially had remained to her a terrible but wholly unrevealed mystery. She had indeed never even heard his name. Musing on these strange things, she unclasped, scarcely conscious of the act, a gold necklace, which Huldbrand had lately purchased for her

of a traveling trader ; half dreamingly she drew it along the surface of the water, enjoying the light glimmer it cast upon the evening-tinted stream. Suddenly a huge hand was stretched out of the Danube ; it seized the necklace and vanished with it beneath the waters. Bertalda screamed aloud, and a scornful laugh resounded from the depths of the stream. The knight could now restrain his anger no longer. Starting up, he inveighed against the river ; he cursed all who ventured to interfere with his family and his life, and challenged them, be they spirits or sirens, to show themselves before his avenging sword.

Bertalda wept meanwhile for her lost ornament, which was so precious to her, and her tears added fuel to the flame of the knight's anger, while Undine held her hand over the side of the vessel, dipping it into the water, softly murmuring to herself, and only now and then interrupting her strange mysterious whisper, as she entreated her husband : " My dearly loved one, do not scold me here : reprove others if you will, but not me here. You know why ! " And indeed, he restrained the words of anger that were trembling on his tongue. Presently in her wet hand which she had been holding under the waves, she brought up a beautiful coral necklace of so much brilliancy that the eyes of all were dazzled by it.

" Take this," said she, holding it out kindly to Bertalda ; " I have ordered this to be brought for you as a compensation, and don't be grieved any more, my poor child."

But the knight sprang between them. He tore the beautiful ornament from Undine's hand, hurled it again into the river, exclaiming in passionate rage : " Have you then still a connection with them ? In the name of all the witches, remain among them with your presents, and leave us mortals in peace, you sorceress ! "

Poor Undine gazed at him with fixed but tearful eyes, her hand still stretched out, as when she had offered her beautiful present so lovingly to Bertalda. She then began to weep more and more violently, like a dear innocent child bitterly afflicted. At last, wearied out she said : " Alas, sweet friend, alas ! They shall do you no harm ; only remain true, so that I may be able to keep them from you. I must, alas ! go away ; I must go hence at this early stage of life. Oh, woe, woe ! what have you done ! Oh, woe, woe ! "

She vanished over the side of the vessel. Whether she plunged into the stream, or flowed away with it, they knew

not ; her disappearance was like both and neither. Soon, however, she was completely lost sight of in the Danube ; only a few little waves kept whispering, as if sobbing, round the boat, and they almost seemed to be saying : " Oh, woe, woe ! oh, remain true ! oh, woe ! "

Huldbrand lay on the deck of the vessel, bathed in hot tears, and a deep swoon soon cast its veil of forgetfulness over the unhappy man.

UNDINE RECLAIMS HER OWN.

[Huldbrand marries Bertalda, who finds freckles on her neck and allows a maid to order the fountain uncovered.]

The men raised the enormous stone with an effort ; now and then indeed one of their number would sigh, as he remembered that they were destroying the work of their former beloved mistress. But the labor was far lighter than they had imagined. It seemed as if a power within the spring itself was aiding them in raising the stone.

" It is just," said the workmen to each other in astonishment, " as if the water within had become a springing fountain." And the stone rose higher and higher, and, almost without the assistance of the workmen, it rolled slowly down upon the pavement with a hollow sound. But from the opening of the fountain there rose solemnly a white column of water ; at first they imagined it had really become a springing fountain, till they perceived that the rising form was a pale female figure veiled in white. She was weeping bitterly, raising her hands wailingly above her head and wringing them, as she walked with a slow and serious step to the castle building. The servants fled from the spring : the bride, pale and stiff with horror, stood at the window with her attendants. When the figure had now come close beneath her room, it looked moaningly up to her, and Bertalda thought she could recognize beneath the veil the pale features of Undine. But the sorrowing form passed on, sad, reluctant, and faltering, as if passing to execution.

Bertalda screamed out that the knight must be called, but none of her maids ventured from the spot ; and even the bride herself became mute, as if trembling at her own voice.

While they were still standing fearfully at the window, motionless as statues, the strange wanderer had reached the

castle, passed up the well-known stairs, and through the well-known halls, ever in silent tears. Alas! how differently had she once wandered through them!

The knight, partly undressed, had already dismissed his attendants, and was standing in a mood of deep dejection before a large mirror; a taper was burning dimly beside him. There was a gentle tap at his door. Undine used to tap thus when she wanted playfully to tease him. "It is all fancy," said he to himself. "I must seek my nuptial bed."

"So you must, but it must be a cold one!" he heard a tearful voice say from without, and then he saw in the mirror his door opening slowly—slowly—and the white figure entered, carefully closing it behind her. "They have opened the spring," said she softly, "and now I am here, and you must die."

He felt in his paralyzed heart that it could not be otherwise, but covering his eyes with his hands, he said: "Do not make me mad with terror in my hour of death. If you wear a hideous face behind that veil, do not raise it, but take my life, and let me see you not."

"Alas!" replied the figure, "will you then not look upon me once more? I am as fair as when you wooed me on the promontory."

"Oh, if it were so!" sighed Huldbrand, "and if I might die in your fond embrace!"

"Most gladly, my loved one," said she; and throwing her veil back, her lovely face smiled forth divinely beautiful. Trembling with love and with the approach of death, she kissed him with a holy kiss; but not relaxing her hold she pressed him fervently to her, and as if she would weep away her soul. Tears rushed into the knight's eyes, and seemed to surge through his heaving breast, till at length his breathing ceased, and he fell softly back from the beautiful arms of Undine, upon the pillows of his couch—a corpse.

"I have wept him to death," said she to some servants who met her in the antechamber; and, passing through the affrighted group, she went slowly out toward the fountain.

The knight was to be interred in the village churchyard, which was filled with the graves of his ancestors. And this church had been endowed with rich privileges and gifts both by these ancestors and by himself. His shield and helmet lay

already on the coffin, to be lowered with it into the grave, for Sir Huldbrand of Ringstetten had died the last of his race; the mourners began their sorrowful march, singing requiems under the bright, calm canopy of heaven; Father Heilmann walked in advance, bearing a high crucifix, and the inconsolable Bertalda followed, supported by her aged father. Suddenly, in the midst of the black-robed attendants in the widow's train, a snow-white figure was seen closely veiled, and wringing her hands with fervent sorrow. Those near whom she moved felt a secret dread, and retreated either backward or to the side, increasing by their movements the alarm of the others near to whom the white stranger was now advancing, and thus a confusion in the funeral train was well-nigh beginning. Some of the military escort were so daring as to address the figure, and to attempt to remove it from the procession; but she seemed to vanish from under their hands, and yet was immediately seen advancing again amid the dismal cortège with slow and solemn step. At length, in consequence of the continued shrinking of the attendants to the right and to the left, she came close behind Bertalda. The figure now moved so slowly that the widow did not perceive it, and it walked meekly and humbly behind her undisturbed.

This lasted till they came to the churchyard, where the procession formed a circle round the open grave. Then Bertalda saw her unbidden companion, and starting up half in anger and half in terror, she commanded her to leave the knight's last resting place. The veiled figure, however, gently shook her head in refusal, and raised her hands as if in humble supplication to Bertalda, deeply agitating her by the action, and recalling to her with tears how Undine had so kindly wished to give her that coral necklace on the Danube. Father Heilmann motioned with his hand and commanded silence, as they were to pray in mute devotion over the body, which they were now covering with the earth. Bertalda knelt silently, and all knelt, even the grave-diggers among the rest, when they had finished their task. But when they rose again, the white stranger had vanished; on the spot where she had knelt there gushed out of the turf a little silver spring, which rippled and murmured away till it had almost entirely encircled the knight's grave; then it ran further and emptied itself into a lake which lay by the side of the burial place. Even to this

day the inhabitants of the village show the spring and cherish the belief that it is the poor rejected Undine, who in this manner still embraces her husband in her loving arms.



REJECTED ADDRESSES.

BY JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

[JAMES and HORACE SMITH were Londoners, sons of a prominent lawyer, and born in 1775 and 1779 respectively. James became a lawyer, Horace a stockbroker; both were accomplished and popular bachelor wits and diners-out. The Drury Lane Theater having burned, a new one was completed in 1812, and the management offered a prize for the best address to be spoken at the opening, October 10. Those submitted were trashy, Byron finally writing one on request; and the two Smiths had the inspiration of concocting travesties in the style of well-known writers, and publishing them as part of the addresses sent in for the competition. These are still livingly familiar and classic. James was content with this success, and wrote little more except highly successful texts for Charles Matthews' parlor entertainments, and topical songs like the exquisite "Taking of Sebastopol" for his own rendering as an entertainer; but Horace wrote novels now forgotten and poems of which the "Address to a Mummy" is well known. James died in 1839, Horace in 1849.]

LOYAL EFFUSION.

BY WILLIAM THOMAS FITZGERALD.

HAIL, glorious edifice, stupendous work!
 God bless the Regent and the Duke of York!
 Ye Muses! by whose aid I cried down Fox,
 Grant me in Drury Lane a private box,
 Where I may loll, cry Bravo! and profess
 The boundless powers of England's glorious press;
 While Afric's sons exclaim, from shore to shore,
 "Quashee ma boo!" — the slave-trade is no more!

In fair Arabia (happy once, now stony,
 Since ruined by that arch apostate Bony),
 A Phoenix late was caught: the Arab host
 Long pondered — part would boil it, part would roast.
 But while they ponder, up the potlid flies;
 Fledged, beaked, and clawed alive they see him rise
 To heaven, and caw defiance in the skies.
 So Drury, first in roasting flames consumed,
 Then by old renters to hot water doomed,
 By Wyatt's trowel patted, plump and sleek,
 Soars without wings, and caws without a beak.

Gallia's stern despot shall in vain advance
 From Paris, the metropolis of France;
 By this day month, the monster shall not gain
 A foot of land in Portugal or Spain.
 See Wellington in Salamanca's field
 Forces his favorite general to yield,
 Breaks through his lines, and leaves his boasted Marmont
 Expiring on the plain without his arm on;
 Madrid he enters at the cannon's mouth,
 And then the villages still further south.
 Base Buonapartè, filled with deadly ire,
 Sets, one by one, our playhouses on fire.
 Some years ago he pounced with deadly glee on
 The Opera House, then burnt down the Pantheon;
 Nay, still unsated, in a coat of flames,
 Next at Millbank he crossed the river Thames;
 Thy hatch, O Halfpenny, passed in a trice,
 Boiled some black pitch, and burnt down Astley's twice;
 Then buzzing on through ether with a vile hum,
 Turned to the left hand, fronting the Asylum,
 And burnt the Royal Circus in a hurry —
 ('Twas called the Circus then, but now the Surrey).

Who burnt (confound his soul!) the houses twain
 Of Covent Garden and of Drury Lane?
 Who, while the British squadron lay off Cork
 (God bless the Regent and the Duke of York!)
 With a foul earthquake ravaged the Caraccas,
 And raised the price of dry goods and tobaccos?
 Who makes the quartern loaf and Luddites rise?
 Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?
 Who thought in flames St. James's court to pinch?
 Who burnt the wardrobe of poor Lady Finch? —
 Why he, who, forging for this isle a yoke,
 Reminds me of a line I lately spoke,
 "The tree of freedom is the British oak."

Bless every man possessed of aught to give;
 Long may Long Tylney Wellesley Long Pole live;
 God bless the Army, bless their coats of scarlet,
 God bless the Navy, bless the Princess Charlotte;
 God bless the guards, though worsted Gallia scoff,
 God bless their pig-tails, though they're now cut off;
 And, oh! in Downing Street should Old Nick revel,
 England's prime minister. then bless the devil!

THE BABY'S DEBUT.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[*Spoken in the character of NANCY LAKE, a girl eight years of age, who is drawn upon the stage in a child's chaise by SAMUEL HUGHES, her uncle's porter.*]

MY BROTHER Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on New-year's-day;¹
So in Kate Wilson's shop
Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)
Bought me last week a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is, —
He thinks mine came to more than his;
So to my drawer he goes,
Takes out the doll, and, O my stars!
He pokes her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose!

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
And bang, with might and main,
Its head against the parlor door:
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
And breaks a window-pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite:
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.
A pretty thing, forsooth!
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg-top's tooth!

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried, "O naughty Nancy Lake,
Thus to distress your aunt:
No Drury Lane for you today!"
And while papa said, "Pooh, she may!"
Mamma said, "No, she shan't!"

¹ The brothers apologized for this in a later edition, on the ground that they were then both bachelors, and knew no better.

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney coach,
 And trotted down the street.
I saw them go: one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
 Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,
 Stood in the lumber-room:
I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopped it with a mop,
 And brushed it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
Came in at six to black the shoes,
 (I always talk to Sam:)
So what does he but takes and drags
Me in the chaise along the flags,
 And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick,
But not so tall and not so thick
 As these; and, goodness me,
My father's beams are made of wood,
But never, never half so good
 As those that now I see.

What a large floor! 'tis like a town!
The carpet, when they lay it down,
 Won't hide it, I'll be bound.
And there's a row of lamps! — my eye!
How they do blaze! I wonder why
 They keep them on the ground?

At first I caught hold of the wing,
And kept away; but Mr. Thing-
 um bob, the prompter man,
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
And said, "Go on, my pretty love;
 Speak to 'em, little Nan.

"You've only got to curtsey, whisp-
er, hold your chin up, laugh, and lisp,
 And then you're sure to take;

I've known the day when brats, not quite
Thirteen, got fifty pounds a night;
Then why not Nancy Lake?"

But while I'm speaking, where's papa?
And where's my aunt? and where's mamma?
Where's Jack? Oh, there they sit!
They smile, they nod; I'll go my ways,
And order round poor Billy's chaise,
To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go
To join mamma, and see the show;
So, bidding you adieu,
I curtsey, like a pretty miss,
And if you'll blow to me a kiss,
I'll blow a kiss to you.

[Blows a kiss and exit.]

CUI BONO?

BY LORD BYRON.

SATED with home, of wife, of children tired,
The restless soul is driven abroad to roam;
Sated abroad, all seen, yet naught admired,
The restless soul is driven to ramble home;
Sated with both, beneath new Drury's dome
The fiend Ennui awhile consents to pine,
There growls, and curses, like a deadly Gnome,
Scorning to view fantastic Columbine,
Viewing with scorn and hate the nonsense of the Nine.

Ye reckless dupes, who hither wend your way
To gaze on puppets in a painted dome,
Pursuing pastimes glittering to betray,
Like falling stars in life's eternal gloom,
What seek ye here? Joy's evanescent bloom?
Woe's me! the brightest wreaths she ever gave
Are but as flowers that decorate a tomb.
Man's heart, the mournful urn o'er which they wave,
Is sacred to despair, its pedestal the grave.

Has life so little store of real woes,
That here ye wend to taste fictitious grief?

Or is it that from truth such anguish flows,
 Ye court the lying drama for relief?
 Long shall ye find the pang, the respite brief:
 Or if one tolerable page appears
 In folly's volume, 'tis the actor's leaf,
 Who dries his own by drawing others' tears,
 And, raising present mirth, makes glad his future years.

Albeit, how like young Betty doth he flee!
 Light as the mote that danceth in the beam,
 He liveth only in man's present e'e;
 His life a flash, his memory a dream,
 Oblivious down he drops in Lethe's stream.
 Yet what are they, the learned and the great?
 Awhile of longer wonderment the theme!
 Who shall presume to prophesy *their* date,
 Where naught is certain, save the uncertainty of fate?

* * * * *

For what is Hamlet, but a hare in March?
 And what is Brutus but a croaking owl?
 And what is Rolla? Cupid steeped in starch,
 Orlando's helmet in Augustin's cowl.
 Shakespeare, how true thine adage, "fair is foul!"
 To him whose soul is with fruition fraught,
 The song of Braham is an Irish howl,
 Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
 And naught is everything, and everything is naught.

* * * * *

Hence, pedant Nature! with thy Grecian rules!
 Centaurs (not fabulous) those rules efface;
 Back, sister Muses, to your native schools;
 Here booted grooms usurp Apollo's place,
 Hoofs shame the boards that Garrick used to grace,
 The play of limbs succeeds the play of wit,
 Man yields the drama to the Hou'yn'm race,
 His prompter spurs, his licenser the bit,
 The stage a stable-yard, a jockey-club the pit.

Is it for these ye rear this proud abode?
 Is it for these your superstition seeks
 To build a temple worthy of a god,
 To laud a monkey, or to worship leeks!
 Then be the stage, to recompense your freaks,
 A motley chaos, jumbling age and ranks,
 Where Punch, the lignum-vitæ Roscius, squeaks,

And Wisdom weeps and Folly plays his pranks,
And moody Madness laughs and hugs the chain he clanks

HAMPSHIRE FARMER'S ADDRESS.

BY WILLIAM COBBETT.

*To the Secretary of the Managing Committee of
Drury Lane Playhouse.*

SIR, — To the gewgaw fetters of *rhyme* (invented by the monks to enslave the people) I have a rooted objection. I have therefore written an address for your Theater in plain, homespun, yeoman's *prose*; in the doing whereof I hope I am swayed by nothing but an *independent* wish to open the eyes of this gulled people, to prevent a repetition of the dramatic *bamboozling* they have hitherto labored under. If you like what I have done, and mean to make use of it, I don't want any such *aristocratic* reward as a piece of plate with two griffins sprawling upon it, or a *dog* and a *jackass* fighting for a ha'p'-worth of *gilt gingerbread*, or any such Bartholomew Fair nonsense. All I ask is that the doorkeepers of your playhouse may take all the *sets of my Register* now on hand, and *force* everybody who enters your doors to buy one, giving afterwards a debtor and creditor account of what they have received, *post-paid*, and in due course remitting me the money and unsold Registers, *carriage-paid*.

I am, etc.,

W. C.

In the Character of a Hampshire Farmer.

MOST THINKING PEOPLE, — When persons address an audience from the stage, it is usual, either in words or gesture, to say, "Ladies and Gentlemen, your servant." If I were base enough, mean enough, paltry enough, and *brute beast* enough, to follow that fashion, I should tell two lies in a breath. In the first place, you are *not* Ladies and Gentlemen, but I hope something better, that is to say, honest men and women; and in the next place, if you were ever so much ladies, and ever so much gentlemen, I am not, *nor ever will be*, your humble servant. You see me here, *most thinking people*, by mere chance. I have not been within the doors of a playhouse before for these ten years; nor, till that abominable custom of taking money at the doors is discontinued, will I ever sanction a

theater with my presence. The stage door is the only gate of *freedom* in the whole edifice, and through that I made my way from Bagshaw's [publisher of Cobbett's Register] in Brydges Street, to accost you. Look about you. Are you not all comfortable? Nay, never slink, mun: speak out, if you are dissatisfied, and tell me so before I leave town. You are now (thanks to *Mr. Whitbread*) got into a large, comfortable house. Not into a *gimcrack palace*; not into a *Solomon's temple*; not into a frost-work of Brobdingnag filigree; but into a plain, honest, homely, industrious, wholesome, *brown brick playhouse*. You have been struggling for independence and elbow room these three years; and who gave it you? Who helped you out of Lilliput? Who routed you from a rat hole, five inches by four, to perch you in a palace? Again and again I answer, *Mr. Whitbread*. You might have sweltered in that place with the Greek name [the Lyceum Theater] till doomsday, and neither *Lord Castlereagh*, *Mr. Canning*, no, nor the *Marquess Wellesley*, would have turned a trowel to help you out! Remember that. Never forget that. Read it to your children, and to your children's children! And now, *most thinking people*, cast your eyes over my head to what the builder (I beg his pardon, the architect) calls the *proscenium*. No motto, no slang, no popish Latin, to keep the people in the dark. No *veluti in speculum*. Nothing in the dead languages, properly so called, for they ought to die, aye, and be *darned* to boot! The Covent Garden manager tried that, and a pretty business he made of it! When a man says *veluti in speculum*, he is called a man of letters. Very well, and is not a man who cries O. P. a man of letters too? You ran your O. P. against his *veluti in speculum*, and pray which beat? I prophesied that, though I never told anybody. I take it for granted that every intelligent man, woman, and child, to whom I address myself, has stood severally and respectively in Little Russell Street, and cast their, his, her, and its eyes on the outside of this building before they paid their money to view the inside. Look at the brickwork, *English Audience!* Look at the brickwork! All plain and smooth like a Quakers' meeting. None of your Egyptian pyramids, to entomb subscribers' capital. No overgrown colonnades of stone, like an alderman's gouty legs in white cotton stockings, fit only to use as rammers for paving Tottenham Court Road. This house is neither after the model of a temple in Athens, no, nor a *temple* in *Moorfields*, but it is

built to act English plays in; and, provided you have good scenery, dresses, and decorations, I daresay you wouldn't break your hearts if the outside were as plain as the pikestaff I used to carry when I was a sergeant. *Apropos*, as the French valets say, who cut their masters' throats [alluding to a recent murder] — *apropos*, a word about dresses. You must, many of you, have seen what I have read a description of, Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in *Macbeth*, with more gold and silver plastered on their doublets than would have kept an honest family in butchers' meat and flannel from year's end to year's end! I am informed (now mind, I do not vouch for the fact), but I am informed that all such extravagant idleness is to be done away with here. Lady *Macbeth* is to have a plain quilted petticoat, a cotton gown, and a *mob cap* (as the court parasites call it; — it will be well for them, if, one of these days, they don't wear a mob cap — I mean a *white cap*, with a *mob* to look at them); and *Macbeth* is to appear in an honest yeoman's drab coat and a pair of black calamanco breeches. Not *Salamanca*; no, nor *Talavera* neither, my most Noble Marquess; but plain, honest, black calamanco stuff breeches. This is right; this is as it should be. *Most thinking people*, I have heard you much abused. There is not a compound in the language but is strung fifty in a rope, like onions, by the *Morning Post*, and hurled in your teeth. You are called the mob; and when they have made you out to be the mob, you are called the *scum* of the people, and the *dregs* of the people. I should like to know how you can be both. Take a basin of broth — not *cheap soup*, *Mr. Wilberforce* — not soup for the poor, at a penny a quart, as your mixture of horses' legs, brickdust, and old shoes, was denominated — but plain, wholesome, patriotic beef or mutton broth; take this, examine it, and you will find — mind, I don't vouch for the fact, but I am told — you will find the dregs at the bottom, and the scum at the top. I will endeavor to explain this to you: England is a large *earthenware pipkin*; John Bull is the *beef* thrown into it; taxes are the *hot water* he boils in; rotten boroughs are the *fuel* that blazes under this same pipkin; Parliament is the *ladle* that stirs the hodge-podge, and sometimes —. But, hold! I don't wish to pay *Mr. Newman* [keeper of Newgate] a second visit. I leave you better off than you have been this many a day: you have a good house over your head; you have beat the French in Spain; the harvest has turned out well; the comet [of 1811] keeps its dis-

tance ; and red slippers are hawked about in Constantinople for next to nothing ; and for all this, *again and again* I tell you, you are indebted to *Mr. Whitbread!!!*

DRURY'S DIRGE.

BY LAURA MATILDA.

[A generalized type of the " Della Crusca " poetasters of the time, satirized into silence by Gifford : one of them really signed " Anna Matilda. "]

BALMY Zephyrs, lightly flitting,
Shade me with your azure wing ;
On Parnassus' summit sitting,
Aid me, Clio, while I sing.

Softly slept the dome of Drury
O'er the empyreal crest,
When Alecto's sister-fury
Softly slumb'ring sunk to rest.

Lo! from Lemnos limping lamely,
Lags the lowly Lord of Fire,
Cytherea yielding tamely
To the Cyclops dark and dire.

Clouds of amber, dreams of gladness,
Dulcet joys and sports of youth,
Soon must yield to haughty sadness ;
Mercy holds the veil to Truth.

See Erostratus the second
Fires again Diana's fane ;
By the Fates from Orcus beckoned,
Clouds envelop Drury Lane.

Lurid smoke and frank suspicion
Hand in hand reluctant dance :
While the God fulfils his mission,
Chivalry, resign thy lance.

Hark ! the engines blandly thunder,
Fleecy clouds disheveled lie,
And the firemen, mute with wonder,
On the son of Saturn cry.

See the bird of Ammon sailing,
Perches on the engine's peak,

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

And, the Eagle firemen hailing,
Soothes them with its bickering beak.

Juno saw, and, mad with malice,
Lost the prize that Paris gave :
Jealousy's ensanguined chalice,
Mantling pours the Orient wave.

Pan beheld Patroclus dying,
Nox to Niobe was turned ;
From Busiris Bacchus flying,
Saw his Semele inurned.

Thus fell Drury's lofty glory,
Leveled with the shuddering stones ;
Mars, with tresses black and gory,
Drinks the dew of pearly groans.

Hark ! what soft Eolian numbers
Gem the blushes of the morn !
Break, Amphion, break your slumbers,
Nature's ringlets deck the thorn.

Ha ! I hear the strain erratic
Dimly glance from pole to pole ;
Raptures sweet and dreams ecstatic
Fire my everlasting soul.

Where is Cupid's crimson motion ?
Billowy ecstasy of woe,
Bear me straight, meandering ocean,
Where the stagnant torrents flow.

Blood in every vein is gushing,
Vixen vengeance lulls my heart ;
See, the Gorgon gang is rushing !
Never, never let us part !

THE THEATER.

BY GEORGE CRABBE.

A Preface of Apologies.

IF THE following poem should be fortunate enough to be selected for the opening address, a few words of explanation may be deemed necessary, on my part, to avert invidious misrepresentation. The animadversion I have thought it right to

make on the noise created by tuning the orchestra, will, I hope, give no lasting remorse to any of the gentlemen employed in the band. It is to be desired that they would keep their instruments ready tuned, and strike off at once. This would be an accommodation to many well-meaning persons who frequent the theater, who, not being blest with the ear of St. Cecilia, mistake the tuning for the overture, and think the latter concluded before it is begun,

“~~————~~ one fiddle will

Give, half-ashamed, a tiny flourish still,”

was originally written “one hautboy will”; but, having provisionally been informed, when this poem was on the point of being sent off, that there is but one hautboy in the band, I averted the storm of popular and managerial indignation from the head of its blower: as it now stands, “one fiddle” among many, the faulty individual will, I hope, escape detection. The story of the flying playbill is calculated to expose a practice much too common, of pinning playbills to the cushions insecurely, and frequently, I fear, not pinning them at all. If these lines save one playbill only from the fate I have recorded, I shall not deem my labor ill employed. The concluding episode of Patrick Jennings glances at the boorish fashion of wearing the hat in the one-shilling gallery. Had Jennings thrust his between his feet at the commencement of the play, he might have leaned forward with impunity, and the catastrophe I relate would not have occurred. The line of handkerchiefs formed to enable him to recover his loss is purposely so crossed in texture and materials as to mislead the reader in respect to the real owner of any one of them. For in the statistical view of life and manners which I occasionally present, my clerical profession has taught me how extremely improper it would be by any allusion, however slight, to give any uneasiness, however trivial, to any individual, however foolish or wicked.

G. C.

’Tis sweet to view, from half-past five to six,
Our long wax candles, with short cotton wicks,
Touched by the lamplighter’s Promethean art,
Start into light, and make the lighter start;
To see red Phœbus through the gallery pane
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury Lane:
While gradual parties fill our widened pit,
And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit.

At first, while vacant seats give choice and ease,
Distant or near, they settle where they please;
But when the multitude contracts the span,
And seats are rare, they settle where they can.

Now the full benches to late-comers doom
No room for standing, miscalled *standing room*.

Hark! the check-taker moody silence breaks,
And bawling "Pit full!" gives the check he takes;
Yet onward still the gathering numbers cram,
Contending crowdiers shout the frequent damn,
And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jam.

See to their desks Apollo's sons repair —
Swift rides the rosin o'er the horse's hair!
In unison their various tones to tune,
Murmurs the hautboy, growls the hoarse bassoon;
In soft vibration sighs the whispering lute,
Tang goes the harpsichord, too-too the flute,
Brays the loud trumpet, squeaks the fiddle sharp,
Winds the French horn, and twangs the tingling harp;
Till, like great Jove, the leader, figuring in,
Attunes to order the chaotic din.
Now all seems hushed — but no; one fiddle will
Give, half-ashamed, a tiny flourish still.
Foiled in his crash, the leader of the clan
Reproves with frowns the dilatory man:
Then on his candlestick thrice taps his bow,
Nods a new signal, and away they go.

Perchance, while pit and gallery cry, "Hats off!"
And awed Consumption checks his chided cough,
Some giggling daughter of the Queen of Love
Drops, reft of pin, her playbill from above:
Like Icarus, while laughing galleries clap,
Soars, ducks, and dives in air the printed scrap;
But, wiser far than he, combustion fears,
And, as it flies, eludes the chandeliers;
Till, sinking gradual, with repeated twirl,
It settles, curling, on a fiddler's curl;
Who from his powdered pate the intruder strikes,
And, for mere malice, sticks it on the spikes.

Say, why these Babel strains from Babel tongues?
Who's that calls "Silence!" with such leathern lungs?
He who, in quest of quiet, "Silence!" hoots,
Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes.

What various swains our motley walls contain! —
 Fashion from Moorfields, honor from Chick Lane;
 Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,
 Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court;
 From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,
 Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane;
 The lottery-cormorant, the auction-shark,
 The full-price master, and the half-price clerk;
 Boys who long linger at the gallery door,
 With pence twice five — they want but twopence more;
 Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
 And sends them jumping up the gallery stairs.

Critics we boast who ne'er their malice balk,
 But talk their minds — we wish they'd mind their talk;
 Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live —
 Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give;
 Jews from St. Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,
 That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary;
 And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,
 Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait;
 Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse
 With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up house.

Yet here, as elsewhere, Chance can joy bestow,
 Where scowling Fortune seemed to threaten woe.

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
 Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;
 But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
 Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes.
 Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
 Up as a corn-cutter — a safe employ;
 In Holywell Street, St. Pancras, he was bred
 (At number twenty-seven, it is said),
 Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head:
 He would have bound him to some shop in town,
 But with a premium he could not come down.
 Pat was the urchin's name — a red-haired youth,
 Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.

Silence, ye gods! to keep your tongues in awe,
 The Muse shall tell an accident she saw.

Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
 But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat:

Down from the gallery the beaver flew
 And spurned the one to settle in the two.
 How shall he act? Pay at the gallery door
 Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four?
 Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,
 And gain his hat again at half-past eight?
 Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
 John Mullens whispers, "Take my handkerchief."
 "Thank you," cries Pat; "but one won't make a line."
 "Take mine," cried Wilson; and cried Stokes, "Take mine."
 A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
 Where Spitalfields with real India vies.
 Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted clew,
 Starred, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,
 Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
 George Green below, with palpitating hand,
 Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band —
 Upsoars the prize! The youth with joy unfeigned,
 Regained the felt, and felt what he regained;
 While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
 Made a low bow, and touched the ransomed hat.



THE SHIP DUELS AND THE PRIVATEERS.¹

By J. B. MacMASTER.

(From "History of the United States.")

[JOHN BACH MACMASTER, American historian, was born at Brooklyn, N.Y., June 29, 1852; is professor of American history in the University of Pennsylvania. His chief work is the "History of the People of the United States" (1883-1895), not yet completed. He has also written "Benjamin Franklin" in the "American Men of Letters" series, etc.]

WHILE the army which the republicans had expected would long since have taken Canada was meeting with disaster after disaster on land, the hated and neglected navy was winning victory after victory on the sea. Such was the neglect into which this arm of the service had been suffered to fall, that but five ships were ready for sea on the day war was declared. Two of these, by order of the Secretary, were riding at anchor

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in the lower bay at New York, where, on the 21st of June, the "United States," the "Congress," and the "Argus" came in from the southward and joined them. The arrival of the frigates was most timely; for they had hardly passed the Hook before Commodore John Rodgers, who commanded, received news of the declaration of war, and within an hour the fleet—composed of the "President," the "United States," the "Congress," the "Argus," and the "Hornet"—weighed anchor and stood out to sea. Rodgers had orders to strike any of the British cruisers that had so long been searching merchantmen off Sandy Hook and return to port. But information had been received that the homeward-bound plate fleet had left Jamaica late in May, and he went off in pursuit. For a while he ran southeast, till, falling in with an American brig that had seen the Jamaica fleet of eighty-five vessels, under convoy, in latitude 36° north, longitude 67° west, he set sail in that direction, and at six in the morning of June 23, made out a stranger in the northeast. She proved to be the British thirty-six-gun frigate "Belvidera," Captain Richard Byron, which stood toward the fleet for a few minutes, and then turned and went off to the northeast, with the Americans in hot pursuit. The "President," happening to be the best sailer, came up with her late in the afternoon, fired three shots into her stern, and was about to send a fourth when the gun exploded, killing and wounding sixteen men, and among them Captain Rodgers. Confusion and demoralization followed, the sailing became bad, the shots fell short, and the "Belvidera," cutting away her anchors and throwing her barge, gig, yawl, and jolly-boat into the sea, and starting fourteen tons of water, drew ahead and was soon out of danger. The fleet now went a second time in pursuit of the Jamaica men, and kept up the chase till within a day's run of the English Channel, when they stood to the southward and came back to Boston by way of Madeira, the Western Islands, and the Grand Banks.

While Rodgers was thus searching for the plate fleet, an English squadron was looking for him. Three days after her fight with the "President," the "Belvidera" reached Halifax with the news of war. Vice Admiral Sawyer instantly dispatched Captain Philip Bowes Vere Broke with the "Shannon," the "Africa," the "Æolus," and the "Belvidera," to destroy Rodgers' fleet. Sweeping down the coast, the squadron was joined at Nantucket Island by the "Guerrière," and on July

16 fell in with and took the brig "Nautilus," then one day from port. Luck was with them, and twenty-four hours later the "Constitution," Captain Isaac Hull, ran into their midst.

She had left Annapolis on the 12th of July, and had experienced such light winds and strong currents that on the afternoon of the 17th she had gone no farther than Barnegat, on the coast of New Jersey, when the lookout about two o'clock in the afternoon descried four sails to the northward, and by and by a fifth in the northeast. Five was the number of Rodgers' fleet. But Hull, not feeling sure that the strangers were friends, and finding that he was getting too near the coast, changed his course and went off due east toward the nearest ship, which was the "Guerrière," Captain James Richards Dacres. Captain Dacres had parted from the squadron some time before, and, not expecting to meet it so soon, believed the vessels to be the fleet of Captain Rodgers. He would not join them, therefore, and, on sighting the "Constitution" coming toward him, kept away, so that it was half-past seven before Hull caught up with the *Guerrière*, and, clearing for action, ran on side by side with her, but not venturing to fire lest she might be a friend.

Captain Broke, meanwhile, seeing the two frigates near together, concluded they were Americans, and carefully abstained from making any signals lest they should be frightened away. The situation at nightfall was thus most complicated: the British fleet supposed the "Guerrière" and the "Constitution" were Americans; the "Guerrière" supposed the British fleet belonged to the United States and was not certain as to the "Constitution," while Captain Hull was not sure as to the character of the "Guerrière." He was not long in doubt, however, for about three in the morning the "Guerrière" fired two guns and a rocket and made off. Daylight showed that the fleet belonged to the enemy, and Hull turned to escape.

And now began the most exciting chase recorded in naval annals. During the night the Englishmen closed in about him, and when the mist and the darkness lifted, the "Shannon" was some five miles astern; two others were to leeward, and the rest of the fleet ten miles astern. The ocean being quite calm and no wind stirring, Hull put out his boats to tow the "Constitution." Broke imitated him, and summoned all the boats of his squadron to tow the "Shannon"; and having furled all sail was gaining steadily on the "Constitution," when a little

breeze swept over the water and sent her a few hundred yards ahead before the "Shannon" could shake out her sails and catch it. But the wind soon died out, and the "Shannon," creeping up, got near enough to throw her shot over the "Constitution." Fearing that this would soon destroy the rigging and so make her a prize to the fleet, Lieutenant Charles Morris suggested kedging. Hull took the suggestion, ordered all the spare rope to be payed down into the cutters, which were sent half a mile ahead, where a kedge was let go. The moment the anchor touched bottom a signal was given, the crew, in the language of the sailors, "clapped on," and the ship was warped ahead. Meantime a second kedge had been carried forward and dropped, so that when the first was tripped the second was ready to be hauled on. This device Broke also imitated, and all that day and till late the next night the "Constitution" and her pursuers kept on towing and kedging and occasionally exchanging harmless shots. A light breeze then sprang up, which freshened toward midnight, and the men were allowed to rest till two in the morning of the 19th, when the wind once more died out and kedging was again resorted to. By noon the breeze became light again, and about half-past six in the evening a squall of rain was seen coming over the ocean. For this, as for everything, Hull was ready, and keeping his sails taut till just before the squall struck, he then, in a moment, furled the light ones and double-reefed the others, and so led the English captains to believe that a gust of unusual violence was near. Without waiting for it to strike them, they at once shortened sail and bore up before the wind, which compelled them to take a course just the opposite of that of the "Constitution." The squall was really very light, and as soon as the rain hid him from his pursuers Hull made all sail, and, though the fleet continued the pursuit till the next morning, he escaped after a chase of three nights and two days, or sixty-six hours. Six days later he entered Boston harbor.

There he stayed till August 2, when he again put to sea. Having no orders, he ran down to the Bay of Fundy, sailed along the coast of Nova Scotia, passed Newfoundland, and took his station off Cape Race, captured some merchantmen, and, sailing southward, spoke a Salem privateer whose captain informed him that a frigate was not far distant. Taking the course indicated, Hull, on the afternoon of August 19, sighted his old enemy the "Guerrière." The order to clear

the decks was instantly given; the boatswain's cry, "All hands clear ship for action!" sounded through the frigate; the fife and drum beat to quarters, and every man hurried to his place and work. Marines and sailors climbed into the tops to be prepared to pick off the enemy if the frigates came to close quarters, or trim the topsails if a sudden maneuver became necessary, while below others stood ready to do the same with the lower sails. The gun crews made haste to unlash the guns and load them; the powder boys ran about the deck piling up ammunition beside the carriages; a blanket soaked with water was hung over the entrance to the magazine; muskets, boarding pikes, and cutlasses were stacked around the masts; buckets of loaded pistols were placed near at hand for the purpose of repelling boarders, and the deck sanded that it might not be made slippery by the blood shed by the killed and wounded. Each welcomed the other; for Dacres, who commanded the "*Guerrière*," had just spread a challenge on the log of a merchantman and sent it to New York, offering to meet any frigate in the American navy off Sandy Hook, and Hull was most anxious not to return to port without a fight. For an hour the two ships wore and yawed and maneuvered, coming nearer and nearer till within pistol range, when the "*Guerrière*" bore up and went off with the wind on her quarter, as an indication of her willingness to engage in a yardarm and yardarm encounter. The "*Constitution*" immediately made sail, got alongside, and the two ran on together. As the battle must be at close quarters, Hull ordered all firing to stop, had his guns reloaded with round shot and grape, and quietly waited. Again and again Lieutenant Morris came to the quarter-deck and asked for orders to fire; but not till the frigates were at short pistol range was the command given, and a broadside delivered with unerring aim. For ten minutes the battle raged furiously. The mizzenmast of the "*Guerrière*" was then shot away, and falling into the sea brought her up to the wind and so caused the "*Constitution*" to forge ahead. Fearing that he might be raked, Hull crossed the bows of the enemy, came about, raked her, and attempted to lay her on board. In doing so the "*Guerrière*" thrust her bowsprit diagonally across the "*Constitution's*" lee quarter. This afforded Dacres so fine a chance to board that Lieutenant Morris sprang upon the taffrail to get a view of the enemy's deck, and beheld the men gathering on the forecastle and heard the officers instruct-

ing them how to board. Jumping down, he reported this to Captain Hull, and in a minute the marines and seamen of the "Constitution," armed with muskets and pistols, boarding pikes and cutlasses, were mustered on the quarter-deck waiting for the enemy to come over the bulwarks. None came, and a terrible musketry fight began. Lieutenant Morris, who, seizing a rope that dangled from the bowsprit of the "*Guerrière*," had climbed up and was about to lash the frigates together, was laid on the deck by a bullet. Lieutenant Bush, of the marines, standing on the taffrail crying out, "Shall I board?" was killed outright. Master Alwyn, who stood near by, was shot in the shoulder. On the "*Guerrière*" almost every man on the fore-castle was picked off. Finding the sea too rough to board, the sails were filled and the two frigates drew apart. As they did so the foremast of the "*Guerrière*" fell, dragging the main-mast with it, and in a few minutes she struck. It was time she did, for every mast had gone by the board; her hull had been pierced by thirty shot; seventy-nine of her crew were dead or wounded, and she lay a helpless wreck, rolling her deck guns in the sea. As it was not possible to save her, Hull transferred his prisoners to the "Constitution," gave his prize to the flames, and, turning homeward, reached Boston on August 30, entered the lower harbor, and dropped anchor off the lighthouse. The day being Sunday, he did not go up to the city. But the news did, and when the people learned that the "Constitution" with Dacres and his crew was below they could not restrain their joy, though the day was the Sabbath. As Federalists they could not forget that it was a Federalist Congress and a Federalist President that established the navy; that Federalists had always been its steady friends and staunch defenders; that it had long been their boast that in the hour of trial the "wooden walls of Columbia" would prove the bulwark of the nation; and now, when the hour of trial had come and a frigate built by Yankee shipwrights in a Boston shipyard and commanded by a Yankee captain had more than made that boast good, they could not find expression for their gratitude. The delight felt by every true American all over the country was intensified by local pride, and was made extravagant when on Wednesday morning the newspapers announced, side by side, the capture of the "*Guerrière*" and the surrender of Detroit. On Monday, when Hull brought the "Constitution" up the bay, he was given a reception the like of

which Boston had not yet accorded to any man. Every ship was gay with bunting. The whole population of the city stood on the wharves and crowded the windows and house tops overlooking the bay, and as Hull stepped ashore greeted him with a salute from the artillery and with deafening cheers and escorted him through the bunting-dressed streets to the Coffeehouse, where he was received in "true Republican style." But now that the victory on the sea was made greater by contrast with defeat on land, men of both parties united to give Hull a naval dinner, to which Rodgers and the officers of his squadron, who had just returned, were invited. The old toast, "The Wooden Walls of Columbia," came again into use, and limners and engravers at once set to work to produce those representations of the great sea fight which, after hanging for a generation on the walls of our ancestors' houses and being copied by the makers of bad schoolbooks, were consigned to the garrets by a less patriotic generation, and are now rarely to be met with.

As the handbills spread the news southward the pleasure of the people was expressed in innumerable ways. At New York money was raised to buy swords to be presented to Hull and his officers. At Philadelphia subscriptions were asked for a fund to purchase two fine pieces of plate for Hull and Lieutenant Morris. When the news reached Baltimore salutes were fired and every ship in the harbor ran up its flags. That same day, September 7, the frigate "Essex" entered the Delaware and took part in the demonstrations of joy going on in every town along the river bank.

Her cruise had been short and generally uneventful. As Captain Porter was not ready to sail with Rodgers' fleet, he finished his preparations, and, passing Sandy Hook on July 3, began a cruise to the southward in search of the frigate "Thetis," from South America with specie. After taking a few prizes of no great value, and failing to meet the "Thetis," he turned northward, and on the night of July 10 sighted a convoy of British merchantmen. There was a moon, but clouds so obscured it that Porter determined to go close in, speak one of the ships, find out the strength of the escort, and, if possible, take her. To conceal his character the guns of the "Essex" were run in, the ports were closed, the topgallant masts were housed, the sails trimmed in a slovenly manner, the men hidden, and everything done to give her the appearance of a merchant ship. Then, about three in the morning, the "Essex"

drew cautiously in and spoke the sternmost vessel, and learned from her master that the fleet was carrying about a thousand soldiers from Barbadoes to Brock's army at Quebec, and that the escort was the thirty-two-gun frigate "Minerva."

The success which so far attended his venture encouraged Porter to go in yet farther and speak a second. But her master was so alarmed by the appearance of the "Essex," that he made ready to signal the presence of a stranger, when the ports were thrown open, the muzzles of twenty guns thrust out, and the transport ordered to follow in the frigate's wake or be blown to pieces. Taking his prize off a short distance, Porter found her to be a brig with one hundred and ninety-seven soldiers on board. Going in a second time, he was about to attempt to capture another transport, when dawn broke and the enemy discovered him. Whereupon, clearing for action, he offered battle to the "Minerva." This offer was declined, and the "Essex" and her prize went off to the southward, meeting with nothing till August 13, when a sail was seen which proved to be the sixteen-gun ship-sloop "Alert," Captain Thomas Lamb Paulden Laugharne. Drags were at once put astern, the reefs shaken out, all sail made, and everything possible was done to persuade the enemy that the "Essex" was most anxious to escape. Completely deceived, the "Alert" ran down, and, with three cheers from her crew, opened fire. In eight minutes she was a prize, with seven feet of water in her hold.

This new lot of prisoners raised the number of Englishmen on board the frigate to five hundred. As they outnumbered the crew two to one, it was not long before a plan was laid by the coxswain of the "Alert's" gig to capture the "Essex" and take her to Halifax. By good fortune, however, on the night the attempt was to be made, the coxswain, pistol in hand, approached the hammock of Midshipman David Glasgow Farragut to see if he was asleep, and was discovered. Pretending to be asleep, Farragut lay quiet till the coxswain was gone, and then crept into the cabin and informed Captain Porter. Rushing into the berth deck, Porter shouted "Fire!" The crew promptly went to the main hatch, where they were armed, and the attempt was frustrated. But the warning was not unheeded; and that he might be rid of his dangerous prisoners he now transferred them to the "Alert," threw over her guns, and sent the Englishmen to Nova Scotia on parole. After a further cruise, during which he was chased by the "Shannon"

and another ship, Captain Porter was forced to put in for water and stores. With her return every ship in the navy was in port, and, taking advantage of this, the Secretary formed such as were on the Atlantic seaboard into three squadrons. To the first, commanded by Rodgers, were assigned the "President," the "Congress," and the "Wasp." The second, under Bainbridge, was composed of the "Constitution," the "Essex," and the "Hornet." To Decatur were intrusted the "United States," and the "Argus."

The orders of the three commanders bore date October 2, bade them sail without delay, and left to their judgment where to go and what to do. Thus instructed, Rodgers and Decatur sailed from Boston on October 8 with such ships as were ready, but parted company when four days out. Again ill luck attended Rodgers, who, after chasing the British frigates "Nymph" and "Galatea," and cruising far and wide, from the Grand Banks to 17° north latitude, returned to Boston on the last day of the year with nine small prizes. But one, the Jamaica packet "Swallow," was of any value, and on her were two hundred thousand dollars in specie. To the "Wasp," the third ship of Rodgers' squadron, fate was both kind and cruel. Master Commandant Jacob Jones, her commander, having received orders to join Rodgers at sea, set sail from the Delaware on October 13, and ran off southward to get in the track of vessels passing from Halifax to Bermuda; and about eleven o'clock on the clear, moonlight night of Saturday, October 17, he suddenly found himself near five strange sail steering eastward. They were part of a convoy of fourteen merchantmen on their way from Honduras to England under the protection of the eighteen-gun brig "Frolic," Captain Thomas Whinyates. They had been scattered by a cyclone the day before, and had but just begun to rejoin their convoy. But some of them seeming in the moonlight to be ships of war, the "Wasp" drew to windward and followed them through the night. At daybreak on Sunday, Master Commandant Jones, perceiving that none but the "Frolic" was armed, bore down to attack her. She then showed Spanish colors. But the "Wasp," undeceived, came on till within sixty yards and hailed, when the "Frolic" ran up the British ensign and opened with cannon and musketry. The sea, lashed into fury by a two days' cyclone, was running mountain high. Wave after wave swept the deck and drenched the sailors. The two ships

rolled till the muzzles of their guns dipped in the water. But the crews cheered loudly and the firing became incessant. The Americans discharged their guns as the "Wasp" went down the wave, so that the shot fell either on the deck or hull of the "Frolic." The Englishmen fired as their ship went up the wave, and their shots struck the rigging of the "Wasp" or were wasted. The result was soon apparent. The slaughter on the "Frolic" became something terrible. The topmasts and rigging of the "Wasp" were so cut to pieces that when the last brace was carried away Master Commandant Jones, fearing the masts would fall and the "Frolic" escape, determined to board her and end the battle. Wearing ship for this purpose, he ran down and struck her. As the side of the "Wasp" rubbed across the bow of the "Frolic" her jibboom came in between the main and mizzen rigging, and passed over the heads of Master Commandant Jones and Lieutenant Biddle. She now lay so fair for raking, that orders were given for another broadside. While loading, two of the guns of the "Wasp" went through the bow ports of the "Frolic," and when discharged swept the deck.

At this moment a seaman named John Lang leaped upon a gun, cutlass in hand, and was about to board when he was called down; but he would not come, and climbing on the bowsprit of the "Frolic," was instantly followed by Lieutenant Biddle and the crew. Passing Lang and another sailor on the forecastle, Lieutenant Biddle was amazed to see that, save the man at the wheel and three officers who, as he came forward, threw down their swords at his feet, not a living soul was on the deck. The crew had gone below to avoid the terrible fire of the "Wasp." As no one present was able to lower the flag, Lieutenant Biddle leaped into the rigging and hauled the ensign down. The sight which then met him was dreadful. The gun deck was strewn with bodies, and at every roll of the sloop water mingled with blood swept over it, splashing the dead and swirling about the feet of the victors. The berth deck was crowded with dead, wounded, and dying, for of a crew of one hundred and ten men, but twenty were unhurt. On the "Wasp" the loss was five killed and five wounded.

Master Commandant Jones now ordered Lieutenant Biddle to take the prize into Charleston. But while he was busy attending the wounded, burying the dead, clearing away the

wreck, and preparing the "Frolic" for the voyage, a strange ship under a press of canvas was seen coming toward him. The stranger was the British seventy-four-gun frigate "Poictiers," Captain John Poer Beresford, who, throwing a shot across the "Frolic" as he sped by, ranged up near the "Wasp" and forced her to surrender. The two ships were then taken into Bermuda.

Just one week later another ship duel was fought with the usual result. After parting with the squadron of Rodgers, the "United States," Captain Decatur, cruised off to the southward and eastward, and on Sunday, October 25, when off the Azores, fell in with the British frigate "Macedonian," Captain John Surnam Carden, who instantly made chase. But Decatur had no intention of escaping, and the action, like its predecessors, was short and decisive. In ninety minutes the "United States" had shot away the mizzenmast of the "Macedonian," had dismounted two of her main-deck guns and all but two of the carronades of her engaged side, had killed forty-three and wounded sixty-one of the crew, had put one hundred shot in her hull, and made her a prize. On the "United States" twelve men were killed or wounded. It was the old story of bulldog courage, stubborn resistance, and frightful slaughter on the part of the British; and of splendid gunnery and perfect discipline and seamanship on the part of the Americans.

Placing his lieutenant on board the "Macedonian" as prize master, Decatur ended his cruise, convoyed her home and set her in Newport, while he passed on to New London, which he reached December 4. Lieutenant Hamilton, a son of the Secretary of the Navy, was then sent to Washington with letters and the captured flag. Reaching the capital on the evening of December 8, he learned that a great naval ball in honor of the capture of the "Guerrière" and the "Alert" was in progress at Tomlinson's Hotel, that the flags of these two vessels were hanging on the wall of the ballroom, and that the President, the Secretaries, and a most distinguished company were there assembled. Hastening to the hotel, he announced himself, and in a few minutes was surrounded by every gentleman at the ball and escorted to the room where, with cheers and singing, the flag of the "Macedonian" was hung beside those of the "Guerrière" and the "Alert."

THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND.

By ERNST MORITZ ARNDT.

[ERNST MORITZ ARNDT, German poet and patriot, was born in the Isle of Rügen, December 29, 1769; died at Bonn, January 29, 1860. He wrote in 1806 the first series of the "Spirit of the Times," which procured his exile; later he was editor of *The Watchman* at Cologne. In 1848 he advocated the formation of the German Empire. He was a professor and miscellaneous writer, but his fame rests on his lyrics of the Napoleonic period, to inspire his countrymen.]

WHERE is the German's fatherland?
The Prussians' land? The Swabians' land?
Is't where the grape glows on the Rhine?
Where sea gulls skim the Baltic's brine?
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Bavaria, or the Styrians' land?
Is't where the Marsers' cattle graze?
Is it the Mark where forges blaze?
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Westphalia? Pomerania's strand?
Where sand dunes drift along the shores,
Or where the brawling Danube roars?
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland.

Where is the German's fatherland?
Now name for me that mighty land!
Is't Tyrol? Where the Switzers dwell?
That land and folk would please me well.
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Now name for me that mighty land!
Ah! Austria surely it must be,
In honors rich and victory,
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Now name for me that mighty land!
Is it the gem which princely guile
Tore from the German crown erewhile?
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

Where is the German's fatherland?
Name me at length that mighty land!
"Where'er resounds the German tongue,
Where'er its hymns to God are sung!"
Be this the land,
Brave German, this thy fatherland!

There is the German's fatherland,
Where oaths are sworn by clasp of hand,
Where faith and truth beam in the eyes,
And in the heart affection lies.
Be this the land,
Brave German, this thy fatherland!

There is the German's fatherland,
Where wrath the southron's guile doth brand,
Where all are foes whose deeds offend,
Where every noble soul's a friend.
Be this the land,
All Germany shall be that land!

All Germany that land shall be:
Watch o'er it, God, and grant that we,
With German hearts, in deed and thought,
May love it truly as we ought.
Be this the land,
All Germany shall be that land!

BATTLE HYMN.

By KARL THEODOR KÖRNER.

[KARL THEODOR KÖRNER, noted German lyricist, was born in Dresden in 1791; wrote dramas, opera librettos, short poems, etc., some of the latter still ranking high. In the Prussian War of Liberation, 1813, he joined the patriot forces, and was killed near Mecklenburg-Schwerin, August 26.]

FATHER, I call on thee!

Clouds from the thunder-voiced cannon enveil me,
Lightnings are flashing, death's thick darts assail me,
Ruler of battles, I call on thee!
Father, oh, lead thou me!

Father, oh, lead thou me!

Lead me to victory, or to death lead me;
With joy I accept what thou hast decreed me.
God, as thou wilt, so lead thou me!
God, I acknowledge thee!

God, I acknowledge thee!

Where, in still autumn, the sere leaf is falling,
Where peals the battle, its thunder appalling:
Fount of all grace, I acknowledge thee!
Father, oh, bless thou me!

Father, oh, bless thou me!

Into thy hand my soul I resign, Lord;
Deal as thou wilt with the life that is thine, Lord.
Living or dying, oh, bless thou me!
Father, I praise thy name!

Father, I praise thy name!

Not for Earth's wealth or dominion contend we;
The holiest rights of the freeman defend we.
Victor or vanquished, praise I thee!
God, in thy name I trust!

God, in thy name I trust!

When in loud thunder my death-note is knelling,
When from my veins the red blood is welling,
God in thy holy name I trust!
Father, I call on thee!

POEMS OF JAMES HOGG.

THE FATE OF MACGREGOR.

(From "The Queen's Wake.")

[JAMES HOGG, "the Ettrick Shepherd," was born in 1770; grew up a cowherd and shepherd, almost without schooling, but reading all the books he could get hold of. After some stray pieces, he published "Scots Pastorals" in 1807. Brought under Scott's notice, Scott pushed his interests, and wrote a prefatory notice to "The Mountain Bard" (1807). Embarking its proceeds and those of a "Treatise on the Diseases of Sheep," in a farm, he sunk his money in three years, and went to Edinburgh to live by letters; published a collection of songs, a weekly paper, *The Spy* (1810-11), and in 1813 his masterpiece, "The Queen's Wake."]

"MACGREGOR, Macgregor, remember our foemen:
The moon rises broad from the brow of Ben-Lomond;
The clans are impatient, and chide thy delay:
Arise! let us bound to Glen-Lyon away."

Stern scowled the Macgregor, then silent and sullen,
He turned his red eye to the braes of Strathfillan:
"Go, Malcolm, to sleep, let the clans be dismissed;
The Campbells this night for Macgregor must rest."

"Macgregor, Macgregor, our scouts have been flying,
Three days, round the hills of M'Nab and Glen-Lyon;
Of riding and running such tidings they bear,
We must meet them at home, else they'll quickly be here."

"The Campbell may come, as his promises bind him,
And haughty M'Nab, with his giants behind him:
This night I am bound to relinquish the fray,
And do what it freezes my vitals to say.
Forgive me, dear brother, this horror of mind;
Thou know'st in the strife I was never behind,
Nor ever receded a foot from the van,
Or blenched at the ire or the prowess of man:
But I've sworn by the cross, by my God, and my all,
An oath which I cannot and dare not recall,—
Ere the shadows of midnight fall east from the pile,
To meet with a spirit this night in Glen-Gyle.

"Last night, in my chamber, all thoughtful and lone,
I called to remembrance some deeds I had done,

When entered a lady, with visage so wan,
 And looks, such as never were fastened on Man.
 I knew her, O brother! I knew her too well!
 Of that once fair dame such a tale I could tell
 As would thrill thy bold heart; but how long she remained,
 So racked was my spirit, my bosom so pained,
 I knew not — but ages seemed short to the while.
 Though proffer the Highlands, nay, all the green isle,
 With length of existence no man can enjoy,
 The same to endure, the dread proffer I'd fly!
 The thrice-threatened pangs of last night to forego,
 Macgregor would dive to the mansions below.
 Despairing and mad, to futurity blind,
 The present to shun, and some respite to find,
 I swore, ere the shadow fell east from the pile,
 To meet her alone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

"She told me, and turned my chilled heart to a stone,
 The glory and name of Macgregor were gone;
 That the pine, which for ages had shed a bright halo
 Afar on the mountains of Highland Glen-Falo,
 Should wither and fall ere the turn of yon moon,
 Smit through by the canker of hated Colquhoun;
 That a feast on Macgregors each day should be common,
 For years, to the eagles of Lennox and Lomond.

"A parting embrace, in one moment, she gave:
 Her breath was a furnace, her bosom the grave!
 Then flitting elusive, she said, with a frown,
 'The mighty Macgregor shall yet be my own!'"

"Macgregor, thy fancies are wild as the wind;
 The dreams of the night have disordered thy mind.
 Come, buckle thy panoply — march to the field —
 See, brother, how hacked are thy helmet and shield!
 Aye, that was M'Nab, in the height of his pride,
 When the lions of Dochart stood firm by his side.
 This night the proud chief his presumption shall rue:
 Rise, brother, these chinks in his heart-blood we'll glue;
 Thy fantasies frightful shall flit on the wing,
 When loud with thy bugle Glen-Lyon shall ring."

Like glimpse of the moon through the storm of the night,
 Macgregor's red eye shed one sparkle of light:
 It faded — it darkened — he shuddered — he sighed —
 "No! not for the universe!" low he replied.

Away went Macgregor, but went not alone :
To watch the dread rendezvous, Malcolm has gone.
They oared the broad Lomond, so still and serene,
And deep in her bosom, how awful the scene !
O'er mountains inverted the blue waters curled,
And rocked them on skies of a far nether world.

All silent they went, for the time was approaching ;
The moon the blue zenith already was touching ;
No foot was abroad on the forest or hill,
No sound but the lullaby sung by the rill :
Young Malcolm at distance couched, trembling the while —
Macgregor stood lone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

Few minutes had passed, ere they spied on the stream
A skiff sailing light, where a lady did seem ;
Her sail was the web of the gossamer's loom,
The glowworm her wakelight, the rainbow her boom ;
A dim rayless beam was her prow and her mast,
Like woldfire, at midnight that glares on the waste.
Though rough was the river with rock and cascade,
No torrent, no rock, her velocity staid ;
She wimpled the water to weather and lee,
And heaved as if borne on the waves of the sea.
Mute Nature was roused in the bounds of the glen ;
The wild deer of Gairtney abandoned his den,
Fled panting away, over river and isle,
Nor once turned his eye to the brook of Glen-Gyle.
The fox fled in terror ; the eagle awoke
As slumbering he dozed on the shelves of the rock ;
Astonished, to hide in the moonbeam he flew,
And screwed the night-heaven till lost in the blue.

Young Malcolm beheld the pale lady approach,
The chieftain salute her, and shrink from her touch.
He saw the Macgregor kneel down on the plain,
As begging for something he could not obtain ;
She raised him indignant, derided his stay,
Then bore him on board, set her sail, and away.

Though fast the red bark down the river did glide,
Yet faster ran Malcolm adown by its side ;
"Macgregor ! Macgregor !" he bitterly cried ;
"Macgregor ! Macgregor !" the echoes replied.

He struck at the lady, but strange though it seem,
 His sword only fell on the rocks and the stream ;
 But the groans from the boat, that ascended amain,
 Were groans from a bosom in horror and pain.
 They reached the dark lake, and bore lightly away —
 Macgregor is vanished for ever and aye !

WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.

[In the title and chorus of this favorite pastoral song, I choose rather to violate a rule in grammar, than a Scottish phrase so common that when it is altered into the proper way, every shepherd and shepherd's sweetheart account it nonsense. I was once singing it at a wedding with great glee the latter way ("when the kye come hame") when a tailor, scratching his head, said, "It was a terrible affectit way that!" I stood corrected, and have never sung it so again. — Hogg.]

COME all ye jolly shepherds
 That whistle through the glen,
 I'll tell ye of a secret
 That courtiers dinna ken :
 What is the greatest bliss
 That the tongue o' man can name ?
 'Tis to woo a bonny lassie
 When the kye comes hame.

Chorus. — When the kye comes hame,
 When the kye comes hame,
 'Tween the gloaming and the mirk,
 When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,
 Nor canopy of state,
 'Tis not on couch of velvet,
 Nor arbor of the great,
 'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
 In the glen without the name,
 Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
 When the kye comes hame.

Chorus.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
 For the mate he lo'es to see,
 And on the topmost bough,
 Oh, a happy bird is he ;
 Where he pours his melting ditty,
 And love is a' the theme,

And he'll woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

Chorus.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonny lucken gowan
Has fauldit up her ee,
Then the laverock frae the blue lift
Drops down, an' thinks nae shame
To woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

Chorus.

See yonder pawkie shepherd,
That lingers on the hill,
His ewes are in the fauld,
An' his lambs are lying still ;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

Chorus.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
An' the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
Oh, there's a joy sae dear
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame !

Chorus.

Then since all nature joins
In this love without alloy,
Oh, wha wad prove a traitor
To Nature's dearest joy ?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And *miss* his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame ?

When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloaming and the mirk
When the kye comes hame !

THE VILLAGE OF BALMAQUHAPPLE.

D'YE ken the big village of Balmaquhapple,
 The great muckle village of Balmaquhapple?
 'Tis steeped in iniquity up to the thrapple,
 An' what's to become o' poor Balmaquhapple?
 Fling a' aff your bannets, an' kneel for your life, fo'ks,
 And pray to St. Andrew, the god o' the Fife fo'ks;
 Gar a' the hills yout wi' sheer vociferation,
 And thus you may cry on sic needfu' occasion:

"Oh, blessed St. Andrew, if e'er ye could pity fo'k,
 Men fo'k or women fo'k, country or city fo'k,
 Come for this aince wi' the auld thief to grapple,
 An' save the great village of Balmaquhapple
 Fra drinking an' leeing, an' flyting an' swearing,
 An' sins that ye wad be affrontit at hearing,
 An' cheating an' stealing; oh, grant them redemption,
 All save an' except the few after to mention:

"There's Johnny the elder, wha hopes ne'er to need ye,
 Sae pawkie, sae holy, sae gruff, an' sae greedy;
 Wha prays every hour as the wayfarer passes,
 But aye at a hole where he watches the lasses;
 He's cheated a thousand, an' e'en to this day yet
 Can cheat a young lass, or they're leears that say it.
 Then gie him his gate: he's sae slee an' sae civil,
 Perhaps in the end he may wheedle the devil.

"There's Cappie the cobbler, an' Tammie the tinman,
 An' Dickie the brewer, an' Peter the skinman,
 An' Geordie our deacon, for want of a better,
 An' Bess, wha delights in the sins that beset her.
 Oh, worthy St. Andrew, we canna compel ye,
 But ye ken as weel as a body can tell ye,
 If these gang to heaven, we'll a' be sae shockit,
 Your garret o' blue will but thinly be stockit.

"But for a' the rest, for the women's sake save them —
 Their bodies at least, an' their sauls if they have them;
 But it puzzles Jock Lesly, an' sma' it avails,
 If they dwell in their stommacks, their heads, or their tails.
 An' save, without word of confession auricular,
 The clerk's bonny daughters, an' Bell in particular;
 For ye ken that their beauty's the pride an' the staple
 Of the great wicked village of Balmaquhapple!"

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON.

BY J. R. WYSS.

[JOHANN RUDOLF WYSS, the distinguished Swiss writer, was born at Bern in 1781, and held a professorship in his native town from 1806. His best-known work is the popular "Swiss Family Robinson" (1813), which has been translated into several languages. Wyss died at Bern in 1830.]

[A Swiss pastor, ruined by the revolution of 1798, resolved to emigrate to a newly discovered land in the Southern Pacific Ocean, since named Australia. He managed to save from the wreck of his property enough to purchase some cattle, seeds, and implements to carry with him. After a prosperous voyage till near the end, a long and violent storm drove the vessel from its course, and finally wrecked it on a desert island near the coast of New Guinea. The "Swiss Family Robinson" is his diary of the events that followed.]

FOR many days we had been tempest-tossed. Six times had the darkness closed over a wild and terrific scene, and returning light as often brought but renewed distress, for the raging storm increased in fury until on the seventh day all hope was lost.

We were driven completely out of our course; no conjecture could be formed as to our whereabouts. The crew had lost heart, and were utterly exhausted by incessant labor.

The riven masts had gone by the board, leaks had been sprung in every direction, and the water, which rushed in, gained upon us rapidly.

Instead of reckless oaths, the seamen now uttered frantic cries to God for mercy, mingled with strange and often ludicrous vows, to be performed should deliverance be granted.

Every man on board alternately commended his soul to his Creator, and strove to bethink himself of some means of saving his life.

My heart sank as I looked round upon my family in the midst of these horrors. Our four young sons were overpowered by terror. "Dear children," said I, "if the Lord will, he can save us even from this fearful peril; if not, let us calmly yield our lives into his hand, and think of the joy and blessedness of finding ourselves forever and ever united in that happy home above."

At these words my weeping wife looked bravely up, and, as the boys clustered round her, she began to cheer and encourage them with calm and loving words. I rejoiced to see her forti-

tude, though my heart was ready to break as I gazed on my dear ones.

We knelt down together, one after another praying with deep earnestness and emotion. Fritz, in particular, besought help and deliverance for his dear parents and brothers, as though quite forgetting himself.

Our hearts were soothed by the never-failing comfort of childlike, confiding prayer, and the horror of our situation seemed less overwhelming. "Ah," thought I, "the Lord will hear our prayer! He will help us."

Amid the roar of the thundering waves I suddenly heard the cry of "Land, land!" while at the same instant the ship struck with a frightful shock, which threw every one to the deck, and seemed to threaten her immediate destruction.

Dreadful sounds betokened the breaking up of the ship, and the roaring waters poured in on all sides.

Then the voice of the captain was heard above the tumult, shouting, "Lower away the boats! We are lost!"

"Lost!" I exclaimed, and the word went like a dagger to my heart; but seeing my children's terror renewed, I composed myself, calling out cheerfully, "Take courage, my boys! we are all above water yet. There is the land not far off; let us do our best to reach it. You know God helps those that help themselves!" With that, I left them and went on deck. What was my horror when through the foam and spray I beheld the only remaining boat leave the ship, the last of the seamen spring into her and push off, regardless of my cries and entreaties that we might be allowed to share their slender chance of preserving their lives. My voice was drowned in the howling of the blast; and even had the crew wished it, the return of the boat was impossible.

Casting my eyes despairingly around, I became gradually aware that our position was by no means hopeless, inasmuch as the stern of the ship containing our cabin was jammed between two high rocks, and was partly raised from among the breakers which dashed the fore part to pieces. As the clouds of mist and rain drove past, I could make out, through rents in the vaporous curtain, a line of rocky coast, and rugged as it was, my heart bounded toward it as a sign of help in the hour of need. Yet the sense of our lonely and forsaken condition weighed heavily upon me as I returned to my family, constraining myself to say with a smile, "Courage, dear ones! Although our good ship

will never sail more, she is so placed that our cabin will remain above water, and to-morrow, if the wind and waves abate, I see no reason why we should not be able to get ashore."

These few words had an immediate effect on the spirits of my children, who at once regarded our problematical chance of escaping as a happy certainty, and began to enjoy the relief from the violent pitching and rolling of the vessel.

My wife, however, perceived my distress and anxiety, in spite of my forced composure, and I made her comprehend our real situation, greatly fearing the effect of the intelligence on her nerves. Not for a moment did her courage and trust in Providence forsake her, and on seeing this, my fortitude revived.

"We must find some food, and take a good supper," said she; "it will never do to grow faint by fasting too long. We shall require our utmost strength to-morrow."

Night drew on apace, the storm was as fierce as ever, and at intervals we were startled by crashes announcing further damage to our unfortunate ship.

"God will help us soon now, won't he, father?" said my youngest child.

"You silly little thing," said Fritz, my eldest son, sharply, "don't you know that we must not settle what God is to do for us? We must have patience and wait his time."

"Very well said, had it been said kindly, Fritz, my boy. You too often speak harshly to your brothers, although you may not mean to do so."

A good meal being now ready, my youngsters ate heartily, and, retiring to rest, were speedily fast asleep. Fritz, who was of an age to be aware of the real danger we were in, kept watch with us. After a long silence, "Father," said he, "don't you think we might contrive swimming belts for mother and the boys? With those we might all escape to land, for you and I can swim."

"Your idea is so good," answered I, "that I shall arrange something at once, in case of an accident during the night."

We immediately searched about for what would answer the purpose, and fortunately got hold of a number of empty flasks and tin canisters, which we connected two and two together so as to form floats sufficiently buoyant to support a person in the water, and my wife and young sons each willingly put one on. I then provided myself with matches,

knives, cord, and other portable articles, trusting that, should the vessel go to pieces before daylight, we might gain the shore not wholly destitute.

Fritz, as well as his brothers, now slept soundly. Throughout the night my wife and I maintained our prayerful watch, dreading at every fresh sound some fatal change in the position of the wreck.

At length the faint dawn of day appeared, the long, weary night was over, and with thankful hearts we perceived that the gale had begun to moderate; blue sky was seen above us, and the lovely hues of sunrise adorned the eastern horizon.

I aroused the boys, and we assembled on the remaining portion of the deck, when they, to their surprise, discovered that no one else was on board.

"Hallo, papa! what has become of everybody? Are the sailors gone? Have they taken away the boats? Oh, papa! why did they leave us behind? What can we do by ourselves?"

"My good children," I replied, "we must not despair, although we seem deserted. See how those on whose skill and good faith we depended have left us cruelly to our fate in the hour of danger. God will never do so. He has not forsaken us, and we will trust him still. Only let us bestir ourselves, and each cheerily do his best. Who has anything to propose?"

"The sea will soon be calm enough for swimming," said Fritz.

"And that would be all very fine for you," exclaimed Ernest, "but think of mother and the rest of us! Why not build a raft and all get on shore together?"

"We should find it difficult, I think, to make a raft that would carry us safe to shore. However, we must contrive something, and first let each try to procure what will be of most use to us."

Away we all went to see what was to be found, I myself proceeding to examine, as of great consequence, the supplies of provisions and fresh water within our reach.

My wife took her youngest son, Franz, to help her to feed the unfortunate animals on board, who were in a pitiful plight, having been neglected for several days.

Fritz hastened to the arm chest, Ernest to look for tools; and Jack went toward the captain's cabin, the door of which he

no sooner opened than out sprang two splendid large dogs, who testified their extreme delight and gratitude by such tremendous bounds that they knocked their little deliverer completely head over heels, frightening him nearly out of his wits. Jack did not long yield either to fear or anger; he presently recovered himself; the dogs seemed to ask pardon by vehemently licking his face and hands, and so, seizing the larger by the ears, he jumped on his back, and, to my great amusement, coolly rode to meet me as I came up the hatchway.

When we reassembled in the cabin, we all displayed our treasures.

Fritz brought a couple of guns, shot belt, powder flasks, and plenty of bullets.

Ernest produced a cap full of nails, an ax, and a hammer, while pincers, chisels, and augers stuck out of all his pockets.

Little Franz carried a box, and eagerly began to show us the "nice sharp little hooks" it contained. "Well done, Franz!" cried I; "these fishhooks, which you, the youngest, have found, may contribute more than anything else in the ship to save our lives by procuring food for us. Fritz and Ernest, you have chosen well."

"Will you praise me too?" said my dear wife. "I have nothing to show, but I can give you good news. Some useful animals are still alive: a cow, a donkey, two goats, six sheep, a ram, and a fine sow. I was but just in time to save their lives by taking food to them."

"All these things are excellent indeed," said I; "but my friend Jack here has presented me with a couple of huge, hungry, useless dogs, who will eat more than any of us."

"Oh, papa! they will be of use! Why, they will help us to hunt when we get on shore!"

"No doubt they will, if ever we do get on shore, Jack; but I must say I don't know how it is to be done."

"Can't we each get into a big tub, and float there?" returned he. "I have often sailed splendidly like that, round the pond at home."

"My child, you have hit on a capital idea," cried I. "Now, Ernest, let me have your tools, hammers, nails, saws, augers, and all; and then make haste to collect any tubs you can find!"

We very soon found four large casks, made of sound wood, and strongly bound with iron hoops; they were floating with

many other things in the water in the hold, but we managed to fish them out, and drag them to a suitable place for launching them. They were exactly what I wanted, and I succeeded in sawing them across the middle. Hard work it was, and we were glad enough to stop and refresh ourselves with wine and biscuits.

My eight tubs now stood ranged in a row near the water's edge, and I looked at them with great satisfaction ; to my surprise, my wife did not seem to share my pleasure !

"I shall never," said she, "muster courage to get into one of these !"

"Do not be too sure of that, dear wife ; when you see my contrivance completed, you will perhaps prefer it to this immovable wreck."

I next procured a long, thin plank, on which my tubs could be fixed, and the two ends of this I bent upward so as to form a keel. Other two planks were nailed along the sides of the tubs ; they also being flexible, were brought to a point at each end, and all firmly secured and nailed together. I felt satisfied that in smooth water this craft would be perfectly trustworthy. But when we thought all was ready for the launch, we found, to our dismay, that the grand contrivance was so heavy and clumsy, that even our united efforts could not move it an inch.

"I must have a lever," cried I. "Run and fetch the capstan bar !"

Fritz quickly brought one, and, having formed rollers by cutting up a long spar, I raised the fore part of my boat with the bar, and my sons placed a roller under it.

"How is it, father," inquired Ernest, "that with that thing you alone can do more than all of us together ?"

I explained, as well as I could in a hurry, the principle of the lever ; and promised to have a long talk on the subject of Mechanics, should we have a future opportunity.

I now made fast a long rope to the stern of our boat, attaching the other end to a beam ; then placing a second and third roller under it, we once more began to push, this time with success, and soon our gallant craft was safely launched : so swiftly indeed did she glide into the water that, but for the rope, she would have passed beyond our reach. The boys wished to jump in directly ; but, alas, she leaned so much on one side that they could not venture to do so.

Some heavy things being thrown in, however, the boat

righted itself by degrees, and the boys were so delighted that they struggled which should first leap in to have the fun of sitting down in the tubs. But it was plain to me at once that something more was required to make her perfectly safe, so I contrived outriggers to preserve the balance, by nailing long poles across at the stem and stern, and fixing at the ends of each empty brandy casks. Then the boat appearing steady, I got in ; and turning it toward the most open side of the wreck, I cut and cleared away obstructions, so as to leave a free passage for our departure, and the boys brought oars to be ready for the voyage. This important undertaking we were forced to postpone until the next day, as it was by this time far too late to attempt it. It was not pleasant to have to spend another night in so precarious a situation ; but yielding to necessity, we sat down to enjoy a comfortable supper, for during our exciting and incessant work all day we had taken nothing but an occasional biscuit and a little wine.

We prepared for rest in a much happier frame of mind than on the preceding day, but I did not forget the possibility of a renewed storm, and therefore made every one put on the belts as before.

I persuaded my wife (not without considerable difficulty) to put on a sailor's dress, assuring her she would find it much more comfortable and convenient for all she would have to go through. She at last consented to do this, and left us for a short time, reappearing with much embarrassment and many blushes, in a most becoming suit, which she had found in a midshipman's chest. We all admired her costume, and any awkwardness she felt soon began to pass off ; then retiring to our berths, peaceful sleep prepared us all for the exertions of the coming day.

We rose up betimes, for sleep weighs lightly on the hopeful, as well as on the anxious. After kneeling together in prayer, "Now, my beloved ones," said I, "with God's help we are about to effect our escape. Let the poor animals we must leave behind be well fed, and put plenty of fodder within their reach : in a few days we may be able to return, and save them likewise. After that, collect everything you can think of which may be of use to us."

The boys joyfully obeyed me, and I selected from the large quantity of stores they got together, canvas to make a tent, a chest of carpenter's tools, guns, pistols, powder, shot, and

bullets, rods and fishing tackle, an iron pot, a case of portable soup, and another of biscuit. These useful articles, of course, took the place of the ballast I had hastily thrown in the day before.

With a hearty prayer for God's blessing, we now began to take our seats, each in his tub. Just then we heard the cocks begin to crow, as though to reproach us for deserting them. "Why should not the fowls go with us!" exclaimed I. "If we find no food for *them*, they can be food for *us*!" Ten hens and a couple of cocks were accordingly placed in one of the tubs, and secured with some wire netting over them.

The ducks and geese were set at liberty, and took to the water at once, while the pigeons, rejoicing to find themselves on the wing, swiftly made for the shore. My wife, who managed all this for me, kept us waiting for her some little time, and came at last with a bag as big as a pillow in her arms. "This is *my* contribution," said she, throwing the bag to little Franz, to be, as I thought, a cushion for him to sit upon.

All being ready, we cast off, and moved away from the wreck. My good, brave wife sat in the first compartment of the boat; next her was Franz, a pretty little boy, nearly eight years old. Then came Fritz, a handsome, spirited young fellow of fifteen; the two center tubs contained the valuable cargo; then came our bold, thoughtless Jack; next him Ernest, my second son, intelligent, well-formed, and rather indolent. I myself, the anxious, loving father, stood in the stern, endeavoring to guide the raft with its precious burden to a safe landing place.

The elder boys took the oars; every one wore a float belt, and had something useful close to him in case of being thrown into the water.

The tide was flowing, which was a great help to the young oarsmen. We emerged from the wreck and glided into the open sea. All eyes were strained to get a full view of the land, and the boys pulled with a will; but for some time we made no progress, as the boat kept turning round and round, until I hit upon the right way to steer it, after which we merrily made for the shore.

We had left two dogs, Turk and Juno, on the wreck, — as, being both large mastiffs, we did not care to have their additional weight on board our craft; but when they saw us apparently deserting them, they set up a piteous howl, and sprang

into the sea. I was sorry to see this, for the distance to the land was so great that I scarcely expected them to be able to accomplish it. They followed us, however, and, occasionally resting their fore paws on the outriggers, kept up with us well. Jack was inclined to deny them this, their only chance of safety. "Stop," said I, "that would be unkind as well as foolish; remember, the merciful man regardeth the life of his beast."

Our passage, though tedious, was safe; but the nearer we approached the shore the less inviting it appeared; the barren rocks seemed to threaten us with misery and want.

Many casks, boxes, and bales of goods floated on the water around us. Fritz and I managed to secure a couple of hogsh-heads, so as to tow them alongside. With the prospect of famine before us, it was desirable to lay hold of anything likely to contain provisions.

By and by we began to perceive that, between and beyond the cliffs, green grass and trees were discernible. Fritz could distinguish many tall palms, and Ernest hoped they would prove to be cocoanut trees, and enjoyed the thoughts of drinking the refreshing milk.

"I am very sorry I never thought of bringing away the captain's telescope," said I.

"Oh, look here, father!" cried Jack, drawing a little spy-glass joyfully out of his pocket.

By means of this glass, I made out that at some distance to the left the coast was much more inviting; a strong current, however, carried us directly toward the frowning rocks, but I presently observed an opening, where a stream flowed into the sea, and saw that our geese and ducks were swimming toward this place. I steered after them into the creek, and we found ourselves in a small bay or inlet where the water was perfectly smooth and of moderate depth. The ground sloped gently upward from the low banks to the cliffs, which here retired inland, leaving a small plain, on which it was easy for us to land. Every one sprang gladly out of the boat but little Franz, who, lying packed in his tub like a potted shrimp, had to be lifted out by his mother.

The dogs had scrambled on shore before us; they received us with loud barking and the wildest demonstrations of delight. The geese and ducks kept up an incessant din, added to which was the screaming and croaking of flamingoes and penguins,

whose dominion we were invading. The noise was deafening, but far from unwelcome to me, as I thought of the good dinners the birds might furnish.

As soon as we could gather our children around us on dry land, we knelt to offer thanks and praise for our merciful escape, and with full hearts we commended ourselves to God's good keeping for the time to come.

All hands then briskly fell to the work of unloading, and oh, how rich we felt ourselves as we did so! The poultry we left at liberty to forage for themselves, and set about finding a suitable place to erect a tent in which to pass the night. This we speedily did; thrusting a long spar into a hole in the rock, and supporting the other end by a pole firmly planted in the ground, we formed a framework over which we stretched the sailcloth we had brought; besides fastening this down with pegs, we placed our heavy chest and boxes on the border of the canvas, and arranged hooks so as to be able to close up the entrance during the night.

When this was accomplished, the boys ran to collect moss and grass, to spread in the tent for our beds, while I arranged a fireplace with some large flat stones, near the brook which flowed close by. Dry twigs and seaweed were soon in a blaze on the hearth; I filled the iron pot with water, and giving my wife several cakes of the portable soup, she established herself as our cook, with little Franz to help her.

He, thinking his mother was melting some glue for carpentering, was eager to know "what papa was going to make next?"

"This is to be soup for your dinner, my child. Do you think these cakes look like glue?"

"Yes, indeed I do!" replied Franz, "and I should not much like to taste glue soup! don't you want some beef or mutton, mamma?"

"Where can I get it, dear?" said she; "we are a long way from a butcher's shop! but these cakes are made of the juice of good meat, boiled till it becomes a strong, stiff jelly — people take them when they go to sea, because on a long voyage they can only have salt meat, which will not make nice soup."

Fritz, meanwhile, leaving a loaded gun with me, took another himself, and went along the rough coast to see what lay beyond the stream; this fatiguing sort of walk not suiting Ernest's fancy, he sauntered down to the beach, and Jack scrambled among the rocks, searching for shellfish.

I was anxious to land the two casks which were floating alongside our boat, but on attempting to do so, I found that I could not get them up the bank on which we had landed, and was therefore obliged to look for a more convenient spot. As I did so, I was startled by hearing Jack shouting for help, as though in great danger. He was at some distance, and I hurried toward him with a hatchet in my hand. The little fellow stood screaming in a deep pool, and as I approached, I saw that a huge lobster had caught his leg in its powerful claw. Poor Jack was in a terrible fright ; kick as he would, his enemy still clung on. I waded into the water, and seizing the lobster firmly by the back, managed to make it loosen its hold, and we brought it safe to land. Jack, having speedily recovered his spirits, and anxious to take such a prize to his mother, caught the lobster in both hands, but instantly received such a severe blow from its tail that he flung it down, and passionately hit the creature with a large stone. This display of temper vexed me. "You are acting in a very childish way, my son," said I ; "never strike an enemy in a revengeful spirit." Once more lifting the lobster, Jack ran triumphantly toward the tent.

"Mother, mother ! a lobster, Ernest ! look here, Franz ! mind, he'll bite you ! Where's Fritz ?" All came crowding round Jack and his prize, wondering at its unusual size ; and Ernest wanted his mother to make lobster soup directly, by adding it to what she was now boiling.

She, however, begged to decline making any such experiment, and said she preferred cooking one dish at a time. Having remarked that the scene of Jack's adventure afforded a convenient place for getting my casks on shore, I returned thither and succeeded in drawing them up on the beach, where I set them on end, and for the present left them.

On my return I resumed the subject of Jack's lobster, and told him he should have the offending claw all to himself, when it was ready to be eaten, congratulating him on being the first to discover anything useful.

"As to that," said Ernest, "I found something very good to eat, as well as Jack, only I could not get at them without wetting my feet."

"Pooh !" cried Jack, "I know what he saw — nothing but some nasty mussels ; I saw them too. Who wants to eat trash like that ! Lobster for me !"

"I believe them to be oysters, not mussels," returned Ernest, calmly.

"Be good enough, my philosophical young friend, to fetch a few specimens of these oysters in time for our next meal," said I; "we must all exert ourselves, Ernest, for the common good, and pray never let me hear you object to wetting your feet. See how quickly the sun has dried Jack and me."

"I can bring some salt at the same time," said Ernest. "I remarked a good deal lying in the crevices of the rocks; it tasted very pure and good, and I concluded it was produced by the evaporation of sea water in the sun."

"Extremely probable, learned sir," cried I; "but if you had brought a bagful of this good salt instead of merely speculating so profoundly on the subject, it would have been more to the purpose. Run and fetch some directly."

It proved to be salt sure enough, although so impure that it seemed useless, till my wife dissolved and strained it, when it became fit to put in the soup.

"Why not use the sea water itself?" asked Jack.

"Because," said Ernest, "it is not only salt, but bitter too. Just try it."

"Now," said my wife, tasting the soup with the stick with which she had been stirring it, "dinner is ready; but where can Fritz be?" she continued, a little anxiously.

"How are we to eat our soup when he does come?" I asked; "we have neither plates nor spoons, and we can scarcely lift the boiling pot to our mouths. We are in as uncomfortable a position as was the fox to whom the stork served up a dinner in a jug with a long neck."

"Oh, for a few cocoanut shells!" sighed Ernest.

"Oh, for half a dozen plates and as many silver spoons!" rejoined I, smiling.

"Really, though, oyster shells would do," said he, after a moment's thought.

"True, that is an idea worth having! Off with you, my boys; get the oysters and clean out a few shells. What though our spoons have no handles, and we do burn our fingers a little in baling the soup out."

Jack was away and up to his knees in the water, in a moment, detaching the oysters. Ernest followed more leisurely, and still unwilling to wet his feet, stood by the margin of the pool and gathered in his handkerchief the oysters his

brother threw him; as he thus stood he picked up and pocketed a large mussel shell for his own use. As they returned with a good supply we heard a shout from Fritz in the distance; we returned it joyfully, and he presently appeared before us, his hands behind his back, and a look of disappointment upon his countenance.

"Unsuccessful!" said he.

"Really!" I replied; "never mind, my boy, better luck next time."

"Oh, Fritz!" exclaimed his brothers, who had looked behind him, "a sucking pig, a little sucking pig. Where did you get it? How did you shoot it? Do let us see it!"

Fritz then with sparkling eyes exhibited his prize.

"I am glad to see the result of your prowess, my boy," said I; "but I cannot approve of deceit, even as a joke; stick to the truth in jest and earnest."

Fritz then told us how he had been to the other side of the stream. "So different from this," he said; "it is really a beautiful country, and the shore, which runs down to the sea in a gentle slope, is covered with all sorts of useful things from the wreck. Do let us go and collect them. And, father, why should we not return to the wreck and bring off some of the animals? Just think of what value the cow would be to us, and what a pity it would be to lose her! Let us get her on shore, and we will move over the stream, where she will have good pasturage, and we shall be in the shade instead of on this desert, and father, I do wish——"

"Stop, stop, my boy!" cried I. "All will be done in good time. To-morrow and the day after will bring work of their own. And tell me, did you see no traces of our shipmates?"

"Not a sign of them, either on land or sea, living or dead," he replied.

"But the sucking pig," said Jack; "where did you get it?"

"It was one of several," said Fritz, "which I found on the shore; most curious animals they are; they hopped rather than walked, and every now and then would squat down on their legs and rub their snouts with their fore paws. Had not I been afraid of losing them all, I would have tried to catch one alive, they seemed so tame."

Meanwhile Ernest had been carefully examining the animal in question.

"This is no pig," he said; "and except for its bristly skin,

does not look like one. See, its teeth are not like those of a pig, but rather those of a squirrel. In fact," he continued, looking at Fritz, "your sucking pig is an agouti."

"Dear me," said Fritz; "listen to the great professor lecturing! He is going to prove that a pig is not a pig!"

"You need not be so quick to laugh at your brother," said I, in my turn; "he is quite right. I, too, know the agouti by descriptions and pictures, and there is little doubt that this is a specimen. The little animal is a native of North America, where it makes its nest under the roots of trees, and lives upon fruit. But, Ernest, the agouti not only looks something like a pig, but most decidedly grunts like a porker."

While we were thus talking, Jack had been vainly endeavoring to open an oyster with his large knife. "Here is a simpler way," said I, placing an oyster on the fire; it immediately opened. "Now," I continued, "who will try this delicacy?" All at first hesitated to partake of them, so unattractive did they appear. Jack, however, tightly closing his eyes and making a face as though about to take medicine, gulped one down. We followed his example, one after the other, each doing so rather to provide himself with a spoon than with any hope of cultivating a taste for oysters.

Our spoons were now ready, and gathering round the pot we dipped them in, not, however, without sundry scalded fingers. Ernest then drew from his pocket the large shell he had procured for his own use, and scooping up a good quantity of soup he put it down to cool, smiling at his own foresight.

"Prudence should be exercised for others," I remarked; "your cool soup will do capitally for the dogs, my boy; take it to them, and then come and eat like the rest of us."

Ernest winced at this, but silently taking up his shell he placed it on the ground before the hungry dogs, who lapped up its contents in a moment; he then returned, and we all went merrily on with our dinner. While we were thus busily employed, we suddenly discovered that our dogs, not satisfied with their mouthful of soup, had espied the agouti, and were rapidly devouring it. Fritz, seizing his gun, flew to rescue it from their hungry jaws, and before I could prevent him, struck one of them with such force that his gun was bent. The poor beasts ran off howling, followed by a shower of stones from Fritz, who shouted and yelled at them so fiercely that his mother was actually terrified. I followed him, and as soon as he would

listen to me, represented to him how despicable, as well as wicked, was such an outbreak of temper: "for," said I, "you have hurt, if not actually wounded, the dogs; you have distressed and terrified your mother, and spoiled your gun."

Though Fritz's passion was easily aroused, it never lasted long, and speedily recovering himself, immediately he entreated his mother's pardon, and expressed his sorrow for his fault.

By this time the sun was sinking beneath the horizon, and the poultry, which had been straying to some little distance, gathered round us, and began to pick up the crumbs of biscuit which had fallen during our repast. My wife hereupon drew from her mysterious bag some handfuls of oats, peas, and other grain, and with them began to feed the poultry. She at the same time showed me several other seeds of various vegetables. "That was indeed thoughtful," said I; "but pray be careful of what will be of such value to us; we can bring plenty of damaged biscuits from the wreck, which, though of no use as food for us, will suit the fowls very well indeed."

The pigeons now flew up to crevices in the rocks, the fowls perched themselves on our tent pole, and the ducks and geese waddled off, cackling and quacking, to the marshy margin of the river. We, too, were ready for repose, and having loaded our guns, and offered up our prayers to God, thanking him for his many mercies to us, we commended ourselves to his protecting care, and as the last ray of light departed, closed our tent and lay down to rest.

The children remarked the suddenness of nightfall, for indeed there had been little or no twilight. This convinced me that we must be not far from the equator, for twilight results from the refraction of the sun's rays: the more obliquely these rays fall, the farther does the partial light extend; while the more perpendicularly they strike the earth, the longer do they continue their undiminished force, until, when the sun sinks, they totally disappear, thus producing sudden darkness.

We should have been badly off without the shelter of our tent, for the night proved as cold as the day had been hot, but we managed to sleep comfortably, every one being thoroughly fatigued by the labors of the day. The voice of our vigilant cock, which, as he loudly saluted the rising moon, was the last sound I heard at night, roused me at daybreak, and I then awoke my wife, that in the quiet interval while yet our children slept, we might take counsel together on our situation and

prospects. It was plain to both of us that, in the first place, we should ascertain if possible the fate of our late companions, and then examine into the nature and resources of the country on which we were stranded.

We therefore came to the resolution that, as soon as we had breakfasted, Fritz and I should start on an expedition with these objects in view, while my wife remained near our landing place with the three younger boys.

"Rouse up, rouse up, my boys," cried I, awakening the children cheerfully. "Come and help your mother to get breakfast ready."

"As to that," said she, smiling, "we can but set on the pot, and boil some more soup!"

"Why, you forget Jack's fine lobster!" replied I. "What has become of it, Jack?"

"It has been safe in this hole in the rock all night, father. You see, I thought, as the dogs seem to like good things, they might take a fancy to that, as well as to the agouti."

"A very sensible precaution," remarked I. "I believe even my heedless Jack will learn wisdom in time. It is well the lobster is so large, for we shall want to take part with us on our excursion to-day."

At the mention of an excursion, the four children were wild with delight, and capering around me, clapped their hands for joy.

"Steady there, steady!" said I, "you cannot expect all to go. Such an expedition as this would be too dangerous and fatiguing for you younger ones. Fritz and I will go alone this time, with one of the dogs, leaving the other to defend you."

We then armed ourselves, each taking a gun and a game bag, Fritz in addition sticking a pair of pistols in his belt, and I a small hatchet in mine; breakfast being over, we stowed away the remainder of the lobster and some biscuits, with a flask of water, and were ready for a start.

"Stop!" I exclaimed, "we have still left something very important undone."

"Surely not," said Fritz.

"Yes," said I, "we have not yet joined in morning prayer. We are only too ready, amid the cares and pleasures of this life, to forget the God to whom we owe all things." Then having commended ourselves to his protecting care, I took leave of my wife and children, and bidding them not wander

far from the boat and tent, we parted not without some anxiety on either side, for we knew not what might assail us in this unknown region.

We now found that the banks of the stream were on both sides so rocky that we could get down to the water by only one narrow passage, and there was no corresponding path on the other side. I was glad to see this, however, for I now knew that my wife and children were on a comparatively inaccessible spot, the other side of the tent being protected by steep and precipitous cliffs. Fritz and I pursued our way up the stream until we reached a point where the waters fell from a considerable height in a cascade, and where several large rocks lay half covered by the water ; by means of these we succeeded in crossing the stream in safety. We thus had the sea on our left, and a long line of rocky heights, here and there adorned with clumps of trees, stretching away inland to the right. We had forced our way scarcely fifty yards through the long rank grass, which was here partly withered by the sun and much tangled, when we heard behind us a rustling, and on looking round saw the grass waving to and fro, as if some animal were passing through it. Fritz instantly turned and brought his gun to his shoulder, ready to fire the moment the beast should appear. I was much pleased with my son's coolness and presence of mind, for it showed me that I might thoroughly rely upon him on any future occasion when real danger might occur ; this time, however, no savage beast rushed out, but our trusty dog Turk, whom in our anxiety at parting we had forgotten, and who had been sent after us, doubtless, by my thoughtful wife.

From this little incident, however, we saw how dangerous was our position, and how difficult escape would be should any fierce beast steal upon us unawares : we therefore hastened to make our way to the open seashore. Here the scene which presented itself was indeed delightful. A background of hills, the green waving grass, the pleasant groups of trees stretching here and there to the very water's edge, formed a lovely prospect. On the smooth sand we searched carefully for any trace of our hapless companions, but not the mark of a footstep could we find.

"Shall I fire a shot or two?" said Fritz ; "that would bring our companions, if they are within hearing."

"It would indeed," I replied, "or any savages that may be here. No, no ; let us search diligently, but as quietly as possible."

"But why, father, should we trouble ourselves about them at all? They left us to shift for ourselves, and I for one don't care to set eyes on them again."

"You are wrong, my boy," said I. "In the first place, we should not return evil for evil; then, again, they might be of great assistance to us in building a house of some sort; and lastly, you must remember that they took nothing with them from the vessel, and may be perishing of hunger."

Thus talking, we pushed on until we came to a pleasant grove which stretched down to the water's edge; here we halted to rest, seating ourselves under a large tree, by a rivulet which murmured and splashed along its pebbly bed into the great ocean before us. A thousand gayly plumaged birds flew twittering above us, and Fritz and I gazed up at them.

My son suddenly started up.

"A monkey," he exclaimed; "I am nearly sure I saw a monkey."

As he spoke he sprang round to the other side of the tree, and in doing so stumbled over a round substance, which he handed to me, remarking, as he did so, that it was a round bird's nest, of which he had often heard.

"You may have done so," said I, laughing, "but you need not necessarily conclude that every round hairy thing is a bird's nest; this, for instance, is not one, but a cocoanut."

We split open the nut, but, to our disgust, found the kernel dry and uneatable.

"Hullo," cried Fritz, "I always thought a cocoanut was full of delicious sweet liquid, like almond milk."

"So it is," I replied, "when young and fresh, but as it ripens the milk becomes congealed, and in course of time is solidified into a kernel. This kernel then dries as you see here, but when the nut falls on favorable soil, the germ within the kernel swells until it bursts through the shell, and, taking root, springs up a new tree."

"I do not understand," said Fritz, "how the little germ manages to get through this great thick shell, which is not like an almond or hazelnut shell, that is divided down the middle already."

"Nature provides for all things," I answered, taking up the pieces. "Look here, do you see these three round holes near the stalk? It is through them that the germ obtains egress. Now let us find a good nut if we can."

As cocoanuts must be overripe before they fall naturally from the tree, it was not without difficulty that we obtained one in which the kernel was not dried up. When we succeeded, however, we were so refreshed by the fruit that we could defer the repast we called our dinner until later in the day, and so spare our stock of provisions.

Continuing our way through a thicket, and which was so densely overgrown with lianas that we had to clear a passage with our hatchets, we again emerged on the seashore beyond, and found an open view, the forest sweeping inland, while on the space before us stood at intervals single trees of remarkable appearance.

These at once attracted Fritz's observant eye, and he pointed to them, exclaiming :—

"Oh, what absurd-looking trees, father ! See what strange bumps there are on the trunks."

We approached to examine them, and I recognized them as calabash trees, the fruit of which grows in this curious way on the stems, and is a species of gourd, from the hard rind of which bowls, spoons, and bottles can be made. "The savages," I remarked, "are said to form these things most ingeniously, using them to contain liquids : indeed, they actually cook food in them."

"Oh, but that is impossible," returned Fritz. "I am quite sure this rind would be burnt through directly it was set on the fire."

"I did not say it was set on the fire at all. When the gourd has been divided in two, and the shell or rind emptied of its contents, it is filled with water, into which the fish, or whatever is to be cooked, is put ; red-hot stones are added until the water boils ; the food becomes fit to eat, and the gourd rind remains uninjured."

"That is a very clever plan : very simple too. I dare say I should have hit on it, if I had tried," said Fritz.

"The friends of Columbus thought it very easy to make an egg stand upon its end when he had shown them how to do it. But now suppose we prepare some of these calabashes, that they may be ready for use when we take them home."

Fritz instantly took up one of the gourds, and tried to split it equally with his knife, but in vain : the blade slipped, and the calabash was cut jaggedly. "What a nuisance !" said

Fritz, flinging it down, "the thing is spoiled; and yet it seemed so simple to divide it properly."

"Stay," said I; "you are too impatient, those pieces are not useless. Do you try to fashion from them a spoon or two while I provide a dish."

I then took from my pocket a piece of string, which I tied tightly round a gourd, as near one end of it as I could; then tapping the string with the back of my knife, it penetrated the outer shell. When this was accomplished, I tied the string yet tighter; and drawing the ends with all my might, the gourd fell, divided exactly as I wished.

"That is clever!" cried Fritz. "What in the world put that plan into your head?"

"It is a plan," I replied, "which the negroes adopt, as I have learned from reading books of travel."

"Well, it certainly makes a capital soup tureen, and a soup plate too," said Fritz, examining the gourd. "But supposing you had wanted to make a bottle, how would you have set to work?"

"It would be an easier operation than this, if possible. All that is necessary is to cut a round hole at one end, then to scoop out the interior, and to drop in several shot or stones: when these are shaken, any remaining portions of the fruit are detached, and the gourd is thoroughly cleaned, and the bottle completed."

"That would not make a very convenient bottle, though, father; it would be more like a barrel."

"True, my boy; if you want a more shapely vessel, you must take it in hand when it is younger. To give it a neck, for instance, you must tie a bandage round the young gourd while it is still on the tree, and then all will swell but that part which you have checked."

As I spoke, I filled the gourds with sand, and left them to dry, marking the spot that we might return for them on our way back.

MR. COLLINS' COURTSHIP.

BY JANE AUSTEN.

(From "Pride and Prejudice.")

[JANE AUSTEN: An English novelist, daughter of the rector of Steventon, Hampshire; born December 16, 1775. She resided with her family first at Bath, and finally at Winchester, where she died July 18, 1817, and was buried in the cathedral. Her life was uneventful, and it was not until about 1830 that her works received the recognition they deserved. Of her novels the best-known are: "Sense and Sensibility" (1811), "Pride and Prejudice" (written in 1796, but not published until 1813), "Mansfield Park" (1814), "Persuasion" (1818).]

THE next day opened a new scene at Longbourn. Mr. Collins made his declaration in form. Having resolved to do it without loss of time, as his leave of absence extended only to the following Saturday, and having no feelings of diffidence to make it distressing to himself even at the moment, he set about it in a very orderly manner with all the observances which he supposed a regular part of the business. On finding Mrs. Bennet, Elizabeth, and one of the younger girls together, soon after breakfast, he addressed the mother in these words:—

"May I hope, madam, for your interest with your fair daughter Elizabeth, when I solicit for the honor of a private audience with her in the course of this morning?"

Before Elizabeth had time for anything but a blush of surprise, Mrs. Bennet instantly answered:—

"Oh, dear! Yes, certainly. I am sure Lizzy will be very happy—I am sure she can have no objection. Come, Kitty, I want you upstairs." And gathering her work together, she was hastening away, when Elizabeth called out:—

"Dear ma'am, do not go. I beg you will not go. Mr. Collins must excuse me. He can have nothing to say to me that anybody need not hear. I am going away myself."

"No, no; nonsense, Lizzy! I desire you will stay where you are." And upon Elizabeth's seeming really, with vexed and embarrassed looks, about to escape, she added, "Lizzy, I insist upon your staying and hearing Mr. Collins!"

Elizabeth would not oppose such an injunction; and a moment's consideration making her also sensible that it would be wisest to get it over as soon and as quietly as possible, she sat down again, and tried to conceal, by incessant employment,

the feelings which were divided between distress and diversion. Mrs. Bennet and Kitty walked off, and, as soon as they were gone, Mr. Collins began :—

“Believe me, my dear Miss Elizabeth, that your modesty, so far from doing you any disservice, rather adds to your other perfections. You would have been less amiable in my eyes had there not been this little unwillingness ; but allow me to assure you that I have your respected mother’s permission for this address. You can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse, however your natural delicacy may lead you to dissemble ; my attentions have been too marked to be mistaken. Almost as soon as I entered the house I singled you out as the companion of my future life. But before I am run away with by my feelings on this subject, perhaps it will be advisable for me to state my reasons for marrying—and, moreover, for coming into Hertfordshire with the design of selecting a wife, as I certainly did.”

The idea of Mr. Collins, with all his solemn composure, being run away with by his feelings, made Elizabeth so near laughing that she could not use the short pause he allowed in any attempt to stop him further, and he continued :—

“My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish ; secondly, that I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness ; and, thirdly, which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier, that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honor of calling patroness. Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked, too !) on this subject ; and it was but the very Saturday night before I left Hunsford—between our pools at quadrille, while Mrs. Jenkinson was arranging Miss De Bourgh’s footstool—that she said : ‘Mr. Collins, you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry. Choose properly, choose a gentlewoman, for my sake and for your own ; let her be an active, useful sort of person, not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way. This is my advice. Find such a woman as soon as you can, bring her to Hunsford, and I will visit her.’ Allow me, by the way, to observe, my fair cousin, that I do not reckon the notice and kindnesses of Lady Catherine De Bourgh as among the least of the advantages in my power to offer. You will find her manners beyond anything I can describe ;

and your wit and vivacity, I think, must be acceptable to her, especially when tempered with the silence and respect which her rank will inevitably excite. Thus much for my general intention in favor of matrimony. It remains to be told why my views were directed to Longbourn instead of my own neighborhood, where I assure you there are many amiable young women. But the fact is, that being, as I am, to inherit this estate after the death of your honored father (who, however, may live many years longer), I could not satisfy myself without resolving to choose a wife from among his daughters, that the loss to them might be as little as possible when the melancholy event takes place—which, however, as I have already said, may not be for several years. This has been my motive, my fair cousin, and I flatter myself it will not sink me in your esteem. And now nothing remains for me but to assure you, in the most animated language, of the violence of my affection. To fortune I am perfectly indifferent, and shall make no demand of that nature on your father, since I am well aware that it could not be complied with; and that one thousand pounds in the four per cents, which will not be yours till after your mother's decease, is all that you may ever be entitled to. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent: and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married."

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now.

"You are too hasty, sir," she cried. "You forget that I have made no answer. Let me do it without further loss of time. Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me. I am very sensible of the honor of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than decline them."

"I am not now to learn," replied Mr. Collins, with a formal wave of the hand, "that it is usual with young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept, when he first applies for their favor; and that sometimes the refusal is repeated a second or even a third time. I am therefore by no means discouraged by what you have just said, and shall hope to lead you to the altar ere long."

"Upon my word, sir," cried Elizabeth, "your hope is rather an extraordinary one after my declaration. I do assure you that I am not one of those young ladies (if such young ladies there are) who are so daring as to risk their happiness on the chance of being asked a second time. I am perfectly serious in my

refusal. You could not make me happy, and I am convinced that I am the last woman in the world who would make you so. Nay, were your friend, Lady Catherine, to know me, I am perfectly persuaded she would find me in every respect ill-qualified for the situation."

"Were it certain that Lady Catherine would think so," said Mr. Collins, very gravely — "but I cannot imagine that her ladyship would at all disapprove of you. And you may be certain that when I have the honor of seeing her again I shall speak in the highest terms of your modesty, economy, and other amiable qualifications."

"Indeed, Mr. Collins, all praise of me will be unnecessary. You must give me leave to judge for myself, and pay me the compliment of believing what I say. I wish you very happy and very rich, and, by refusing your hand, do all in my power to prevent you being otherwise. In making me the offer, you must have satisfied the delicacy of your feelings with regard to my family, and may take possession of Longbourn estate whenever it falls, without any self-reproach. This matter may be considered, therefore, as finally settled." And rising, as she thus spoke, she would have quitted the room had not Mr. Collins thus addressed her: —

"When I do myself the honor of speaking to you next on the subject, I shall hope to receive a more favorable answer than you have now given me; though I am far from accusing you of cruelty at present, because I know it to be the established custom of your sex to reject a man on the first application, and perhaps you have even now said as much to encourage my suit as would be consistent with the true delicacy of the female character."

"Really, Mr. Collins," cried Elizabeth, with some warmth, "you puzzle me exceedingly. If what I have hitherto said can appear to you in the form of encouragement, I know not how to express my refusal in such a way as may convince you of its being one."

"You must give me leave to flatter myself, my dear cousin, that your refusal of my addresses are merely words, of course. My reasons for believing it are briefly these: It does not appear to me that my hand is unworthy your acceptance, or that the establishment I can offer would be any other than highly desirable. My situation in life, my connections with the family of De Bourgh and my relationship to your own, are

circumstances highly in my favor ; and you should take it into further consideration that, in spite of your manifold attractions, it is by no means certain that another offer of marriage may ever be made you. Your portion is unhappily so small that it will, in all likelihood, undo the effects of your loveliness and amiable qualifications. As I must, therefore, conclude that you are not serious in your rejection of me, I shall choose to attribute it to your wish of increasing my love by suspense, according to the usual practice of elegant females."

"I do assure you, sir, that I have no pretensions whatever to that kind of elegance which consists in tormenting a respectable man. I would rather be paid the compliment of being believed sincere. I thank you again and again for the honor you have done me in your proposals, but to accept them is absolutely impossible. My feelings in every respect forbid it. Can I speak plainer? Do not consider me now as an elegant female intending to plague you, but as a rational creature speaking the truth from her heart."

"You are uniformly charming!" cried he, with an air of awkward gallantry ; "and I am persuaded that, when sanctioned by the express authority of both your excellent parents, my proposals will not fail of being acceptable."

To such perseverance in willful self-deception Elizabeth would make no reply, and immediately and in silence withdrew, determined that, if he persisted in considering her repeated refusals as flattering encouragement, to apply to her father, whose negative might be uttered in such a manner as must be decisive, and whose behavior, at least, could not be mistaken for the affectation and coquetry of an elegant female.

Mr. Collins was not left long to the silent contemplation of his successful love ; for Mrs. Bennet, having dawdled about in the vestibule to watch for the end of the conference, no sooner saw Elizabeth open the door and with quick step pass her toward the staircase, than she entered the breakfast room, and congratulated both him and herself in warm terms on the happy prospect of their nearer connection. Mr. Collins received and returned these felicitations with equal pleasure, and then proceeded to relate the particulars of their interview, with the result of which he trusted he had every reason to be satisfied, since the refusal which his cousin had steadfastly given him would naturally flow from her bashful modesty and the genuine delicacy of her character.

This information, however, startled Mrs. Bennet; she would have been glad to be equally satisfied that her daughter had meant to encourage him by protesting against his proposals, but she dared not to believe it, and could not help saying so.

"But depend upon it, Mr. Collins," she added, "that Lizzy shall be brought to reason. I will speak to her about it myself directly. She is a very headstrong, foolish girl, and does not know her own interest; but I will make her know it!"

"Pardon me for interrupting you, madam," cried Mr. Collins; "but if she is really headstrong and foolish, I know not whether she would altogether be a very desirable wife to a man in my situation, who naturally looks for happiness in the marriage state. If, therefore, she actually persists in rejecting my suit, perhaps it were better not to force her into accepting me, because, if liable to such defects of temper, she could not add much to my felicity."

"Sir, you quite misunderstand me," said Mrs. Bennet, alarmed. "Lizzy is only headstrong in such matters as these. In everything else she is as good-natured a girl as ever lived. I will go directly to Mr. Bennet, and we shall very soon settle it with her, I am sure."

She would not give him time to reply, but hurrying instantly to her husband, called out, as she entered the library:—

"Oh, Mr. Bennet, you are wanted immediately; we are all in an uproar! You must come and make Lizzy marry Mr. Collins, for she vows she will not have him; and if you do not make haste he will change his mind and not have her!"

Mr. Bennet raised his eyes from his book as she entered, and fixed them on her face with a calm unconcern, which was not in the least altered by her communication.

"I have not the pleasure of understanding you," said he, when she had finished her speech. "Of what are you talking?"

"Of Mr. Collins and Lizzy. Lizzy declares she will not have Mr. Collins, and Mr. Collins begins to say that he will not have Lizzy."

"And what am I to do on the occasion? It seems a hopeless business."

"Speak to Lizzy about it yourself. Tell her that you insist upon her marrying him."

"Let her be called down. She shall hear my opinion."

Mrs. Bennet rang the bell, and Miss Elizabeth was summoned to the library.

"Come here, child," cried her father, as she appeared. "I have sent for you on an affair of importance. I understand that Mr. Collins has made you an offer of marriage. Is it true?" Elizabeth replied that it was. "Very well — and this offer of marriage you have refused?"

"I have, sir."

"Very well. We now come to the point. Your mother insists upon your accepting it. Is it not so, Mrs. Bennet?"

"Yes, or I will never see her again."

"An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again if you do not marry Mr. Collins, and I will never see you again if you do!"

Elizabeth could not but smile at such a conclusion of such a beginning; but Mrs. Bennet, who had persuaded herself that her husband regarded the affair as she wished, was excessively disappointed.

"What do you mean, Mr. Bennet, by talking in this way? You promised me to insist upon her marrying him."

"My dear," replied her husband, "I have two small favors to request. First, that you will allow me the free use of my understanding on the present occasion; and, secondly, of my room. I shall be glad to have the library to myself as soon as may be."

Not yet, however, in spite of her disappointment in her husband, did Mrs. Bennet give up the point. She talked to Elizabeth again and again; coaxed and threatened her by turns. She endeavored to secure Jane in her interest, but Jane, with all possible mildness, declined interfering; and Elizabeth, sometimes with real earnestness, and sometimes with playful gayety, replied to her attacks. Though her manner varied, however, her determination never did.

Mr. Collins, meanwhile, was meditating in solitude on what had passed. He thought too well of himself to comprehend on what motive his cousin could refuse him; and though his pride was hurt, he suffered in no other way. His regard for her was quite imaginary, and the possibility of her deserving her mother's reproach prevented his feeling any regret.

While the family were in this confusion Charlotte Lucas came to spend the day with them. She was met in the vestibule by Lydia, who, flying to her, cried, in a half whisper, "I

am glad you are come, for there is such fun here ! What do you think has happened this morning ? Mr. Collins has made an offer to Lizzy, and she will not have him."

Charlotte had hardly time to answer before they were joined by Kitty, who came to tell the same news ; and no sooner had they entered the breakfast room where Mrs. Bennet was alone than she likewise began on the subject, calling on Miss Lucas for her compassion, and entreating her to persuade her friend Lizzy to comply with the wishes of all her family. " Pray do, my dear Miss Lucas," she added, in a melancholy tone, " for nobody is on my side, nobody takes part with me ; I am cruelly used ; nobody feels for my poor nerves."

Charlotte's reply was spared by the entrance of Jane and Elizabeth.

" Ay, there she comes," continued Mrs. Bennet, " looking as unconcerned as may be, and caring no more for us than if we were at York, provided she can have her own way. But I tell you what, Miss Lizzy, if you take it into your head to go on refusing every offer of marriage in this way, you will never get a husband at all ; and I am sure I do not know who is to maintain you when your father is dead. I shall not be able to keep you—and so I warn you. I have done with you from this very day. I told you in the library, you know, that I should never speak to you again, and you will find me as good as my word. I have no pleasure in talking to undutiful children. Not that I have much pleasure, indeed, in talking to anybody. People who suffer as I do from nervous complaints can have no great inclination for talking. Nobody can tell what I suffer ! But it is always so : those who do not complain are never pitied."

Her daughters listened in silence to this effusion, sensible that any attempt to reason with or soothe her would only increase the irritation. She talked on, therefore, without interruption from any of them, till they were joined by Mr. Collins, who entered with an air more stately than usual, and on perceiving whom she said to the girls :—

" Now I do insist upon it that you, all of you, hold your tongues and let Mr. Collins and me have a little conversation together."

Elizabeth passed quietly out of the room, Jane and Kitty followed, but Lydia stood her ground, determined to hear all she could ; and Charlotte, detained first by the civility of

Mr. Collins, whose inquiries after herself and all her family were very minute, and then by a little curiosity, satisfied herself with walking to the window and pretending not to hear. In a doleful voice Mrs. Bennet thus began the projected conversation: "Oh, Mr. Collins!"

"My dear madam," replied he, "let us be forever silent on this point. Far be it from me," he presently continued, in a voice that marked his displeasure, "to resent the behavior of your daughter. Resignation to inevitable evils is the duty of us all—the peculiar duty of a young man who has been so fortunate as I have been, in early preferment; and, I trust, I am resigned. Perhaps not the less so from feeling a doubt of my positive happiness had my fair cousin honored me with her hand; for I have often observed that resignation is never so perfect as when the blessing denied begins to lose somewhat of its value in our estimation. You will not, I hope, consider me as showing any disrespect to your family, my dear madam, by thus withdrawing my pretensions to your daughter's favor, without having paid yourself and Mr. Bennet the compliment of requesting you to interpose your authority in my behalf. My conduct may, I fear, be objectionable in having accepted my dismissal from your daughter's lips instead of your own; but we are all liable to error. I have certainly meant well through the whole affair. My object has been to secure an amiable companion for myself, with due consideration for the advantage of all your family; and if my manner has been at all reprehensible, I here beg leave to apologize."



ELIZABETH AND LADY CATHERINE.

By JANE AUSTEN.

(From "Pride and Prejudice.")

ONE morning, about a week after Bingley's engagement with Jane had been formed, as he and the females of the family were sitting together in the dining room, their attention was suddenly drawn to the window by the sound of a carriage, and they perceived a chaise and four driving up the lawn. It was too early in the morning for visitors, and besides, the equipage

did not answer to that of any of their neighbors. The horses were post; and neither the carriage nor the livery of the servant who preceded it were familiar to them. As it was certain, however, that somebody was coming, Bingley instantly prevailed on Miss Bennet to avoid the confinement of such an intrusion, and walk away with him into the shrubbery. They both set off, and the conjectures of the remaining three continued, though with little satisfaction, till the door was thrown open and their visitor entered. It was Lady Catherine De Bourgh.

They were of course all intending to be surprised, but their astonishment was beyond their expectation; and on the part of Mrs. Bennet and Kitty, though she was perfectly unknown to them, even inferior to what Elizabeth felt.

She entered the room with an air more than usually ungracious, made no other reply to Elizabeth's salutation than a slight inclination of the head, and sat down without saying a word. Elizabeth had mentioned her name to her mother on her ladyship's entrance, though no request of introduction had been made.

Mrs. Bennet, all amazement, though flattered by having a guest of such high importance, received her with the utmost politeness. After sitting for a moment in silence she said, very stiffly, to Elizabeth:—

"I hope you are well, Miss Bennet. That lady, I suppose, is your mother?"

Elizabeth replied very concisely that she was.

"And that, I suppose, is one of your sisters?"

"Yes, madam," said Mrs. Bennet, delighted to speak to a Lady Catherine; "she is my youngest girl but one. My youngest of all is lately married, and my eldest is somewhere about the ground, walking with a young man, who, I believe, will soon become a part of the family."

"You have a very small park here," returned Lady Catherine, after a short silence.

"It is nothing in comparison with Rosings, my lady, I dare say; but I assure you it is much larger than Sir William Lucas'."

"This must be a most inconvenient sitting room for the evening in summer; the windows are full west."

Mrs. Bennet assured her that they never sat there after dinner; and then added:—

"May I take the liberty of asking your ladyship whether you left Mr. and Mrs. Collins well?"

"Yes, very well. I saw them the night before last."

Elizabeth now expected that she would produce a letter for her from Charlotte, as it seemed the only probable motive for her calling. But no letter appeared, and she was completely puzzled.

Mrs. Bennet with great civility begged her ladyship to take some refreshment; but Lady Catherine very resolutely, and not very politely, declined eating anything; and then, rising up, said to Elizabeth:—

"Miss Bennet, there seemed to be a prettyish kind of a little wilderness on one side of your lawn. I should be glad to take a turn in it, if you will favor me with your company."

"Go, my dear," cried her mother, "and show her ladyship about the different walks. I think she will be pleased with the hermitage."

Elizabeth obeyed; and, running into her own room for her parasol, attended her noble guest downstairs. As they passed through the hall, Lady Catherine opened the doors into the dining parlor and drawing-room, and pronouncing them, after a short survey, to be decent-looking rooms, walked on.

Her carriage remained at the door, and Elizabeth saw that her waiting woman was in it. They proceeded in silence along the gravel walk that led to the copse; Elizabeth was determined to make no effort for conversation with a woman who was now more than usually insolent and disagreeable.

"How could I ever think her like her nephew?" said she, as she looked in her face.

As soon as they entered the copse, Lady Catherine began in the following manner:—

"You can be at no loss, Miss Bennet, to understand the reason of my journey hither. Your own heart, your own conscience, must tell you why I come."

Elizabeth looked with unaffected astonishment.

"Indeed you are mistaken, madam; I have not been at all able to account for the honor of seeing you here."

"Miss Bennet," replied her ladyship, in an angry tone, "you ought to know that I am not to be trifled with. But however insincere you may choose to be, you shall not find me so. My character has ever been celebrated for its sincerity and frankness; and in a cause of such moment as this I shall

certainly not depart from it. A report of a most alarming nature reached me two days ago. I was told that not only your sister was on the point of being most advantageously married, but that you, that Miss Elizabeth Bennet, would, in all likelihood, be soon united afterward to my nephew, my own nephew, Mr. Darcy. Though I know it must be a scandalous falsehood, though I would not injure him so much as to suppose the truth of it possible, I instantly resolved on setting off for this place that I might make my sentiments known to you."

"If you believed it impossible to be true," said Elizabeth, coloring with astonishment and disdain, "I wonder you took the trouble of coming so far. What could your ladyship propose by it?"

"At once to insist upon having such a report universally contradicted."

"Your coming to Longbourn to see me and my family," said Elizabeth, coolly, "will be rather a confirmation of it,—if, indeed, such a report is in existence."

"If! Do you, then, pretend to be ignorant of it? Has it not been industriously circulated by yourselves? Do you not know that such a report is spread about?"

"I never heard that it was."

"And you can likewise declare that there is no foundation for it?"

"I do not pretend to possess equal frankness with your ladyship. You may ask questions which I shall not choose to answer."

"This is not to be borne! Miss Bennet, I insist on being satisfied. Has he, has my nephew, made you an offer of marriage?"

"Your ladyship has declared it to be impossible."

"It ought to be so; it must be so, while he retains the use of his reason. But your arts and allurements may, in a moment of infatuation, have made him forget what he owes to himself and to all his family. You may have drawn him in."

"If I have, I shall be the last person to confess it."

"Miss Bennet, do you know who I am? I have not been accustomed to such language as this. I am almost the nearest relation he has in the world, and am entitled to know all his dearest concerns."

"But you are not entitled to know mine; nor will such behavior as this ever induce me to be explicit."

"Let me be rightly understood. This match, to which you have the presumption to aspire, can never take place — no, never. Mr. Darcy is engaged to my daughter. Now, what have you to say?"

"Only this — that if he is so, you can have no reason to suppose he will make an offer to me."

Lady Catherine hesitated a moment, and then replied: —

"The engagement between them is of a peculiar kind. From their infancy they have been intended for each other. It was the favorite wish of his mother, as well as of hers. While in their cradles we planned the union; and now, at the moment when the wishes of both sisters would be accomplished in their marriage, to be prevented by a young woman of inferior birth, of no importance in the world, and wholly unallied to the family! Do you pay no regard to the wishes of his friends? to his tacit engagement with Miss De Bourgh? Are you lost to every feeling of propriety and delicacy? Have you not heard me say that from his earliest hours he was destined for his cousin?"

"Yes; and I had heard it before. But what is that to me? If there is no other objection to my marrying your nephew, I shall certainly not be kept from it by knowing that his mother and aunt wished him to marry Miss De Bourgh. You both did as much as you could in planning the marriage; its completion depended on others. If Mr. Darcy is neither by honor nor inclination confined to his cousin, why is not he to make another choice? and if I am that choice, why may not I accept him?"

"Because honor, decorum, prudence, nay interest, forbid it. Yes, Miss Bennet, interest, for do not expect to be noticed by his family or friends, if you willfully act against the inclinations of all. You will be censured, slighted, and despised by every one connected with him. Your alliance will be a disgrace; your name will never even be mentioned by any of us."

"These are heavy misfortunes!" replied Elizabeth. "But the wife of Mr. Darcy must have such extraordinary sources of happiness necessarily attached to her situation that she could, upon the whole, have no cause to repine."

"Obstinate, headstrong girl! I am ashamed of you! Is this your gratitude for my attentions to you last spring? Is nothing due to me on that score? Let us sit down. You are to understand, Miss Bennet, that I came here with the deter-

mined resolution of carrying my purpose ; nor will I be dissuaded from it. I have not been used to submit to any person's whims. I have not been in the habit of brooking disappointment."

"That will make your ladyship's situation at present more pitiable ; but it will have no effect on me."

"I will not be interrupted. Hear me in silence. My daughter and my nephew are formed for each other. They are descended, on the maternal side, from the same noble line ; and, on the father's, from respectable, honorable, and ancient, though untitled, families. Their fortune on both sides is splendid. They are destined for each other by the voice of every member of their respective houses ; and what is to divide them ? — the upstart pretensions of a young woman without family, connections, or fortune ! Is this to be endured ? But it must not, shall not be ! If you were sensible of your own good, you would not wish to quit the sphere in which you have been brought up."

"In marrying your nephew, I should not consider myself as quitting that sphere. He is a gentleman ; I am a gentleman's daughter ; so far we are equal."

"True. You are a gentleman's daughter. But what was your mother ? Who are your uncles and aunts ? Do not imagine me ignorant of their condition."

"Whatever my connections may be," said Elizabeth, "if your nephew does not object to them, they can be nothing to you."

"Tell me, once for all, are you engaged to him ?"

Though Elizabeth would not, for the mere purpose of obliging Lady Catherine, have answered this question, she could not but say, after a moment's deliberation : —

"I am not."

Lady Catherine seemed pleased.

"And will you promise me never to enter into such an engagement ?"

"I will make no promise of the kind."

"Miss Bennet, I am shocked and astonished ! I expected to find a more reasonable young woman. But do not deceive yourself into a belief that I will ever recede. I shall not go away till you have given me the assurance I require."

"And I certainly never shall give it. I am not to be intimidated into anything so wholly unreasonable. Your ladyship wants Mr. Darcy to marry your daughter ; but would

my giving you the wished-for promise make their marriage at all more probable? Supposing him to be attached to me, would my refusing to accept his hand make him wish to bestow it on his cousin? Allow me to say, Lady Catherine, that the arguments with which you have supported this extraordinary application have been as frivolous as the application was ill-judged. You have widely mistaken my character, if you think I can be worked on by such persuasions as these. How far your nephew might approve of your interference in his affairs I cannot tell, but you have certainly no right to concern yourself in mine. I must beg, therefore, to be importuned no further on the subject."

"Not so hasty, if you please; I have by no means done. To all the objections I have already urged I have still another to add. I am no stranger to the particulars of your youngest sister's infamous elopement; I know it all—that the young man's marrying her was a patched-up business at the expense of your father and uncle. And is such a girl to be my nephew's sister? Is her husband, who is the son of his late father's steward, to be his brother? Heaven and earth! of what are you thinking? Are the shades of Pemberley to be thus polluted?"

"You can now have nothing further to say," she resentfully answered. "You have insulted me in every possible method. I must beg to return to the house."

And she rose as she spoke. Lady Catherine rose also, and they turned back. Her ladyship was highly incensed.

"You have no regard, then, for the honor and credit of my nephew? Unfeeling, selfish girl! Do you not consider that a connection with you must disgrace him in the eyes of everybody?"

"Lady Catherine, I have nothing further to say. You know my sentiments."

"You are, then, resolved to have him?"

"I have said no such thing. I am only resolved to act in that manner which will, in my own opinion, constitute my happiness, without reference to you, or to any person so wholly unconnected with me."

"It is well. You refuse, then, to oblige me; you refuse to obey the claims of duty, honor, and gratitude. You are determined to ruin him in the opinion of all his friends, and make him the contempt of the world."

"Neither duty, nor honor, nor gratitude," replied Elizabeth, "has any possible claim on me in the present instance. No principle of either would be violated by my marriage with Mr. Darcy. And with regard to the resentment of his family, or the indignation of the world, if the former were excited by his marrying me, it would not give me one moment's concern; and the world in general would have too much sense to join in the scorn."

"And this is your real opinion! This is your final resolve! Very well! I shall now know how to act. Do not imagine, Miss Bennet, that your ambition will ever be gratified. I came to try you. I hoped to find you reasonable, but depend upon it I will carry my point."

In this manner Lady Catherine talked on till they were at the door of the carriage, when, turning hastily round, she added:—

"I take no leave of you, Miss Bennet. I send no compliments to your mother; you deserve no such attention. I am most seriously displeased."

Elizabeth made no answer; and without attempting to persuade her ladyship to return into the house, walked quietly into it herself. She heard the carriage drive away as she proceeded upstairs. Her mother impatiently met her at the door of her dressing room, to ask why Lady Catherine would not come in again and rest herself.

"She did not choose it," said her daughter; "she would go."

"She is a very fine-looking woman, and her calling here was prodigiously civil; for she only came, I suppose, to tell us the Collinses were well. She is on her road somewhere, I dare say; and so, passing through Meryton, thought she might as well call on you. I suppose she had nothing particular to say to you, Lizzy?"

Elizabeth was forced to give in to a little falsehood here; for to acknowledge the substance of their conversation was impossible.

THE SHADOWLESS MAN.

By ADELBERT VON CHAMISSE.

(From "Peter Schlemihl.")

[ADELBERT VON CHAMISSE, German author and poet, was born of an old French family at the Château de Boncourt, in Champagne, January, 1781. Driven with his parents from their home by the French Revolution, he was educated in Berlin, where he became a page of the queen, served in the Prussian army till the Peace of Tilsit, and then returned to France. In 1815 he accompanied, as naturalist, the exploring expedition of Count Romanzow in a journey around the world, and was subsequently custodian of the Botanical Garden of Berlin, an office which he held until his death, in 1838. His "Peter Schlemihl," the story of a man who loses his shadow, has been translated into all the principal languages. His poetry comprises popular songs, ballads, and narrative poems, notably "Salas y Gomez," "Matteo Falcone," and "The Retreat."]

AFTER a prosperous, but to me very wearisome, voyage, we came at last into port. Immediately on landing I got together my few effects ; and, squeezing myself through the crowd, went into the nearest and humblest inn which first met my gaze. On asking for a room the waiter looked at me from head to foot, and conducted me to one. I asked for some cold water, and for the correct address of Mr. Thomas John, which was described as being "by the north gate the first country house to the right, a large new house of red and white marble, with many pillars." This was enough. As the day was not yet far advanced, I untied my bundle, took out my newly turned black coat, dressed myself in my best clothes, and, with my letter of recommendation, set out for the man who was to assist me in the attainment of my moderate wishes.

After proceeding up the north street, I reached the gate, and saw the marble columns glittering through the trees. Having wiped the dust from my shoes with my pocket handkerchief, and readjusted my cravat, I rang the bell — offering up at the same time a silent prayer. The door flew open, and the porter sent in my name. I had soon the honor to be invited into the park, where Mr. John was walking with a few friends. I recognized him at once by his corpulency and self-complacent air. He received me very well — just as a rich man receives a poor devil ; and turning to me, took my letter. "Oh, from my brother ! it is a long time since I heard from him : is he well ? — Yonder," he went on, — turning to the company, and point-

ing to a distant hill, — “yonder is the site of the new building.” He broke the seal without discontinuing the conversation, which turned upon riches. “The man,” he said, “who does not possess at least a million is a poor wretch.” “Oh, how true!” I exclaimed, in the fullness of my heart. He seemed pleased at this, and replied with a smile, “Stop here, my dear friend; afterwards I shall, perhaps, have time to tell you what I think of this,” pointing to the letter, which he then put into his pocket, and turned round to the company, offering his arm to a young lady: his example was followed by the other gentlemen, each politely escorting a lady, and the whole party proceeded towards a little hill thickly planted with blooming roses.

I followed without troubling any one, for none took the least further notice of me. The party was in high spirits — lounging about and jesting — speaking sometimes of trifling matters very seriously, and of serious matters as triflingly — and exercising their wit in particular to great advantage on their absent friends and their affairs. I was too ignorant of what they were talking about to understand much of it, and too anxious and absorbed in my own reflections to occupy myself with the solution of such enigmas as their conversation presented.

By this time we had reached the thicket of roses. The lovely Fanny, who seemed to be the queen of the day, was obstinately bent on plucking a rose branch for herself, and in the attempt pricked her finger with a thorn. The crimson stream, as if flowing from the dark-tinted rose, tinged her fair hand with the purple current. This circumstance set the whole company in commotion; and court-plaster was called for. A quiet, elderly man, tall, and meager-looking, who was one of the company, but whom I had not before observed, immediately put his hand into the tight breast pocket of his old-fashioned coat of gray sarsnet, pulled out a small letter case, opened it, and, with a most respectful bow, presented the lady with the wished-for article. She received it without noticing the giver, or thanking him. The wound was bound up, and the party proceeded along the hill towards the back part, from which they enjoyed an extensive view across the green labyrinth of the park to the wide-spreading ocean. The view was truly a magnificent one. A slight speck was observed on the horizon, between the dark flood and the azure sky. “A telescope!” called out Mr. John; but before any of the servants could answer the summons

the gray man, with a modest bow, drew his hand from his pocket, and presented a beautiful Dollond's telescope to Mr. John, who, on looking through it, informed the company that the speck in the distance was the ship which had sailed yesterday, and which was detained within sight of the haven by contrary winds. The telescope passed from hand to hand, but was not returned to the owner, whom I gazed at with astonishment, and could not conceive how so large an instrument could have proceeded from so small a pocket. This, however, seemed to excite surprise in no one; and the gray man appeared to create as little interest as myself.

Refreshments were now brought forward, consisting of the rarest fruits from all parts of the world, served up in the most costly dishes. Mr. John did the honors with unaffected grace, and addressed me for the second time, saying, "You had better eat; you did not get such things at sea." I acknowledged his politeness with a bow, which, however, he did not perceive, having turned round to speak with some one else.

The party would willingly have stopped some time here on the declivity of the hill, to enjoy the extensive prospect before them, had they not been apprehensive of the dampness of the grass. "How delightful it would be," exclaimed some one, "if we had a Turkey carpet to lay down here!" The wish was scarcely expressed when the man in the gray coat put his hand in his pocket, and, with a modest and even humble air, pulled out a rich Turkey carpet, embroidered in gold. The servant received it as a matter of course, and spread it out on the desired spot; and, without any ceremony, the company seated themselves on it. Confounded by what I saw, I gazed again at the man, his pocket, and the carpet, which was more than twenty feet in length and ten in breadth; and rubbed my eyes, not knowing what to think, particularly as no one saw anything extraordinary in the matter.

I would gladly have made some inquiries respecting the man, and asked who he was, but knew not to whom I should address myself, for I felt almost more afraid of the servants than of their master. At length I took courage, and stepping up to a young man who seemed of less consequence than the others, and who was more frequently standing by himself, I begged of him, in a low tone, to tell me who the obliging gentleman was in the gray cloak. "That man who looks like a piece of thread just escaped from a tailor's needle?" "Yes; he who is stand-

ing alone yonder." "I do not know," was the reply; and to avoid, as it seemed, any further conversation with me, he turned away, and spoke of some commonplace matters with a neighbor.

The sun's rays now being stronger, the ladies complained of feeling oppressed by the heat; and the lovely Fanny, turning carelessly to the gray man, to whom I had not yet observed that any one had addressed the most trifling question, asked him if, perhaps, he had not a tent about him. He replied, with a low bow, as if some unmerited honor had been conferred upon him; and, putting his hand in his pocket, drew from it canvas, poles, cord, iron—in short, everything belonging to the most splendid tent for a party of pleasure. The young gentlemen assisted in pitching it: and it covered the whole carpet: but no one seemed to think that there was anything extraordinary in it.

I had long secretly felt uneasy—indeed, almost horrified; but how was this feeling increased when, at the next wish expressed, I saw him take from his pocket three horses! Yes, Adelbert, three large beautiful steeds, with saddles and bridles, out of the very pocket whence had already issued a letter case, a telescope, a carpet twenty feet broad and ten in length, and a pavilion of the same extent, with all its appurtenances! Did I not assure thee that my own eyes had seen all this, thou wouldst certainly disbelieve it.

This man, although he appeared so humble and embarrassed in his air and manners, and passed so unheeded, had inspired me with such a feeling of horror by the unearthly paleness of his countenance, from which I could not avert my eyes, that I was unable longer to endure it.

I determined, therefore, to steal away from the company, which appeared no difficult matter, from the undistinguished part I acted in it. I resolved to return to the town, and pay another visit to Mr. John the following morning, and, at the same time, make some inquiries of him relative to the extraordinary man in gray, provided I could command sufficient courage. Would to Heaven that such good fortune had awaited me!

I had stolen safely down the hill, through the thicket of roses, and now found myself on an open plain; but fearing lest I should be met out of the proper path, crossing the grass, I cast an inquisitive glance around, and started as I beheld the man in the gray cloak advancing towards me. He took off his

hat, and made me a lower bow than mortal had ever yet favored me with. It was evident that he wished to address me ; and I could not avoid encountering him without seeming rude. I returned his salutation, therefore, and stood bareheaded in the sunshine as if rooted to the ground. I gazed at him with the utmost horror, and felt like a bird fascinated by a serpent.

He affected himself to have an air of embarrassment. With his eyes on the ground, he bowed several times, drew nearer, and at last, without looking up, addressed me in a low and hesitating voice, almost in the tone of a suppliant : " Will you, sir, excuse my importunity in venturing to intrude upon you in so unusual a manner ? I have a request to make — would you most graciously be pleased to allow me ? " " Hold ! for Heaven's sake ! " I exclaimed ; " what can I do for a man who " — I stopped in some confusion, which he seemed to share. After a moment's pause, he resumed : " During the short time I have had the pleasure to be in your company, I have — permit me, sir, to say — beheld with unspeakable admiration your most beautiful shadow, and remarked the air of noble indifference with which you, at the same time, turn from the glorious picture at your feet, as if disdaining to vouchsafe a glance at it. Excuse the boldness of my proposal ; but perhaps you would have no objection to sell me your shadow ? " He stopped, while my head turned round like a mill wheel. What was I to think of so extraordinary a proposal ? To sell my shadow ! " He must be mad," thought I ; and assuming a tone more in character with the submissiveness of his own, I replied, " My good friend, are you not content with your own shadow ? This would be a bargain of a strange nature indeed ! "

" I have in my pocket," he said, " many things which may possess some value in your eyes ; for that inestimable shadow I should deem the highest price too little. "

A cold shuddering came over me as I recollected the pocket ; and I could not conceive what had induced me to style him "*good friend*," which I took care not to repeat, endeavoring to make up for it by a studied politeness.

I now resumed the conversation : " But, sir — excuse your humble servant — I am at a loss to comprehend your meaning, — my shadow ? — how can I ? "

" Permit me," he exclaimed, interrupting me, " to gather up the noble image as it lies on the ground, and to take it into my possession. As to the manner of accomplishing it, leave

that to me. In return, and as an evidence of my gratitude, I shall leave you to choose among all the treasures I have in my pocket, among which are a variety of enchanting articles, not exactly adapted for you, who, I am sure, would like better to have the wishing cap of Fortunatus, all made new and sound again, and a lucky purse which also belonged to him."

"Fortunatus' purse!" cried I; and, great as was my mental anguish, with that one word he had penetrated the deepest recesses of my soul. A feeling of giddiness came over me, and double ducats glittered before my eyes.

"Be pleased, gracious sir, to examine this purse, and make a trial of its contents." He put his hand in his pocket, and drew forth a large strongly stitched bag of stout Cordovan leather, with a couple of strings to match, and presented it to me. I seized it—took out ten gold pieces, then ten more, and this I repeated again and again. Instantly I held out my hand to him. "Done," said I; "the bargain is made: my shadow for the purse." "Agreed," he answered; and, immediately kneeling down, I beheld him, with extraordinary dexterity, gently loosen my shadow from the grass, lift it up, fold it together, and, at last, put it in his pocket. He then rose, bowed once more to me, and directed his steps towards the rose bushes. I fancied I heard him quietly laughing to himself. However I held the purse fast by the two strings. The earth was basking beneath the brightness of the sun; but I presently lost all consciousness.

On recovering my senses, I hastened to quit a place where I hoped there was nothing further to detain me. I first filled my pockets with gold, then fastened the strings of the purse round my neck, and concealed it in my bosom. I passed unnoticed out of the park, gained the highroad, and took the way to the town. As I was thoughtfully approaching the gate, I heard some one behind me exclaiming, "Young man! young man! you have lost your shadow!" I turned, and perceived an old woman calling after me. "Thank you, my good woman," said I; and throwing her a piece of gold for her well-intended information, I stepped under the trees. At the gate, again, it was my fate to hear the sentry inquiring where the gentleman had left his shadow; and immediately I heard a couple of women exclaiming, "Jesu Maria! the poor man has no shadow." All this began to depress me, and I carefully avoided walking in the sun; but this could not everywhere

be the case: for in the next broad street I had to cross, and, unfortunately for me, at the very hour in which the boys were coming out of school, a humpbacked lout of a fellow—I see him yet—soon made the discovery that I was without a shadow, and communicated the news, with loud outcries, to a knot of young urchins. The whole swarm proceeded immediately to reconnoiter me, and to pelt me with mud. “People,” cried they, “are generally accustomed to take their shadows with them when they walk in the sunshine.”

In order to drive them away I threw gold by handfuls among them, and sprang into a hackney coach which some compassionate spectators sent to my rescue.

As soon as I found myself alone in the rolling vehicle I began to weep bitterly. I had by this time a misgiving that, in the same degree in which gold in this world prevails over merit and virtue, by so much one’s shadow excels gold; and now that I had sacrificed my conscience for riches, and given my shadow in exchange for mere gold, what on earth would become of me?

As the coach stopped at the door of my late inn, I felt much perplexed, and not at all disposed to enter so wretched an abode. I called for my things, and received them with an air of contempt, threw down a few gold pieces, and desired to be conducted to a first-rate hotel. This house had a northern aspect, so that I had nothing to fear from the sun. I dismissed the coachman with gold, asked to be conducted to the best apartment, and locked myself up in it as soon as possible.

Imagine, my friend, what I then set about? O my dear Chamisso! even to thee I blush to mention what follows.

I drew the ill-fated purse from my bosom; and, in a sort of frenzy that raged like a self-fed fire within me, I took out gold—gold—gold—more and more, till I strewed it on the floor, trampled upon it, and feasting on its very sound and brilliancy, added coins to coins, rolling and reveling on the gorgeous bed, until I sank exhausted.

Thus passed away that day and evening, and, as my door remained locked, night found me still lying on the gold, where, at last, sleep overpowered me.

Then I dreamed of thee, and fancied I stood behind the glass door of thy little room, and saw thee seated at thy table between a skeleton and a bunch of dried plants; before thee lay open the works of Haller, Humboldt, and Linnæus; on thy

sofa a volume of Goethe, and the Enchanted Ring. I stood a long time contemplating thee, and everything in thy apartment; and again turning my gaze upon thee, I perceived that thou wast motionless — thou didst not breathe — thou wast dead.

I awoke — it seemed yet early — my watch had stopped. I felt thirsty, faint, and worn out; for since the preceding morning I had not tasted food. I now cast from me, with loathing and disgust, the very gold with which but a short time before I had satiated my foolish heart. Now I knew not where to put it. I dared not leave it lying there. I examined my purse to see if it would hold it. Impossible! Neither of my windows opened on the sea. I had no other resource but, with toil and great fatigue, to drag it to a huge chest which stood in a closet in my room; where I placed it all, with the exception of a handful or two. Then I threw myself, exhausted, into an armchair, till the people of the house should be up and stirring. As soon as possible I sent for some refreshment, and desired to see the landlord.

I entered into some conversation with this man respecting the arrangement of my future establishment. He recommended for my personal attendant one Bendel, whose honest and intelligent countenance immediately prepossessed me in his favor. It is this individual whose persevering attachment has consoled me in all the miseries of my life, and enabled me to bear up under my wretched lot. I was occupied the whole day in my room with servants in want of a situation, and tradesmen of every description. I decided on my future plans, and purchased various articles of vertu and splendid jewels, in order to get rid of some of my gold; but nothing seemed to diminish the inexhaustible heap.

I now reflected on my situation with the utmost uneasiness. I dared not take a single step beyond my own door; and in the evening I had forty wax tapers lighted before I ventured to leave the shade. I reflected with horror on the frightful encounter with the schoolboys; yet I resolved, if I could command sufficient courage, to put the public opinion to a second trial. The nights were now moonlight. Late in the evening I wrapped myself in a large cloak, pulled my hat over my eyes, and, trembling like a criminal, stole out of the house.

I did not venture to leave the friendly shadow of the houses until I had reached a distant part of the town; and then I

emerged into the broad moonlight, fully prepared to hear my fate from the lips of the passers-by.

Spare me, my beloved friend, the painful recital of all that I was doomed to endure. The women often expressed the deepest sympathy for me—a sympathy not less piercing to my soul than the scoffs of the young people, and the proud contempt of the men, particularly of the more corpulent, who threw an ample shadow before them. A fair and beauteous maiden, apparently accompanied by her parents, who gravely kept looking straight before them, chanced to cast a beaming glance on me; but was evidently startled at perceiving that I was without a shadow, and hiding her lovely face in her veil, and holding down her head, passed silently on.

This was past all endurance. Tears streamed from my eyes; and with a heart pierced through and through, I once more took refuge in the shade. I leant on the houses for support, and reached home at a late hour, worn out with fatigue.

I passed a sleepless night. My first care the following morning was to devise some means of discovering the man in the gray cloak. Perhaps I may succeed in finding him; and how fortunate it were if he should be as ill satisfied with his bargain as I am with mine!

I desired Bendel to be sent for, who seemed to possess some tact and ability. I minutely described to him the individual who possessed a treasure without which life itself was rendered a burden to me. I mentioned the time and place at which I had seen him, named all the persons who were present, and concluded with the following directions: He was to inquire for a Dollond's telescope, a Turkey carpet interwoven with gold, a marquee, and, finally, for some black steeds—the history, without entering into particulars, of all these being singularly connected with the mysterious character who seemed to pass unnoticed by every one, but whose appearance had destroyed the peace and happiness of my life.

As I spoke I produced as much gold as I could hold in my two hands, and added jewels and precious stones of still greater value. "Bendel," said I, "this smooths many a path, and renders that easy which seems almost impossible. Be not sparing of it, for I am not so; but go, and rejoice thy master with intelligence on which depend all his hopes."

He departed, and returned late and melancholy. None of

Mr. John's servants, none of his guests (and Bendel had spoken to them all) had the slightest recollection of the man in the gray cloak. The new telescope was still there, but no one knew how it had come; and the tent and Turkey carpet were still stretched out on the hill. The servants boasted of their master's wealth; but no one seemed to know by what means he had become possessed of these newly acquired luxuries. He was gratified; and it gave him no concern to be ignorant how they had come to him. The black coursers which had been mounted on that day were in the stables of the young gentlemen of the party, who admired them as the munificent present of Mr. John.

Such was the information I gained from Bendel's detailed account; but, in spite of this unsatisfactory result, his zeal and prudence deserved and received my commendation. In a gloomy mood, I made him a sign to withdraw.

"I have, sir," he continued, "laid before you all the information in my power relative to the subject of the most importance to you. I have now a message to deliver which I received early this morning from a person at the gate, as I was proceeding to execute the commission in which I have so unfortunately failed. The man's words were precisely these: 'Tell your master, Peter Schlemihl, he will not see me here again. I am going to cross the sea; a favorable wind now calls all the passengers on board; but in a year and a day I shall have the honor of paying him a visit; when, in all probability, I shall have a proposal to make to him of a very agreeable nature. Commend me to him most respectfully, with many thanks.' I inquired his name; but he said you would remember him."

"What sort of a person was he?" cried I, in great emotion; and Bendel described the man in the gray coat feature by feature, word for word; in short, the very individual in search of whom he had been sent. "How unfortunate!" cried I, bitterly; "it was himself." Scales, as it were, fell from Bendel's eyes. "Yes, it was he," cried he, "undoubtedly it was he; and fool, madman, that I was, I did not recognize him—I did not, and have betrayed my master!" He then broke out into a torrent of self-reproach; and his distress really excited my compassion. I endeavored to console him, repeatedly assuring him that I entertained no doubt of his fidelity; and dispatched him immediately to the wharf, to discover, if possible, some trace of the extraordinary being. But on that very morning many ves-

sels which had been detained in port by contrary winds had set sail, all bound to different parts of the globe; and the gray man had disappeared like a shadow.



LORD CASTLEREAGH.

By LORD BROUGHAM.

[HENRY PETER BROUGHAM, lawyer, agitator, M.P., lord chancellor, and miscellaneous writer, was grandnephew of Robertson the historian; born at Edinburgh in 1778, and died in 1868. He studied at Edinburgh University. He was one of the founders (in 1802) and a voluminous contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, and wrote the famous criticism on Byron's "Hours of Idleness," which provoked "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Always a Liberal, he fought the battles of that party in and out of Parliament with endless zeal and vigor for the long generation of its exclusion from power by the French Revolution; and plead tirelessly for political and legal reform, abolition of slavery, popular education, and the humanization of the laws. He was counsel for Queen Caroline in 1820 against George IV., and was a chief agent in carrying the Reform Bill of 1832. He was lord chancellor 1830-1834. His writings cover almost all possible subjects. The best are his biographical sketches of "Statesmen of the Time of George III.," and "Men of Letters and Science." His speeches were also collected, and he wrote an autobiography.]

OF THE "safe and middling men" described jocularly by Mr. Canning as "meaning very little, nor meaning that little well," Lord Castlereagh was, in some respects, the least inconsiderable. His capacity was greatly underrated from the poverty of his discourse; and his ideas passed for much less than they were worth, from the habitual obscurity of his expressions. But he was far above the bulk of his colleagues in abilities; and none of them all, except Lord St. Vincent, with whom he was officially connected only for a short time, exercised so large an influence over the fortunes of their country. Indeed, scarce any man of any party bore a more important place in public affairs, or occupies a larger space in the history of his times.

Few men of more limited capacity or more meager acquirements than Lord Castlereagh possessed, had before his time ever risen to any station of eminence in our free country; fewer still have long retained it in a state where mere court intrigue and princely favor have so little to do with men's advancement. But we have lived to see persons of even more obscure merit than Lord Castlereagh rise to equal station in

this country. Of sober and industrious habits, and become possessed of businesslike talents by long experience, he was a person of the most commonplace abilities. He had a reasonable quickness of apprehension and clearness of understanding, but nothing brilliant or in any way admirable marked either his conceptions or his elocution. Nay, to judge of his intellect by his eloquence, we should certainly have formed a very unfair estimate of its perspicacity. For, though it was hardly possible to underrate its extent or comprehensiveness, it was very far from being confused and perplexed in the proportion of his sentences ; and the listener who knew how distinctly the speaker could form his plans, and how clearly his ideas were known to himself, might, comparing small things with great, be reminded of the prodigious contrast between the distinctness of Oliver Cromwell's understanding and the hopeless confusion and obscurity of his speech. No man, besides, ever attained the station of a regular debater in our Parliament with such an entire want of all classical accomplishment, and indeed of all literary provision whatsoever. While he never showed the least symptom of an information extending beyond the more recent volumes of the Parliamentary Debates, or possibly the files of the newspapers only, his diction set all imitation, perhaps all description, at defiance. It was with some amusement to beguile the tedious hours of their unavoidable attendance upon the poor, tawdry, raveled thread of his sorry discourse, to collect a kind of *ana* from the fragments of mixed, incongruous, and disjointed images that frequently appeared in it. "The features of the clause" — "the ignorant impatience of the relaxation of taxation" — "sets of circumstances coming up and circumstances going down" — "men turning their backs upon themselves" — "the honorable and learned gentleman's wedge getting into the loyal feelings of the manufacturing classes" — "the constitutional principle wound up in the bowels of the monarchical principle" — "the Herculean labor of the honorable and learned member, who will find himself quite disappointed when he has at last brought forth his Hercules" (by a slight confounding of the mother's labor which produced that hero, with his own exploits which gained him immortality) — these are but a few, and not the richest samples, by any means, of a rhetoric which often baffled alike the gravity of the treasury bench and the art of the reporter, and left the wondering audience at a loss to conjecture how any one could

ever exist, endowed with humbler pretensions to the name of orator.

Wherefore, when the Tory party, "having a devil," preferred him to Mr. Canning for their leader, all men naturally expected that he would entirely fail to command even the attendance of the house while he addressed it; and that the benches, empty during his time, would only be replenished when his highly gifted competitor rose. They were greatly deceived; they underrated the effect of place and power; they forgot that the representative of a government speaks "as one having authority, and not as the Scribes." But they also forgot that Lord Castlereagh had some qualities well fitted to conciliate favor, and even to provoke admiration, in the absence of everything like eloquence. He was a bold and fearless man; the very courage with which he exposed himself unabashed to the most critical audience in the world, while incapable of uttering two sentences of anything but the meanest matter, in the most wretched language; the gallantry with which he faced the greatest difficulties of a question; the unflinching perseverance with which he went through a whole subject, leaving untouched not one of its points, whether he could grapple with it or not, and not one of the adverse arguments, however forcibly and felicitously they had been urged, neither daunted by recollecting the impression just made by his antagonist's brilliant display, nor damped by consciousness of the very rags in which he now presented himself—all this made him upon the whole rather a favorite with the audience whose patience he was taxing mercilessly, and whose gravity he ever and anon put to a very severe trial. Nor can any one have forgotten the kind of pride that mantled on the fronts of the Tory phalanx, when, after being overwhelmed with the powerful fire of the Whig opposition, or galled by the fierce denunciations of the Mountain, or harassed by the splendid displays of Mr. Canning, their chosen leader stood forth, and presenting the graces of his eminently patrician figure, flung open his coat, displayed an azure ribbon traversing a snow-white chest, and declared "his high satisfaction that he could now meet the charges against him face to face, and repel with indignation all that his adversaries were bold and rash enough to advance."

Such he was in debate; in council he certainly had far more resources. He possessed a considerable fund of plain sense not to be misled by any refinement of speculation, or

clouded by any fanciful notions. He went straight to his point. He was brave politically as well as personally. Of this, his conduct on the Irish Union had given abundant proof; and nothing could be more just than the rebuke which, as connected with the topic of personal courage, we may recollect his administering to a great man who had passed the limits of parliamentary courtesy. "Every one must be sensible," he said, "that if any personal quarrel were desired, any insulting language used publicly where it could not be met as it deserved, was the way to prevent and not to produce such a rencounter." No one after that treated him with disrespect. The complaints made of his Irish administration were well grounded as regarded the corruption of the Parliament by which he accomplished the Union, though he had certainly no direct hand in the bribery practiced; but they were entirely unfounded as regarded the cruelties practiced during and after the rebellion. Far from partaking in these atrocities, he uniformly and strenuously set his face against them. He was of a cold temperament and determined character, but not of a cruel disposition; and to him, more than perhaps to any one else, was owing the termination of the system stained with blood. It is another topic of high praise that he took a generous part against the faction which, setting themselves against all liberal, all tolerant government, sought to drive from their posts the two most venerable rulers with whom Ireland had ever been blessed, Cornwallis and Abercromby. Nor can it be too often repeated that when his colleagues, acting under Lord Clare, had denounced Mr. Grattan, in the Lords' Report, as implicated in a guilty knowledge of the rebellion, he, and he alone, prevented the Report of the Commons from joining in the same groundless charge against the illustrious patriot. An intimation of this from a common friend (who communicated the remarkable fact to the author of these pages), alone prevented a personal meeting between the two upon a subsequent occasion.

Lord Castlereagh's foreign administration was as destitute of all merit as possible. No enlarged views guided his conduct; no liberal principles claimed his regard; no generous sympathies, no grateful feelings for the people whose sufferings and whose valor had accomplished the restoration of the national independence, prompted his tongue, when he carried forth from the land of liberty that influence which she had a right to exer-

cise — she who made such vast sacrifices, and was never in return to reap any the least selfish advantage. The representative of England among those powers whom her treasure and her arms had done so much to save, he ought to have held the language becoming a free state, and claimed for justice and for liberty the recognition which he had the better right to demand, that we gain nothing for ourselves after all our sufferings, and all our expenditures of blood as well as money. Instead of this, he flung himself at once and forever into the arms of the sovereigns — seemed to take a vulgar pride in being suffered to become their associate — appeared desirous, with the vanity of an upstart elevated unexpectedly into higher circles, of forgetting what he had been, and qualifying himself for the company he now kept, by assuming their habits — and never pronounced any of those words so familiar with the English nation and with English statesmen, in the mother tongue of a limited monarchy, for fear that they might be deemed low-bred, and unsuited to the society of crowned heads, in which he was living, and to which they might prove as distasteful as they were unusual. . . .

As a friend of the Catholic question, it must be admitted that Lord Castlereagh ranks much above Mr. Canning. Indeed, as a statesman he may be regarded as his superior in all but the narrow and illiberal views which guided his conduct, and from which Mr. Canning shook himself free during the last years of his life.



THE DEMORALIZATION AFTER WATERLOO.

By MARIE-HENRI BEYLE.

(From "La Chartreuse de Parme": translated by E. P. Robins.)

[MARIE-HENRI BEYLE, "Stendhal:" A French novelist, biographer, and art critic; born at Grenoble in 1783. A considerable portion of his life was spent in Italy, from which country he was finally banished for political intrigue. He died in Paris in 1842. He wrote the lives of Haydn, Mozart, Napoleon, and Rossini, and his fiction includes "La Chartreuse de Parme" and "The Red and the Black." He also wrote a "History of Painting in Italy."]

NOTHING had power to wake him — neither the sound of the firing that surrounded them on every side nor the trot of

the little horse, to whom the cantinière applied the lash with vigor. The regiment, which, after firmly believing all day that it was participating in a glorious victory, had been suddenly attacked by swarms of Prussian cavalry, was retiring in disorder toward the French frontier.

The lieutenant colonel, a handsome young man, something of a coxcomb, who had succeeded to the command on Macon's death, had been ridden down and sabered in the charge; the old white-headed major who took his place had halted the regiment. "Hell and fury!" he screamed to his men, "in the time of the Republic we waited to retreat until the enemy forced us to it. Stand your ground, defend every inch, as long as there's a man of you left!" he cried, with many an oath. "It's French soil those bloody Prussians will be invading next!"

The little cart came to a sudden stop, and Fabrice awoke. The sun had set; he was surprised to see that it was nearly dark. The soldiers were running to and fro in a confusion at which our hero wondered. They seemed to have lost all their martial air.

"What is it?" he said to the vivandière.

"Nothing—oh, nothing. We are licked, my poor boy; the Prussian cavalry is sabering us—that's all. The old numskull of a general supposed it was ours. Come, lend a hand here; Cocotte's trace is broken; help me to mend it."

There were reports of musketry not far away. Our hero, feeling bright and well after his nap, said to himself, "Come now, I haven't done a stroke of fighting all day long; all I have done was to scour about the fields in the suite of a general.—I must go and fight," he said to the cantinière.

"Don't worry on that score; you'll have fighting—more than you desire! We are dished, I tell you.—Aubry, my lad," she shouted to a passing corporal, "keep an eye to the little cart when you have a chance."

"Are you going to fight?" said Fabrice, addressing Aubry.

"No; I am going to put on my dancing pumps to be ready for the ball."

"I am with you."

"Look out for the little hussar, Aubry!" cried the cantinière; "the young bourgeois is a good one." The Corporal stalked away without answering. Eight or ten soldiers came up on a run; he conducted them behind a great oak surrounded

by an undergrowth of brambles, where he posted them in open order, each man at least ten paces from his neighbor.

"Now, you fellows," said the Corporal — and it was the first time he opened his mouth — "mind that you don't fire without orders ; remember you've but three cartridges left."

"I wonder what he is going to do?" Fabrice asked himself. At last, when he and the Corporal were alone together, he said to him :—

"I have no musket."

"Silence ! Out yonder in the plain, fifty paces to the front, you will find plenty of our poor lads who fell under the sabers of the enemy. Take from one of them his musket and cartridge box — but first be certain that he is quite dead — and make haste back, so as not to receive the fire of our party." Fabrice departed running, and quickly returned with a musket and cartridge box.

"Now load your musket and take your post behind this tree, and remember that you are not to fire until I give the order. Mother of God !" said the Corporal, interrupting himself, "he doesn't even know enough to load his gun !" He helped Fabrice, meanwhile continuing his admonitions : "If you see a Prussian cavalryman bearing down on you with his saber, keep the tree between you and him, and when he is within three feet let him have the contents of your barrel ; you shouldn't fire until you can almost touch him with your bayonet.

"Throw away that great clumsy saber !" cried the Corporal ; "*nom de Dieu*, do you want it to trip you up ? Oh, the apologies for soldiers they send us nowadays !" And so saying, he took the saber and hurled it wrathfully into the bushes.

"Now wipe off the flint with your handkerchief. But did you ever fire a gun?"

"I am a hunter."

"The Lord be praised for that !" replied the Corporal, with a sigh of relief. "Bear in mind that you are not to fire until you get the word." And away he went.

Fabrice was glad at heart. "At last I am going to fight in earnest," he said to himself ; "I am going to shoot to kill ! This morning they were peppering away at us, and all I did was to expose my precious person to be shot — which is a one-sided sort of game." He looked about him on every side with great curiosity. Presently he heard seven or eight shots fired quite near him, but as he had received no order, he remained

tranquil behind his tree. The darkness was descending rapidly; he could almost have believed he was ambushed on la Tramezzina Mountain, over Grianta, hunting bears. An expedient occurred to him that he had often employed in his hunting excursions: he took a cartridge from his box and separated the ball from the charge. "If I see him, I mustn't miss him," he said, and rammed the second ball into the barrel of his gun. He heard two more shots, this time close beside his tree; at the same time he saw a cavalryman in blue uniform gallop past his front from right to left. "He is not within three feet," he said to himself, "but at that distance I can't miss him." He kept him covered for an instant and finally pulled the trigger; horse and rider went down together. Our hero imagined he was at the chase; he dashed forward from his concealment to inspect the game he had brought down. He was bending over the man, who seemed to be at his last gasp, when all at once two Prussian dragoons bore down on him at full tilt, brandishing their sabers. Fabrice ran for the wood with all the speed he was capable of; to assist his flight he threw away his musket. The Prussians were close at his heels, when he dodged into a plantation of young oaks, thick as a man's arm, which adjoined the wood. The cavalymen's pursuit was delayed for a moment, but they pushed their way through the plantation and resumed the chase in a clearing on the other side. Again our hero was in imminent danger of being overtaken, when he took refuge in a clump of trees. At this juncture his hair was almost singed by the fire of half a dozen muskets discharged directly in front of him. He stooped; as he rose he found himself confronted by the Corporal.

"Did you kill your man?" asked Aubry.

"Yes, but I have lost my musket."

"Muskets are plenty enough around here. You are a good b——, for all your simple air; you have earned your day's pay, and these fellows here have just missed the two dragoons who were pursuing you and coming straight for them; I did not see them. It is time for us to be making tracks; the regiment must be half a mile away, and we are liable to be surrounded and cut off."

While speaking thus the Corporal was advancing swiftly at the head of his little party of ten. At a distance of two hundred paces, as they were entering a small field, they met a wounded general, sustained by his aid-de-camp and a servant.

"You will lend me four of your men," said he to the Corporal, "to carry me to the ambulance ; my leg is fractured."

"To h—— with you and your broken leg," replied the Corporal, "you and all the other generals ! You have betrayed the Emperor to-day among you."

"What !" said the general, in a fury, "do you refuse to obey my orders ? I would have you know that I am General B——, commanding your division." He went on in a violent strain. The aid-de-camp drew his sword and threw himself on the soldiers, whereon the Corporal prodded him in the arm with his bayonet and drew off his men at the double-quick.

"May the scoundrels all share his fate and meet with broken legs and arms as well !" shouted the Corporal, seasoning his words with numerous expletives. "A pack of nincompoops ! Sold to the Bourbons, body and soul, every mother's son of them, and traitors to the Emperor !"

Fabrice listened with amazement to this frightful accusation.

About ten o'clock at night the little band came up with the regiment at the entrance of a considerable village composed of several narrow streets ; but Fabrice noticed that Corporal Aubry seemed to avoid the officers. "We can go no farther," said the Corporal. The streets were blocked with infantry, cavalry, baggage wagons, guns, and caissons. The Corporal presented himself at the issues of three of the streets, but found it impossible to advance more than a dozen paces. Every one was swearing and storming.

"Another traitor in command here !" exclaimed the Corporal. "If the enemy has sense enough to turn the village, we shall all be caught like so many rats in a trap. Follow me, you fellows." Fabrice gave a look ; there were but six soldiers remaining with the Corporal. They made their way through a wide gate into a large farmyard ; from the farmyard they gained access to a stable, whose back door let them out into a garden. There they were lost for a time, wandering aimlessly from one side to the other ; but at last, squeezing through a hedge, they found themselves in a great field of rye. In less than half an hour, guided by the shouts and confused sounds that reached their ears, they were once more on the highroad, beyond the village. The ditches were filled with muskets that had been thrown away ; Fabrice was enabled to provide himself with a weapon. But the road, although it was a wide one,

was so crowded with fugitives and vehicles that in a half-hour's time Fabrice and his party had barely advanced five hundred yards. They were told the road led to Charleroi. As eleven was striking from the village clock —

"We'll try it across fields once more," said the Corporal. The band now comprised only Fabrice, the Corporal, and three soldiers. When they had left the road a mile or so behind them —

"I'm knocked up; I can go no farther," said one of the men.

"That's my case, too," said another.

"That's no news — we're all in the same boat," replied the Corporal; "but follow my directions and you'll be all right." He saw five or six trees beside a shallow ditch in the middle of a great field of wheat. "To the trees!" he said to his men. "Lie down there," he added when they had reached them, "and make no noise. But before sleeping, who among you has some bread?"

"I have," said one of the men.

"Give it here," said the Corporal, authoritatively. He divided it in five portions and kept the smallest.

"Before it is daylight," he said, eating his bread the while, "you will have the enemy's cavalry upon you. We mustn't let ourselves be sabered. One man has no show against cavalry in these broad plains, but five can protect themselves. Remain with me, stick close together, don't fire until you can see the white of your man's eyes, and to-morrow night I promise you shall be safe in Charleroi." The Corporal awoke them an hour before dawn and bade them reload their arms. The uproar on the highway went on uninterruptedly; it had lasted all night. It was like the muffled sound of a distant cataract.

"It reminds one of a herd of cattle that has been stampeded," Fabrice innocently remarked to the Corporal.

"Hold your tongue, greenhorn!" the other indignantly replied. And the three soldiers who, together with Fabrice, composed his army looked at the young man angrily, as if he had blasphemed. He had insulted the nation.

"That's queer!" our hero reflected. "I have noticed the same thing at Milan, among the Viceroy's troops; they never run from the enemy, of course not! One is not to speak the truth to these Frenchmen lest he wound their tender suscepti-

bilities. But as for their cross looks, I don't value them a farthing, and I'll let them see I don't." Their route was still parallel to and some five hundred yards distant from the high-road along which the torrent of fugitives was streaming. A league farther the little band came to a path which ran into the main road and was filled with recumbent and sleeping soldiers. Fabrice bought a fairly good horse, for which he paid forty francs, and selected a long, straight, heavy sword from among the piles of weapons with which the ground was strewn. "This will be best," he said to himself, "since I am told to use the point." Thus equipped, he put spurs to his mount and soon rejoined the Corporal, who had pursued his way. He settled himself in his stirrups, laid his hand on the hilt of his good sword, and said to the four Frenchmen : —

"Those fugitives on the highway resemble a herd of cattle — a herd of — stampeded — cattle."

It was in vain that Fabrice emphasized the word "cattle"; his comrades had quite forgotten that the word had proved offensive to them only an hour before. And therein lies one of the contrasts between the French and Italian temperaments: the Frenchman is quick to forget and does not bear malice, and doubtless is the happier for it.

We shall not attempt to deny that Fabrice thought very well of himself after his discussion on *cattle*. The men whiled away the time on the march with light conversation. When they had covered a couple of leagues, the Corporal, astonished to see nothing of the hostile cavalry, said to Fabrice : —

"You are our cavalry corps — ride over to that farmhouse yonder on the hill and ask the farmer if he will sell us something to eat; tell him that we are five. If he hesitates, give him five francs on account from your pocket — but you won't be a loser; we will recover the money after we have breakfasted."

Fabrice looked the Corporal in the face. What he beheld there was an imperturbable gravity and an air of truly moral superiority; he obeyed. Everything occurred as the commander in chief had predicted, only Fabrice would not allow the rustic to be plundered of the five-franc piece that he had given him.

"The money is mine," he said to his comrades. "I am not paying for you; I am paying the man for the oats he fed to my horse."

They had been pressing on in silence for two hours, when

the Corporal, looking over at the highway, joyfully exclaimed, "There is the regiment!" They quickly gained the road; but alas! around the eagle there were not two hundred men. Presently Fabrice caught sight of the vivandière. She was on foot; her eyes were red and swollen, and tears fell from them every now and then. Fabrice looked for Cocotte and the little cart in vain.

"Lost, gone, plundered, stolen!" cried the vivandière, in response to our hero's glance. He, without further words, jumped down from his horse, took him by the bridle, and said to the vivandière, "Get up." He had not to tell her twice.

"Shorten the stirrups," she said. . . .

Our hero turned his eyes upon the highway; but now it was crowded with three or four thousand persons, closely packed as peasants at a religious ceremony. Hardly had the cry "Cossacks!" been raised when it was utterly deserted; the ground was strewn with shakoes, muskets, and swords discarded by the fugitives. Fabrice, greatly puzzled, ascended a slight eminence, thirty or forty feet higher than the surrounding country, to the right of the road; he looked to right and left up and down the highway and across the plain in front, but could see no sign of the Cossacks. "Queer people, these Frenchmen!" he said to himself. "Since I am to retreat by the right, I may as well be moving," he reflected; "those folks may have more reasons for running than I know of." He picked up a musket, looked to see that it was loaded, freshened the priming, cleaned the flint, then selected a well-filled cartridge box, and again cast a searching look about him in every direction. There was not a soul save him in the plain but recently so densely populated. In the extreme distance he saw the last of the fugitives disappearing among the trees, still running as if their lives were at stake. "That is mighty strange!" he said to himself. And remembering the Corporal's maneuver of the day before, he went and seated himself in the middle of a wheat field. He did not go away, because he wished to see his friends the cantinière and the Corporal once more.

There he ascertained that he had only eighteen napoleons instead of thirty, as he had supposed; but he still had some small diamonds that he had hidden in the lining of his hussar boots that morning at B——, in the chamber of the jailer's wife. He stowed away his napoleons in the safest place he could think of, puzzling his brains to account for their sudden shrink-

age. "I wonder if that is a portent of evil?" he asked himself. His chief concern was that he had forgotten to ask Corporal Aubry this question: "Have I witnessed a real battle?" It seemed to him that he had, and could he have but been absolutely certain of it he would have been as happy as a lark.

"However," he said to himself, "I was there under the name of a prisoner, I had that prisoner's papers in my pocket, and, what's worse, his coat upon my back. That looks very bad for my future; what would Abbé Blanès have said of it? And that ill-starred Boulot died in prison! The business bodes no good; I fear me I am fated to know more of jails than I desire." Fabrice would have given a great deal to know whether or not Boulot was really guilty; in recalling the circumstances of the case it seemed to him that the jailer's wife had told him that the hussar had been arrested not only for stealing silver spoons, but also for robbing a peasant of his cow and then beating the poor man within an inch of his life. Fabrice did not doubt that he was to be incarcerated some day for a crime bearing some resemblance to that of the hussar Boulot. He thought of his old friend Curé Blanès; what would he not have given for ten minutes' conversation with him! Then he remembered that he had not written to his aunt since he left Paris. "Poor Gina!" he said to himself. And tears stood in his eyes, when all at once he heard a faint rustling sound quite near him. It was a soldier, who had removed the headstalls from three half-starved horses and was treating them to a feed of wheat. He held them by the halter. Fabrice flew up like a partridge from his form; the soldier was half scared to death. Our hero perceived it and yielded to the temptation of playing the bold hussar.

"One of those horses belongs to me, you ——!" he cried; "but I am willing to pay you five francs for your trouble in bringing him here."

"What are you giving me?" said the man. Fabrice immediately covered him with his musket at a distance of six paces.

"Let go the horse or I'll blow your brains out!"

The soldier's musket was flung across his back; he gave a twist to get it in his hands.

"Stir an inch and you are a dead man!" shouted Fabrice, running in on him.

"Give me the five francs, then, and take one of the horses," the man sulkily replied, after he had cast a wistful look up and

down the deserted road. Fabrice, transferring his weapon to his left hand, with the right threw him three five-franc pieces.

"Now dismount. Put the bridle on the black, and move farther off with the other two. Lift a hand and I'll blow a hole in you."

The soldier reluctantly obeyed. Fabrice walked up to the horse and passed the bridle over his left arm, never taking his eyes off the soldier, who moved slowly away. When he was at a safe distance, Fabrice sprang lightly into the saddle. His new acquisition was a splendid animal, but seemed to be weak from want of food. Our hero returned to the highway, where there was still no one to be seen; he crossed it and directed his course toward a little hollow on his left, where he hoped to find the cantinière; but on reaching the summit of a gentle rise all he could see for more than a league's distance was a few straggling soldiers. "It is written that I am never to see her more," he said with a sigh — "the brave, good woman!" Coming to a farmhouse on the right of the road, without stopping to unsaddle he purchased a feed of oats for his poor steed, who was so famished that he endeavored to devour the manger. An hour later Fabrice was trotting along the highway in the vague hope of meeting with the cantinière, or at all events with Aubry. Thus pressing on continually, and peering into every bush, behind every rock, he came at last to a sullen stream over which was a narrow bridge of wood. Before it and on the right of the road was an isolated house, displaying the sign of the White Horse. "There's where I'll eat my dinner," Fabrice mentally observed. A cavalry officer, with his arm in a sling, stood at the end of the bridge; he was mounted and bore a sorrowful countenance; near him were three dismounted cavalymen, engaged in filling their pipes.

"There are some folks," said Fabrice to himself, "who look to me as if they would like to buy my horse for even less than he cost me." The wounded officer and the three dismounted men eyed him as he approached, and seemed to be waiting for him. "I ought to keep to the right bank of the stream instead of crossing the bridge; that is what the cantinière advised me to do. Yes, but if I run away to-day I shall be ashamed of myself to-morrow; besides, my horse has good legs, while the officer's probably is tired; if he tries any of his tricks on me, I'll cut and run." Reasoning thus, Fabrice picked up his horse and came forward at as deliberate a pace as possible.

"Advance, hussar!" exclaimed the officer, in a tone of command.

Fabrice went forward a few steps and stopped.

"Are you thinking of relieving me of my horse?" he said.

"We have not the slightest idea of such a thing; advance."

Fabrice looked at the officer; he had white mustaches, and the most honest, straightforward air conceivable. The handkerchief that sustained his arm was stained with blood, and his right hand also was wrapped in a bloody bandage. "It's the footmen, then, who will grab my horse's bridle," Fabrice muttered to himself; but on looking at them more closely he saw that they too were wounded.

"I charge you on your duty as a soldier," said the officer, who wore a colonel's shoulder straps, "to mount guard at this post and tell every mounted man you see, hussars, dragoons, and chasseurs, that Colonel le Baron is within the inn yonder, where he requires all to join him." The old Colonel seemed utterly heartbroken; the first words he spoke had effected the conquest of our hero, who modestly and sensibly replied:—

"I am so young, sir, perhaps they would not listen to me; would it not be better to give me your instructions in writing?"

"He is right," said the Colonel, looking at him attentively. "You have a right hand, *la Rose*; write out the order."

Without a word *la Rose* drew from his pocket a small memorandum book, wrote a few lines, tore out the leaf and handed it to Fabrice. The Colonel repeated his instructions, adding that at the end of two hours the sentry should be relieved by one of the three wounded cavalymen of his party; with which words he entered the inn with his men. Fabrice looked after them as they retired, standing motionless at his post on the bridge, deeply impressed by their dejection and silent sorrow. "They make one think of enchanted genii," he said to himself. At last he opened the folded paper and read the order, conceived in the following terms:—

Colonel le Baron, Sixth Dragoons, commanding the First Brigade of the Second Division of Cavalry of the Fourteenth Corps, hereby directs all mounted men, dragoons, chasseurs, and hussars, not to pass the bridge, and to join him at the Inn of the White Horse, near the bridge, where his headquarters are established.

For and by order of Colonel le Baron, wounded in the right arm.

LA ROSE, Sergeant Major.

HEADQUARTERS NEAR THE BRIDGE LA SAINTE,
July 19, 1815.

Fabrice had occupied his post barely a half-hour when he saw coming toward him nine chasseurs, six mounted and three on foot; he communicated to them the Colonel's instructions. "We will come back again," said four of the mounted men, and away they went across the bridge at a sharp trot. Then Fabrice addressed himself to the two others. Taking advantage of the warm discussion that ensued, the three footmen slipped across the bridge. One of the two mounted chasseurs who remained asked to see the order, and rode off with it, saying :—

"I want to show it to my comrades, who will certainly return; stand fast and wait for them." And off he went at a gallop, his comrade following him. It had all happened in a twinkling.

Fabrice, greatly exasperated, called aloud, and one of the wounded soldiers appeared at a window of the White Horse. The man, who wore a sergeant's chevrons, came down, and as he approached Fabrice, shouted :—

"Draw your sword! you are on sentry." Fabrice obeyed, then said, "They have carried away the order."

"They are sore over the affair of yesterday," the other gloomily replied. "I will give you one of my pistols; if another attempt is made to run the guard, fire it in the air; either the Colonel or I will come to your assistance."

Fabrice had noticed an expression of surprise on the sergeant's face when he told of the theft of the order; he saw that a personal indignity had been offered him, and resolved to submit to no such trifling in the future.

Armed with the sergeant's pistol, Fabrice had proudly resumed his post, when he saw seven mounted hussars bearing down on him. He had placed himself so as to command the entrance of the bridge; he repeated to the new arrivals the Colonel's orders, which did not seem to please them; the most enterprising tried to force a passage. Fabrice, remembering his friend the vivandière's advice to use the point and not the edge, leveled his long, straight sword and made as if he would have transfixed his too impetuous adversary.

"Oh, the villain, he wants to murder us!" cried the hussars. "As if we were not murdered enough yesterday!" All drew and fell in a body on Fabrice; he thought he was a dead man, but he remembered the sergeant's contempt, and resolved not to be the object of it a second time. Falling back slowly upon

the bridge, he kept thrusting with the point. He cut such a queer figure struggling with his long, straight cavalry saber, far too heavy for his strength, that the hussars soon saw the kind of enemy they had to deal with : after that they endeavored not to wound him, but to cut the coat off his back. Thus it happened that Fabrice received three or four trifling cuts upon his arms. He, faithful to the precepts of the cantinière, still kept lunging with the point. As luck would have it, one of these thrusts wounded a hussar in the hand ; infuriated at being touched by such a tyro, the man responded with such vigor that Fabrice received the point of the weapon in the upper thigh. The accident was in part attributable to the martial ardor of our hero's charger, who manifested no caution at all, but insisted on carrying the rider into the thickest of the fray. The assailants, when they saw Fabrice's blood flowing, began to think they had carried their sport too far, and crowding their victim up against the rail of the bridge, rode off at a gallop. As soon as Fabrice was at liberty, he discharged his pistol in the air to attract the attention of the Colonel.

Four mounted and two unmounted hussars, of the same regiment as the others, were approaching the bridge, and were two hundred paces distant from it when the pistol shot was fired. They had been close observers of the events upon the bridge, and supposing that Fabrice had fired at their comrades, the four mounted men swooped down on him at a gallop, yelling and brandishing their swords. It was a realistic representation of a charge. Colonel le Baron, notified by the pistol shot that something was amiss, threw open the door of the inn, darted out upon the bridge just as the hussars were coming up, and commanded them to halt.

"Colonels don't go with us any longer !" said one of them, urging his mount forward. The irate Colonel suspended the admonition that was at his tongue's end, and with his bandaged right hand seized the horse by the bridle on the off side.

"You mutinous rascal !" he said to the hussar ; "I know you ! You belong to Captain Henriet's troop."

"Very well ; then I'll take my orders from Captain Henriet. Captain Henriet was killed yesterday," he added with an ugly sneer, "and be d——d to you !"

So saying, he attempted to force a passage and crowded his mount up against the old Colonel, who fell in a sitting posture on the floor of the bridge. Fabrice, who was a few feet away,

but facing the inn, spurred forward and made a vicious drive at the fellow with the point of his saber. Fortunately the Colonel in falling had retained his hold on the off rein of the hussar's horse; the animal, responding to the pull on his bridle, made a movement to one side, so that Fabrice's long blade, instead of spitting the fellow like a barnyard fowl, only grazed his skin and tore his cavalry jacket. Like a fury the hussar turned and with all his strength delivered a backhanded blow which cut through Fabrice's sleeve and wounded him severely in the arm. Our hero fell to the ground.

One of the dismounted hussars, seeing the two defenders of the bridge disabled, thought it a favorable opportunity to possess himself of Fabrice's horse; he accordingly leaped to the animal's back and started to cross the bridge.

But the sergeant major had come running from the inn; he had seen his colonel fall, and believed him to be sorely hurt. He ran after Fabrice's horse and drove the point of his sword into the back of the would-be robber, who dropped like lead. The hussars, having now no one to oppose them save the dismounted non-commissioned officer, clapped spurs to their steeds and were quickly lost to sight.

The sergeant major approached the wounded. Fabrice had already risen to his feet; he was suffering little pain, but was weak from loss of blood. The Colonel was slower in getting on his legs; he was stunned by his fall, but had received no hurt.

"The old wound in my hand is all that troubles me," he said to the sergeant.

The hussar that the sergeant had wounded was breathing his last.

"He got his deserts, the devil take him!" said the Colonel. "But look to the little young man whom I exposed so inconsiderately," he said to the sergeant and the two others of his party, who now came running up. "I will remain on the bridge and see what I can do myself to stop those lunatics. Take the little young man into the inn and bind up his arm—use one of my shirts."

HISTORIC DOUBTS RELATIVE TO NAPOLEON
BUONAPARTE.

By RICHARD WHATELY.

[A rejoinder to Hume's "Essay on Miracles."]

[RICHARD WHATELY: An English clergyman and author and Archbishop of Dublin; born in London, February 1, 1787; died in Dublin, October 8, 1863. He prepared for college at Bristol, was graduated from Oriel College, Oxford, B.A. in 1808, and M.A. in 1812; was a Fellow of Oriel, 1811-1812; was ordained a deacon in 1814, and a priest in 1815. He was Bampton lecturer at Oxford in 1822; rector of Halesworth, Suffolk, 1822-1825; principal of St. Alban Hall, Oxford, 1825-1831; professor of political economy, 1830-1832, and was created Archbishop of Dublin in 1831. He founded a professorship of political economy in the University of Dublin in 1832; was bishop of Kildare in 1846, and commissioner of national education, Ireland, 1830-1853. His very numerous works include the following: "The Use and Abuse of Party Feeling in Matters of Religion" (1822), "Elements of Logic" (1826), "Elements of Rhetoric" (1828), "The Errors of Romanism" (1830), "Encyclopedia of Mental Science" (1851), "The Origin of Civilization" (1855), "The Scripture Doctrine concerning the Sacraments" (1857), and "The Rise, Progress, and Customs of Christianity" (1860).]

LONG as the public attention has been occupied by the extraordinary personage from whose ambition we are supposed to have so narrowly escaped, the subject seems to have lost scarcely anything of its interest. We are still occupied in recounting the exploits, discussing the character, inquiring into the present situation, and even conjecturing as to the future prospects of Napoleon Buonaparte.

Nor is this at all to be wondered at, if we consider the very extraordinary nature of those exploits and of that character, their greatness and extensive importance, as well as the unexampled strangeness of the events, and also that strong additional stimulant, the mysterious uncertainty that hangs over the character of the man. If it be doubtful whether any history (exclusive of such as is avowedly fabulous) ever attributed to its hero such a series of wonderful achievements compressed into so small a space of time, it is certain that to no one were ever assigned so many dissimilar characters. . . .

What would the great Hume, or any of the philosophers of his school, have said, if they had found in the antique records of any nation such a passage as this: "There was a certain man of Corsica, whose name was Napoleon, and he was one of the

chief captains of the host of the French ; and he gathered together an army, and went and fought against Egypt ; but when the King of Britain heard thereof, he sent ships of war and valiant men to fight against the French in Egypt. So they warred against them, and prevailed, and strengthened the hands of the rulers of the land against the French, and drove away Napoleon from before the city of Acre. Then Napoleon left the captains and the army that were in Egypt, and fled, and returned back to France. So the French people took Napoleon, and made him ruler over them, and he became exceeding great, insomuch that there was none like him of all that had ruled over France before."

What, I say, would Hume have thought of this, especially if he had been told that it was at this day generally credited ? Would he not have confessed that he had been mistaken in supposing there was a peculiarly blind credulity and prejudice in favor of everything that is accounted *sacred* ; for that, since even professed skeptics swallow implicitly such a story as this, it appears there must be a still blinder prejudice in favor of everything that is *not* accounted sacred ?

Suppose again we found in this history such passages as the following : " And it came to pass after these things that Napoleon strengthened himself, and gathered together another host instead of that which he had lost, and went and warred against the Prussians, and the Russians, and the Austrians, and all the rulers of the north country, which were confederate against him. And the ruler of Sweden also, which was a Frenchman, warred against Napoleon. So they went forth, and fought against the French in the plain of Leipsic. And the French were discomfited before their enemies, and fled, and came to the rivers which are behind Leipsic, and essayed to pass over, that they might escape out of the hand of their enemies ; but they could not, for Napoleon had broken down the bridges ; so the people of the north countries came upon them, and smote them with a very grievous slaughter." . . .

" Then the ruler of Austria and all the rulers of the north countries sent messengers unto Napoleon to speak peaceably unto him, saying, Why should there be war between us any more ? Now Napoleon had put away his wife, and taken the daughter of the ruler of Austria to wife. So all the counselors of Napoleon came and stood before him, and said, Behold now these kings are merciful kings ; do even as they say unto thee ;

knowest thou not yet that France is destroyed? But he spake roughly unto his counselors, and drave them out from his presence, neither would he hearken unto their voice. And when all the kings saw that, they warred against France, and smote it with the edge of the sword, and came near to Paris, which is the royal city, to take it: so the men of Paris went out, and delivered up the city to them. Then those kings spake kindly unto the men of Paris, saying, Be of good cheer, there shall no harm happen unto you. Then were the men of Paris glad, and said, Napoleon is a tyrant; he shall no more rule over us. Also all the princes, the judges, the counselors, and the captains, whom Napoleon had raised up, even from the lowest of the people, sent unto Louis, the brother of King Louis whom they had slain, and made him king over France." . . .

"And when Napoleon saw that the kingdom was departed from him, he said unto the rulers which came against him, Let me, I pray you, give the kingdom unto my son; but they would not hearken unto him. Then he spake yet again, saying, Let me, I pray you, go and live in the island of Elba, which is over against Italy, nigh unto the coast of France; and ye shall give me an allowance for me and my household, and the land of Elba also for a possession. So they made him ruler of Elba." . . .

"In those days the Pope returned unto his own land. Now the French, and divers other nations of Europe, are servants of the Pope, and hold him in reverence; but he is an abomination unto the Britons, and to the Prussians, and to the Russians, and to the Swedes. Howbeit the French had taken away all his lands, and robbed him of all that he had, and carried him away captive into France. But when the Britons, and the Prussians, and the Russians, and the Swedes, and the rest of the nations that were confederate against France, came thither, they caused the French to set the Pope at liberty, and to restore all his goods that they had taken; likewise, they gave him back all his possessions; and he went home in peace, and ruled over his own city as in times past." . . .

"And it came to pass when Napoleon had not yet been a full year in Elba, that he said unto his men of war which clave unto him, Go to, let us go back to France, and fight against King Louis, and thrust him out from being king. So he departed, he and 600 men with him that drew the sword, and warred against King Louis. Then all the men of Belial gath-

ered themselves together, and said, God save Napoleon. And when Louis saw that, he fled, and gat him into the land of Batavia; and Napoleon ruled over France," etc., etc., etc.

Now if a freethinking philosopher — one of those who advocate the cause of unbiased reason, and despise pretended revelations — were to meet with such a tissue of absurdities as this in an old Jewish record, would he not reject it at once as too palpable an imposture to deserve even any inquiry into its evidence? Is that credible then of the civilized Europeans now which could not, if reported of the semi-barbarous Jews 3000 years ago, be established by any testimony? Will it be answered that "there is nothing *supernatural* in all this"? Why is it, then, that you object to what is *supernatural* — that you reject every account of *miracles* — if not *because* they are *improbable*? Surely, then, a story equally or still more improbable is not to be implicitly received, merely on the ground that it is *not* miraculous: though in fact, as I have already shown from Hume's authority, it really *is* miraculous. The opposition to experience has been proved to be as complete in this case as in what are commonly called miracles; and the reasons assigned for that contrariety by the defenders of *them* cannot be pleaded in the present instance. If, then, philosophers, who reject every wonderful story that is maintained by priests, are yet found ready to believe *everything else*, however improbable, they will surely lay themselves open to the accusation brought against them of being unduly prejudiced against whatever relates to religion.

There is one more circumstance which I cannot forbear mentioning, because it so much adds to the air of fiction which pervades every part of this marvelous tale; and that is, the *nationality* of it.

Buonaparte prevailed over all the hostile States in turn, *except England*; in the zenith of his power his fleets were swept from the sea, *by England*; his troops always defeat an equal, and frequently even a superior, number of those of any other nation, *except the English*, and with them it is just the reverse; twice, and twice only, he is personally engaged against an *English commander*, and both times he is totally defeated, at Acre and at Waterloo; and, to crown all, *England* finally crushes this tremendous power, which has so long kept the Continent in subjection or in alarm, and to the *English* he surrenders himself prisoner! Thoroughly national to be sure!

It *may* be all very true; but I would only ask, *if* a story *had* been fabricated for the express purpose of amusing the English nation, could it have been contrived more ingeniously? It would do admirably for an epic poem, and indeed bears a considerable resemblance to the Iliad and Æneid, in which Achilles and the Greeks, Æneas and the Trojans (the ancestors of the Romans), are so studiously held up to admiration. Buonaparte's exploits seem magnified in order to enhance the glory of his conquerors, just as Hector is allowed to triumph during the absence of Achilles merely to give additional splendor to his overthrow by the arm of that invincible hero. Would not this circumstance alone render a history rather *suspicious* in the eyes of an acute critic, even if it were not filled with such gross improbabilities, and induce him to suspend his judgment, till very satisfactory evidence (far stronger than can be found in this case) should be produced?

Is it then too much to demand of the wary academic a suspension of judgment as to the "life and adventures of Napoleon Buonaparte"? I do not pretend to *decide* positively that there is not, nor ever was, any such person, but merely to propose it as a *doubtful* point, and one the more deserving of careful investigation from the very circumstance of its having hitherto been admitted without inquiry. Far less would I undertake to decide what is, or has been, the real state of affairs: he who points out the improbability of the current story is not bound to suggest an hypothesis of his own — though it may safely be affirmed that it would be hard to invent any more improbable than the received one. One may surely be allowed to hesitate in admitting the stories which the ancient poets tell, of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions being caused by imprisoned giants, without being called upon satisfactorily to account for these phenomena.

Amidst the defect of valid evidence under which, as I have already shown, we labor in the present instance, it is hardly possible to offer more than here and there a probable conjecture, or to pronounce how much may be true, and how much fictitious, in the accounts presented to us; for it is to be observed that this case is much *more* open to skeptical doubts even than some miraculous histories, for some of them are of such a nature that you cannot consistently admit a part and reject the rest, but are bound, if you are satisfied as to the reality of any one miracle, to embrace the whole system, so

that it is necessary for the skeptic to impeach the evidence of *all* of them, separately and collectively: whereas *here* each single point requires to be *established* separately, since no one of them authenticates the rest. Supposing there be a State prisoner at St. Helena (which, by the way, it is acknowledged many of the French disbelieve), how do we know who he is, or why he is confined there? There have been State prisoners before now, who were never guilty of subjugating half Europe, and whose offenses have been very imperfectly ascertained. Admitting that there have been bloody wars going on for several years past, which is highly probable, it does not follow that the events of those wars were such as we have been told—that Buonaparte was the author and conductor of them, or that such a person ever existed. . . . I am far from pretending to decide who may have been the governor or governors of the French nation, and the leaders of their armies, for several years past. Certain it is that when men are indulging their inclination for the marvelous, they always show a strong propensity to accumulate upon one individual (real or imaginary) the exploits of many, besides multiplying and exaggerating these exploits a thousandfold. Thus, the expounders of the ancient mythology tell us there were several persons of the name of Hercules (either originally bearing that appellation, or having it applied to them as an honor), whose collective feats, after being dressed up in a sufficiently marvelous garb, were attributed to a single hero. Is it not just possible that during the rage for words of Greek derivation, the title of “Napoleon” (*Ναπολεων*), which signifies “Lion of the Forest,” may have been conferred by the popular voice on more than one favorite general, distinguished for irresistible valor? Is it not also possible that “Buona parte” may have been originally a sort of cant term applied to the “good (*i.e.* the bravest or most patriotic) part” of the French army collectively, and have been afterwards mistaken for the proper name of an individual? I do not profess to support this conjecture; but it is certain that such mistakes may and do occur. . . . It is positively stated that the Hindus at this day believe “the Honorable East India Company” to be a venerable old lady of high dignity, residing in this country. The Germans of the present day derive their name from a similar mistake. The first tribe of them who invaded Gaul assumed the honorable title of “*Ger-man*,” which signifies “warrior” (the words “war” and “guerre,” as well as “man,”

which remains in our language unaltered, are evidently derived from the Teutonic) — and the Gauls applied this as a *name* to the whole *race*.

However, I merely throw out these conjectures without by any means contending that more plausible ones might not be suggested. But whatever supposition we adopt, or whether we adopt any, the objections to the commonly received accounts will remain in their full force, and imperiously demand the attention of the candid skeptic.

I call upon those, therefore, who profess themselves advocates of free inquiry — who disdain to be carried along with the stream of popular opinion, and who will listen to no testimony that runs counter to experience — to follow up their own principles fairly and consistently. Let the same mode of argument be adopted in all cases alike; and then it can no longer be attributed to hostile prejudice, but to enlarged and philosophical views. If they have already rejected some histories, on the ground of their being strange and marvelous — of their relating facts unprecedented and at variance with the established course of nature — let them not give credit to another history which lies open to the very same objections, the extraordinary and romantic tale we have been just considering. If they have discredited the testimony of witnesses, who are *said* at least to have been disinterested, and to have braved persecutions and death in support of their assertions, can these philosophers consistently listen to and believe the testimony of those who avowedly *get money* by the tales they publish, and who do not even pretend that they incur any serious risk in case of being detected in a falsehood? If in other cases they have refused to listen to an account which has passed through many intermediate hands before it reaches them, and which is defended by those who have an interest in maintaining it, let them consider through how many and what very suspicious hands *this* story has arrived to them, without the possibility (as I have shown) of tracing it back to any decidedly authentic source, after all; and likewise how strong an interest, in every way, those who have hitherto imposed on them have in keeping up the imposture: let them, in short, show themselves as ready to detect the cheats and despise the fables of politicians as of priests. But if they are still wedded to the popular belief in this point, let them be consistent enough to admit the same evidence in *other* cases which they yield to in *this*. If,

after all that has been said, they cannot bring themselves to doubt of the existence of Napoleon Buonaparte, they must at least acknowledge that they do not apply to that question the same plan of reasoning which they have made use of in others ; and they are consequently bound in reason and in honesty to renounce it altogether.



NAPOLEON'S SANGAREE.

By RICHARD GARNETT.

[RICHARD GARNETT, C.B., LL.D., English poet and man of letters, was born at Lichfield, England, in 1835 ; son and namesake of the Assistant Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum. He was himself in its service from 1851 to 1899, latterly as Keeper of Printed Books. He has published, besides volumes of collected original poems, "Poems from the German," "A Chaplet from the Greek Anthology," "Sonnets from Dante, Petrarch, and Camoens" ; also "Io in Egypt," "Iphigenia in Delphi," "The Twilight of the Gods," etc. ; *Lives of Milton, Carlyle, Emerson, William Blake, and Edward Gibbon Wakefield* ; "History of Italian Literature," etc.]

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE sat in his garden at St. Helena, in the shadow of a fig tree. Before him stood a little table, and upon the table stood a glass of sangaree. The day was hot and drowsy ; the sea boomed monotonously on the rocks ; the broad fig leaves stirred not ; great flies buzzed heavily in the sultry air. Napoleon wore a loose linen coat and a broad-brimmed planter's hat, and looked as red as the sangaree, but nowise as cool.

"To think," he said aloud, "that I should end my life here, with nothing to sweeten my destiny but this lump of sugar !"

And he dropped it into the sangaree, and little ripples and beads broke out on the surface of the liquid.

"Thou shouldst have followed me," said a voice.

"Me," said another.

And a steam from the sangaree rose high over Napoleon's head, and from it shaped themselves two beautiful female figures. One was fair and very youthful, with a Phrygian cap on her head, and eager eyes beneath it, and a slender spear in her hand. The other was somewhat older, and graver, and

darker, with serious eyes ; and she carried a sword, and wore a helmet, from underneath which her rich brown tresses escaped over her vesture of light steel armor.

"I am Liberty," said the first.

"I am Loyalty," said the second.

And Napoleon laid his hand in that of the first spirit, and instantly saw himself as he had been in the days of his youthful victories, only beset with a multitude of people who were offering him a crown, and cheering loudly. But he thrust it aside, and they cheered ten times more, and fell into each other's arms, and wept, and kissed each other. And troops of young maidens robed in white danced before him, strewing his way with flowers. And the debts of the debtor were paid, and the prisoners were released from their captivity. And the forty Academicians came bringing Napoleon the prize of virtue. And the Abbé Sieyès stood up, and offered Napoleon his choice of seventeen constitutions ; and Napoleon chose the worst. And he came to sit with five hundred other men, mostly advocates. And when he said "Yea," they said "Nay" ; and when he said "white," they said "black." And they suffered him to do neither good nor evil, and when he went to war they commanded his army for him, until he was smitten with a great slaughter. And the enemy entered the country, and bread was scarce, and wine dear ; and the people cursed Napoleon, and Liberty vanished from before him. But he roamed on, ever looking for her, and at length he found her lying dead in the public way, all gashed and bleeding, and trampled with the feet of men and horses ; and the wheel of a tumbril was over her neck. And Napoleon, under compulsion of the mob, ascended the tumbril ; and Abbé Sieyès and Bishop Talleyrand rode at his side, administering spiritual consolation. Thus they came within sight of the guillotine, whereon stood M. de Robespierre in his sky-blue coat, and his jaw bound up in a bloody cloth, bowing and smiling, nevertheless, and beckoning Napoleon to ascend to him. Napoleon had never feared the face of man ; but when he saw M. de Robespierre great dread fell upon him, and he leapt out of the tumbril, and fled amain, passing mid the people as it were mid withered leaves, until he came where Loyalty stood awaiting him.

She took his hand in hers, and, lo ! another great host of people proffering him a crown, save one little old man, who alone of them all wore his hair in a *queue* with powder.

"See," said the little old man, "that thou takest not what dost not belong to thee."

"To whom belongeth it then?" asked Napoleon, "for I am a plain soldier, and have no skill in politics."

"To Louis the Disesteemed," said the little old man, "for he is a great-great-nephew of the Princess of Schworlingen, whose ancestors reigned here at the Flood."

"Where dwells Louis the Disesteemed?" asked Napoleon.

"In England," said the little old man.

Napoleon therefore repaired to England, and sought for Louis the Disesteemed. But none could direct him, save that it behooved him to seek in the obscurest places. And one day, as he was passing through a mean street, he heard a voice of lamentation, and perceived a man whose coat and shirt were rent and dirty; but not so his pantaloons, for he had none.

"Who art thou, thou pantaloonly one?" asked he, "and wherefore makest thou this lamentation?"

"I am Louis the Esteemed, king of France," replied the distrousered personage, "and I lament for my pantaloons, which I have been enforced to pawn, inasmuch as the broker would advance nothing upon my coat or my shirt."

And Napoleon went upon his knees, and divested himself of his own nether garments, and arrayed the king therein, to the great diversion of those who stood about.

"Thou hast done wickedly," said the king, when he heard who Napoleon was, "in that thou hast presumed to fight battles and win victories without any commission from me. Go, nevertheless, and lose an arm, and a leg, and an eye in my service, then shall thy offense be forgiven thee."

And Napoleon raised a great army, and gained a great battle for the king, and lost an arm. And he gained another greater battle, and lost a leg. And he gained the greatest battle of all; and the king sat on the throne of his ancestors, and was called Louis the Victorious: but Napoleon had lost an eye. And he came into the king's presence, bearing his eye, his arm, and his leg.

"Thou art pardoned," said the king, "and I will even confer a singular honor upon thee. Thou shalt defray the expense of my coronation, which shall be the most splendid ever seen in France.

So Napoleon lost all his substance, and no man pitied him.

But after certain days the keeper of the royal wardrobe rushed into the king's presence, crying, "Treason, treason ! O Majesty, whence these republican and revolutionary pantaloons ?"

"They are those I deigned to receive from the rebel Bonaparte," said the king. "It were meet to return them. Where abides he now ?"

"Saving your Majesty's presence," they said, "he lieth upon a certain dunghill."

"If this be so," said the king, "life can be no gratification to him, and it were humane to relieve him of it. Moreover, he is a dangerous man. Go, therefore, and strangle him with his own pantaloons. Yet let a monument be raised to him, and engrave upon it, 'Here lies Napoleon Bonaparte, whom Louis the Victorious raised from the dunghill.'"

They went accordingly ; but behold ! Napoleon already lay dead upon the dunghill. And this was told unto the king.

"He hath ever been envious of my glory," said the king. "Let him therefore be buried underneath."

And it was so. And after no long space the king also died, and slept with his fathers. But when there was again a revolution in France, the people cast his bones out of the royal sepulchre, and laid Napoleon's there instead. And the dunghill complained grievously that it should be disturbed for so slight a cause.

And Napoleon withdrew his hand from the hand of Loyalty, saying, "Pish !" And his eyes opened, and he heard the booming of the sea, and the buzzing of the flies, and felt the heat of the sun, and saw that the sugar he had dropped into his sangaree had not yet reached the bottom of the tumbler.



ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

By LORD BYRON.

[LORD GEORGE NOEL GORDON BYRON : A famous English poet ; born in London, January 22, 1788. At the age of ten he succeeded to the estate and title of his granduncle William, fifth Lord Byron. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and in 1807 published his first volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness." After a tour through eastern Europe he brought out two cantos of "Childe

Harold," which met with instantaneous success, and soon after he married the heiress Miss Millbanke. The union proving unfortunate, Byron left England, and passed several years in Italy. In 1823 he joined the Greek insurgents in Cephalonia, and later at Missolonghi, where he died of a fever April 19, 1824. His chief poetical works are: "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," "Manfred," "Cain," "Marino Faliero," "Sardanapalus," "The Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," and "Mazeppa."]

I.

'Tis done — but yesterday a King!
 And armed with Kings to strive —
 And now thou art a nameless thing:
 So abject — yet alive!
 Is this the man of thousand thrones,
 Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
 And can he thus survive?
 Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
 Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

II.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
 Who bowed so low the knee?
 By gazing on thyself grown blind,
 Thou taught'st the rest to see.
 With might unquestioned, — power to save, —
 Thine only gift hath been the grave
 To those that worshiped thee;
 Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
 Ambition's less than littleness!

III.

Thanks for that lesson — it will teach
 To after warriors more
 Than high Philosophy can preach,
 And vainly preached before.
 That spell upon the minds of men
 Breaks never to unite again,
 That led them to adore
 Those Pagod things of saber sway,
 With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

IV.

The triumph, and the vanity,
 The rapture of the strife —
 The earthquake voice of Victory,
 To thee the breath of life;

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The sword, the scepter, and that sway
Which man seemed made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife —
All quelled! — Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

V.

The Desolator desolate!
The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate
A Suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince — or live a slave —
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

VI.

He who of old would rend the oak,
Dreamed not of the rebound;
Chained by the trunk he vainly broke —
Alone — how looked he round?
Thou in the sternness of thy strength
An equal deed hast done at length,
And darker fate hast found:
He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

VII.

The Roman, when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger — dared depart,
In savage grandeur, home. —
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld, abandoned power.

VIII.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell;

A strict accountant of his beads,
 A subtle disputant on creeds,
 His dotage trifled well:
 Yet better had he neither known
 A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

IX.

But thou — from thy reluctant hand
 The thunderbolt is wrung —
 Too late thou leav'st the high command
 To which thy weakness clung;
 All Evil Spirit as thou art,
 It is enough to grieve the heart
 To see thine own unstrung;
 To think that God's fair world hath been
 The footstool of a thing so mean;

X.

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
 Who thus can hoard his own!
 And Monarchs bowed the trembling limb,
 And thanked him for a throne!
 Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
 When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
 In humblest guise have shown.
 Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
 A brighter name to lure mankind!

XI.

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
 Nor written thus in vain —
 Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
 Or deepen every stain:
 If thou hadst died as honor dies,
 Some new Napoleon might arise,
 To shame the world again —
 But who would soar the solar height,
 To set in such a starless night?

XII.

Weighed in the balance, hero dust
 Is vile as vulgar clay;
 Thy scales, Mortality! are just
 To all that pass away:

But yet methought the living great
 Some higher sparks should animate,
 To dazzle and dismay :
 Nor deemed Contempt could thus make mirth
 Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

XIII.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
 Thy still imperial bride ;
 How bears her breast the torturing hour ?
 Still clings she to thy side ?
 Must she too bend, must she too share
 Thy late repentance, long despair,
 Thou throneless Homicide ?
 If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,
 'Tis worth thy vanished diadem !

XIV.

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
 And gaze upon the sea ;
 That element may meet thy smile —
 It ne'er was ruled by thee !
 Or trace with thine all idle hand
 In loitering mood upon the sand
 That Earth is now as free !
 That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
 Transferred his byword to thy brow.

XV.

That Timour ! in his captive's cage
 What thoughts will there be thine,
 While brooding in thy prisoned rage ?
 But one — "The world *was* mine !" —
 Unless, like he of Babylon,
 All sense is with thy scepter gone,
 Life will not long confine
 That spirit poured so widely forth —
 So long obeyed — so little worth !

XVI.

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
 Wilt thou withstand the shock ?
 And share with him, the unforgiven,
 His vulture and his rock !

Foredoomed by God — by man accurst,
 And that last act, though not thy worst,
 The very Fiend's arch mock;
 He in his fall preserved his pride,
 And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!



THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

BY LUDWIG UHLAND.

(Translated by Elizabeth Craigmyle.)

[JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND occupies a foremost place among the great lyric poets of Germany in the nineteenth century. Born at Tübingen, April 26, 1787, he studied law at the university there, and practiced as an advocate at Stuttgart, but subsequently devoted himself to linguistic studies and literary work. For several years he published ballads and other lyrics in various periodicals, the first collection of which, under the title of "Gedichte," appeared in 1815. To this he kept adding during his lifetime, and it is on these "Gedichte" that his fame rests. He is the acknowledged head of the so-called Swabian school of German poets. He died at Tübingen, November 13, 1862.]

THERE stood in times of story a castle proud and high,
 The sailors saw afar off its turrets pierce the sky,
 Around were perfumed gardens, a garland rich and fair,
 Within them rainbow fountains sprang sparkling high in air.

The king that ruled within it was great in power and might,
 His brows were dark and lowering, his lips with wrath were white;
 His very thoughts are murder, his glance devouring flame,
 His words they fall like scourges, in blood he writes his name.

And to the evil castle came once a minstrel pair,
 The younger's locks were golden, gray was the other's hair;
 Upon a noble charger the aged singer rode,
 With untired step beside him his young companion strode.

Then spake the gray-haired minstrel, "Be ready now, my son,
 Hard is the task that waits us; sing as thou ne'er hast done.
 Sing of all pain and pleasure, and strain thine utmost art,
 To-day we strive to soften the brute king's stony heart."

Soon stand both daring singers within the palace hall,
 The thronèd king is listening, the queen and nobles all:
 The king in fearful splendor, like the Northern Lights' red glare,
 The queen so soft and gentle, like a moonbeam white and fair.

And, hark, upon the harp-chords his hand the harper flings;
 What wondrous music shivers from out the stricken strings!
 Then like a stream came welling the youth's voice heavenly clear,
 It cadenced with the old man's, like an angel's to the ear.

They sing of love and springtime, of joy and faithfulness,
 Of freedom and of manhood, of faith and holiness;
 They sing all unknown sweetness that comes and passes by,
 They sing of all things lofty, that make the heart beat high.

The courtiers throng around them, — they are not jesting now!
 The haughty plumes are bending, to God the helmed heads bow;
 The queen's eyes melt and soften, — What are both throne and crown?
 The rose from out her bosom to the minstrel she throws down!

“Ye have seduced my people, seduce ye now my queen?”
 The king he shrieks in frenzy, trembling in wrathful teen.
 And at the stripling straightway his battle blade he flings,
 Instead of quivering music, the heart blood quivering springs.

The crowd of listeners scattered like dust before the storm.
 Upon the old man's bosom there lies a lifeless form,
 He wraps his mantle round it, he sets it on his horse,
 And upright in the saddle he binds the mangled corse.

Before the castle portal the ancient singer stood,
 He took his harp so wondrous of gold and precious wood,
 Against a marble pillar he shivered it in twain;
 Then shrieked this imprecation till the castle rang amain: —

“Woe, woe, ye palace chambers! Woe, woe, ye halls so proud!
 No more shall song or harpings within you sound aloud,
 But groans and dreary sobbings and stealthy step of slaves,
 Till Vengeance stamps your turrets a-level with men's graves!

“Woe, woe, ye perfumed gardens, in all your fair May light!
 Look on this ghastly, soulless clod, — and wither at the sight!
 On every spring and fountain shall this sight a seal be placed,
 So ye shall lie in future days a desert, stony waste.

“Woe to thee, murderer! Thine hand hath crushed the singer's
 crown;
 Fruitless shall be thy striving for the garland of renown, —
 Thy very name shall perish, despite thy craft and care,
 Even as a last death rattle dies out in empty air!”

So hath the old man cursed him — and God in heaven hath heard;
 The halls and ramparts crumble at the minstrel's magic word;
 One pillar only standeth of the ruined spendors all,
 And that, already cloven, is nodding to its fall.

Around, instead of gardens, is a desert heathen land;
 No tree gives cooling shadow, no fount breaks through the sand;
 The king has been forgotten, no bards his deeds rehearse,
 His very name is vanished! Such is the Minstrel's Curse!



GAMBLER'S LUCK.

By E. T. W. HOFFMANN.

[ERNST THEODOR WILHELM HOFFMANN, German novelist, composer, and miscellaneous writer, was a native of Königsberg, Prussia, being born January 24, 1776. He held several judicial appointments in Posen and Warsaw until the French invasion, when he was deprived of office. Thrown upon his own resources, he led a precarious existence as composer, author, and musical director at Bamberg and other places. In 1815 he resumed his career in the Prussian service, and held the post of councilor of the supreme court in Berlin until his death, June 25, 1822. His works include: "Phantasy Pieces," "The Elixir of the Devil," "Night Pieces," "Kater Murr," etc. The opera "Undine" is the best of his musical works.]

PYRMONT had a larger concourse of visitors than ever in the summer of 18—. The number of rich and illustrious strangers increased from day to day, greatly exciting the zeal of speculators of all kinds. Hence it was also that the owners of the faro bank took care to pile up their glittering gold in bigger heaps, in order that this, the bait of the noblest game, which they, like good skilled hunters, knew how to decoy, might preserve its efficacy.

Who does not know how fascinating an excitement gambling is, particularly at watering places, during the season, where every visitor, having laid aside his ordinary habits and course of life, deliberately gives himself up to leisure and ease and exhilarating enjoyment? Then gambling becomes an irresistible attraction. People who at other times never touch a card are to be seen amongst the most eager players; and besides, it is the fashion, especially in higher circles, for every one to visit the bank in the evening and lose a little money at play.

The only person who appeared not to heed this irresistible attraction, and this injunction of fashion, was a young German Baron, whom we will call Siegfried. When everybody else hurried off to the playhouse, and he was deprived of all means and all prospect of the intellectual conversation he loved, he preferred either to give reins to the flights of his fancy in solitary walks or to stay in his own room and take up a book, or even indulge in poetic attempts, in writing, himself.

As Siegfried was young, independent, rich, of noble appearance and pleasing disposition, it could not fail but that he was highly esteemed and loved, and that he had the most decisive good fortune with the fair sex. And in everything that he took up or turned his attention to, there seemed to be a singularly lucky star presiding over his actions. Rumor spoke of many extraordinary love intrigues which had been forced upon him, and out of which, however ruinous they would in all likelihood have been for many other young men, he escaped with incredible ease and success. But whenever the conversation turned upon him and his good fortune, the old gentlemen of his acquaintance were especially fond of relating a story about a watch which had happened in the days of his early youth. For it chanced once that Siegfried, while still under his guardian's care, had quite unexpectedly found himself so straitened for money on a journey that he was absolutely obliged to sell his gold watch, which was set with brilliants, merely in order to get on his way. He had made up his mind that he would have to throw away his valuable watch for an old song; but as there happened to be in the hotel where he had put up a young prince who was just in want of such an ornament, the Baron actually received for it more than it was really worth. More than a year passed and Siegfried had become his own master, when he read in the newspapers in another place that a watch was to be made the subject of a lottery. He took a ticket which cost a mere trifle, and won—the same gold watch set with brilliants which he had sold. Not long afterwards he exchanged this watch for a valuable ring. He held office for a short time under the Prince of G——, and when he retired from his post the Prince presented to him as a mark of his good will the very identical gold watch set with brilliants as before, together with a costly chain.

From this story they passed to Siegfried's obstinacy in never on any account touching a card; why, with his strongly

pronounced good luck he had all the more inducement to play ; and they were unanimous in coming to the conclusion that the Baron, notwithstanding all his other conspicuous good qualities, was a miserly fellow, far too careful and far too stingy to expose himself to the smallest possible loss. That the Baron's conduct was in every particular the direct contrary of that of an avaricious man had no weight with them ; and as is so often the case, when the majority have set their hearts upon tagging a questioning "but" on to the good name of a talented man, and are determined to find this "but" at any cost, even though it should be in their own imagination, so in the present case the sneering allusion to Siegfried's aversion to play afforded them infinite satisfaction.

Siegfried was not long in learning what was being said about him ; and since, generous and liberal as he was, there was nothing he hated and detested more than miserliness, he made up his mind to put his traducers to shame by ransoming himself from this foul aspersion at the cost of a couple of hundred *louis d'or*, or even more if need be, however much disgusted he might feel at gambling. He presented himself at the faro bank with the deliberate intention of losing the large sum which he had put in his pocket ; but in play also the good luck which stood by him in everything he undertook did not prove unfaithful. Every card he chose won. The cabalistic calculations of seasoned old players were shivered to atoms against the Baron's play. No matter whether he changed his cards or continued to stake on the same one, it was all the same : he was always a winner. In the Baron they had the singular spectacle of a punter at variance with himself because the cards fell favorable for him ; and notwithstanding that the explanation of his behavior was pretty patent, yet people looked at each other significantly and gave utterance in no ambiguous terms to the opinion that the Baron, carried along by his penchant for the marvelous, might eventually become insane, for any player who could be dismayed at his run of luck must surely be insane.

The very fact of having won a considerable sum of money made it obligatory upon the Baron to go on playing until he should have carried out his original purpose ; for in all probability his large win would be followed by a still larger loss. But people's expectations were not in the remotest degree realized, for the Baron's striking good luck continued to attend him

Without his being conscious of it, there began to be awakened in his mind a strong liking for faro, which with all its simplicity is the most ominous of games; and this liking continued to increase more and more. He was no longer dissatisfied with his good luck; gambling fettered his attention and held him fast to the table for nights and nights, so that he was perforce compelled to give credence to the peculiar attraction of the game, of which his friends had formerly spoken and which he would by no means allow to be correct, for he was attracted to faro not by the thirst for gain, but simply and solely by the game itself.

One night, just as the banker had finished a *taille*, the Baron happened to raise his eyes and observed that an elderly man had taken post directly opposite to him, and had got his eyes fixed upon him in a set, sad, earnest gaze. And as long as play lasted, every time the Baron looked up, his eyes met the stranger's dark, sad stare, until at last he could not help being struck with a very uncomfortable and oppressive feeling. And the stranger only left the apartment when play came to an end for the night. The following night he again stood opposite the Baron, staring at him with unaverted gaze, whilst his eyes had a dark, mysterious, spectral look. The Baron still kept his temper. But when on the third night the stranger appeared again and fixed his eyes, burning with a consuming fire, upon the Baron, the latter burst out, "Sir, I must beg you to choose some other place. You exercise a constraining influence upon my play."

With a painful smile the stranger bowed and left the table, and the hall too, without uttering a word.

But on the next night the stranger again stood opposite the Baron, piercing him through and through with his dark, fiery glance. Then the Baron burst out still more angrily than on the preceding night, "If you think it a joke, sir, to stare at me, pray choose some other time and some other place to do so; and now have the ——" A wave of the hand towards the door took the place of the harsh words the Baron was about to utter. And, as on the previous night, the stranger, after bowing slightly, left the hall with the same painful smile upon his lips.

Siegfried was so excited and heated by play, by the wine which he had taken, and also by the scene with the stranger, that he could not sleep. Morning was already breaking, when the stranger's figure appeared before his eyes. He observed his

striking, sharp-cut features, worn with suffering, and his sad, deep-set eyes just as he had stared at him; and he noticed his distinguished bearing, which, in spite of his mean clothing, betrayed a man of high culture. And then the air of painful resignation with which the stranger submitted to the harsh words flung at him, and fought down his bitter feelings with an effort, and left the hall! "No," cried Siegfried, "I did him wrong — great wrong. Is it indeed at all like me to blaze up in this rude, ill-mannered way, like an uncultivated clown, and to offer insults to people without the least provocation?" The Baron at last arrived at the conviction that it must have been a most oppressive feeling of the sharp contrast between them which had made the man stare at him so; in the moment that he was perhaps contending with the bitterest poverty, he (the Baron) was piling up heaps and heaps of gold with all the superciliousness of the gambler. He resolved to find out the stranger that very morning and atone to him for his rudeness.

And as chance would have it, the very first person whom the Baron saw strolling down the avenue was the stranger himself.

The Baron addressed him, offered the most profuse apologies for his behavior of the night before, and in conclusion begged the stranger's pardon in all due form. The stranger replied that he had nothing to pardon, since large allowances must be made for a player deeply intent over his game, and besides, he had only himself to blame for the harsh words he had provoked, since he had obstinately persisted in remaining in the place where he disturbed the Baron's play.

The Baron went further; he said there were often seasons of momentary embarrassment in life which weighed with a most galling effect upon a man of refinement, and he plainly hinted to the stranger that he was willing to give the money he had won, or even more still, if by that means he could perhaps be of any assistance to him.

"Sir," replied the stranger, "you think I am in want, but that is not indeed the case; for though poor rather than rich, I yet have enough to satisfy my simple wants. Moreover, you will yourself perceive that as a man of honor I could not possibly accept a large sum of money from you as indemnification for the insult you conceive you have offered me, even though I were not a gentleman of birth."

"I think I understand you," replied the Baron, starting; "I am ready to grant you the satisfaction you demand."

"Good God!" continued the stranger—"good God, how unequal a contest it would be between us two! I am certain that you think as I do about a duel, that it is not to be treated as a piece of childish folly; nor do you believe that a few drops of blood, which have perhaps fallen from a scratched finger, can ever wash tarnished honor bright again. There are many cases in which it is impossible for two particular individuals to continue to exist together on this earth, even though the one live in the Caucasus and the other on the Tiber; no separation is possible so long as the hated foe can be thought of as still alive. In this case a duel to decide which of the two is to give way to the other on this earth is a necessity. Between us now, as I have just said, a duel would be fought upon unequal terms, since nohow can my life be valued so highly as yours. If I run you through, I destroy a whole world of the finest hopes; and if I fall, then you have put an end to a miserable existence, that is harrowed by the bitterest and most agonizing memories. But after all—and this is of course the main thing—I don't conceive myself to have been in the remotest degree insulted. You bade me go, and I went."

These last words the stranger spoke in a tone which nevertheless betrayed the sting in his heart. This was enough for the Baron to again apologize, which he did by especially dwelling upon the fact that the stranger's glance had, he did not know why, gone straight to his heart, till at last he could endure it no longer.

"I hope then," said the stranger, "that if my glance did really penetrate to your heart, it aroused you to a sense of the threatening danger on the brink of which you are hovering. With a light glad heart and youthful ingenuousness you are standing on the edge of the abyss of ruin; one single push and you will plunge headlong down without a hope of rescue. In a single word, you are on the point of becoming a confirmed and passionate gambler and ruining yourself."

The Baron assured him that he was completely mistaken. He related the circumstances under which he had first gone to the faro table, and assured him that he entirely lacked the gambler's characteristic disposition; all he wished was to lose two hundred *louis d'or* or so, and when he had succeeded in this he intended to cease punting. Up to that

time, however, he had had the most conspicuous run of good luck.

"Oh! but," cried the stranger, "oh! but it is exactly this run of good luck wherein lies the subtlest and most formidable temptation of the malignant enemy. It is this run of good luck which attends your play, Baron,—the circumstances under which you have begun to play,—nay, your entire behavior whilst actually engaged in play, which only too plainly betray how your interest in it deepens and increases on each occasion; all—all this reminds me only too forcibly of the awful fate of a certain unhappy man, who, in many respects like you, began to play under circumstances similar to those which you have described in your own case. And therefore it was that I could not keep my eyes off you, and that I was hardly able to restrain myself from saying in words what my glances were meant to tell you. 'Oh! see—see—see the demons stretching out their talons to drag you down into the pit of ruin.' Thus I should like to have called to you. I was desirous of making your acquaintance; and I have succeeded. Let me tell you the history of the unfortunate man whom I mentioned; you will then perhaps be convinced that it is no idle phantom of the brain when I see you in the most imminent danger, and warn you."

The stranger and the Baron both sat down upon a seat which stood quite isolated, and then the stranger began as follows:—

"The same brilliant qualities which distinguish you, Herr Baron, gained Chevalier Menars the esteem and admiration of men and made him a favorite amongst women. In riches alone Fortune had not been so gracious to him as she has been to you; he was almost in want; and it was only through exercising the strictest economy that he was enabled to appear in a state becoming his position as the scion of a distinguished family. Since even the smallest loss would be serious for him and upset the entire tenor of his course of life, he dare not indulge in play; besides, he had no inclination to do so, and it was therefore no act of self-sacrifice on his part to avoid the tables. It is to be added that he had the most remarkable success in everything which he took in hand, so that Chevalier Menars' good luck became a byword.

"One night he suffered himself to be persuaded, contrary to his practice, to visit a playhouse. The friends whom he had accompanied were soon deeply engaged in play.

“Without taking any interest in what was going forward, the Chevalier, busied with thoughts of quite a different character, first strode up and down the apartment and then stood with his eyes fixed upon the gaming table, where the gold continued to pour in upon the banker from all sides. All at once an old colonel observed the Chevalier, and cried out, ‘The devil! Here we’ve got Chevalier Menars and his good luck amongst us, and yet we can win nothing, since he has declared neither for the banker nor for the punters. But we can’t have it so any longer; he shall at once punt for me.’

“All the Baron’s attempts to excuse himself on the ground of his lack of skill and total want of experience were of no avail; the Colonel was not to be denied; the Chevalier must take his place at the table.

“The Chevalier had exactly the same run of fortune that you have, Herr Baron. The cards fell favorable for him, and he had soon won a considerable sum for the Colonel, whose joy at his grand thought of claiming the loan of Chevalier Menars’ steadfast good luck knew no bounds.

“This good luck, which quite astonished all the rest of those present, made not the slightest impression upon the Chevalier; nay, somehow, in a way inexplicable to himself, his aversion to play took deeper root, so that on the following morning when he awoke and felt the consequences of his exertion during the night, through which he had been awake, in a general relaxation both mental and physical, he took a most earnest resolve never again under any circumstances to visit a playhouse.

“And in this resolution he was still further strengthened by the old Colonel’s conduct; he had the most decided ill luck with every card he took up; and the blame for this run of bad luck he, with the most extraordinary infatuation, put upon the Chevalier’s shoulders. In an importunate manner he demanded that the Chevalier should either punt for him or at any rate stand at his side, so as by his presence to banish the perverse demon who always put into his hands cards which never turned up right. Of course it is well known that there is more absurd superstition to be found amongst gamblers than almost anywhere else. The only way in which the Chevalier could get rid of the Colonel was by declaring in a tone of great seriousness that he would rather fight him than play for him, for the Colonel was no great friend of duels. The Chevalier cursed his good nature in having complied with the old fool’s request at first.

"Now nothing less was to be expected than that the story of the Baron's marvelously lucky play should pass from mouth to mouth, and also that all sorts of enigmatical mysterious circumstances should be invented and added on to it, representing the Chevalier as a man in league with supernatural powers. But the fact that the Chevalier in spite of his good luck did not touch another card, could not fail to inspire the highest respect for his firmness of character, and so very much increase the esteem which he already enjoyed.

"Somewhere about a year later the Chevalier was suddenly placed in a most painful and embarrassing position owing to the non-arrival of the small sum of money upon which he relied to defray his current expenses. He was obliged to disclose his circumstances to his most intimate friend, who without hesitation supplied him with what he needed, at the same time twitting him with being the most hopelessly eccentric fellow that ever was. 'Destiny,' said he, 'gives us hints in what way and where we ought to seek our own benefit; and we have only our own indolence to blame if we do not heed, do not understand, these hints. The Higher Power that rules over us has whispered quite plainly in your ears, If you want money and property, go and play, else you will be poor and needy, and never independent, as long as you live.'

"And now for the first time the thought of how wonderfully fortune had favored him at the faro bank took clear and distinct shape in his mind; and both in his dreams and when awake he heard the banker's monotonous 'won, lost,' and the rattle of the gold pieces. 'Yes, it is undoubtedly so,' he said to himself, 'a single night like that one before would free me from my difficulties, and help me over the painful embarrassment of being a burden to my friends; it is my duty to follow the beckoning finger of fate.' The friends who had advised him to try play accompanied him to the playhouse, and gave him twenty *louis d'or* more that he might begin unconcerned.

"If the Chevalier's play had been splendid when he punted for the old Colonel, it was indeed doubly so now. Blindly and without choice he drew the cards he staked upon, but the invisible hand of that Higher Power which is intimately related to Chance, or rather actually is what we call Chance, seemed to be regulating his play. At the end of the evening he had won a thousand *louis d'or*.

"Next morning he awoke with a kind of dazed feeling.

The gold pieces he had won lay scattered about beside him on the table. At the first moment he fancied he was dreaming; he rubbed his eyes; he grasped the table and pulled it nearer towards him. But when he began to reflect upon what had happened, when he buried his fingers amongst the gold pieces, when he counted them with gratified satisfaction, and even counted them through again, then delight in the base mammon shot for the first time like a pernicious poisonous breath through his every nerve and fiber, then it was all over with the purity of sentiment which he had so long preserved intact. He could hardly wait for night to come that he might go to the faro table again. His good luck continued constant, so that after a few weeks, during which he played nearly every night, he had won a considerable sum.

"Now there are two sorts of players. Play simply as such affords to many an indescribable and mysterious pleasure, totally irrespective of gain. The strange complications of chance occur with the most surprising waywardness; the government of the Higher Power becomes conspicuously evident; and this it is which stirs up our spirit to move its wings and see if it cannot soar upwards into the mysterious kingdom, the fateful workshop of this Power, in order to surprise it at its labors.

"I once knew a man who spent many days and nights alone in his room, keeping a bank and punting against himself; this man was, according to my way of thinking, a genuine player. Others have nothing but gain before their eyes, and look upon play as a means to getting rich speedily. This class the Chevalier joined, thus once more establishing the truth of the saying that the real deeper inclination for play must lie in the individual nature — must be born in it. And for this reason he soon found the sphere of activity to which the punter is confined too narrow. With the very large sum of money that he had won by gambling he established a bank of his own; and in this enterprise fortune favored him to such an extent that within a short time his bank was the richest in all Paris. And agreeably to the nature of the case, the largest proportion of players flocked to him, the richest and luckiest banker.

"The heartless, demoralizing life of a gambler soon blotted out all those advantages, as well mental as physical, which had formerly secured to the Chevalier people's affection and esteem. He ceased to be a faithful friend, a cheerful, easy guest in society, a chivalrous and gallant admirer of the fair sex. Extinguished

was all his taste for science and art, and gone all striving to advance along the road to sound knowledge. Upon his deathly pale countenance, and in his gloomy eyes, where a dim, restless fire gleamed, was to be read the full expression of the extremely baneful passion in whose toils he was entangled. It was not fondness for play, no, it was the most abominable avarice which had been enkindled in his soul by Satan himself. In a single word, he was the most finished specimen of a faro banker that may be seen anywhere.

“One night Fortune was less favorable to the Chevalier than usual, although he suffered no loss of any consequence. Then a little thin old man, meanly clad, and almost repulsive to look at, approached the table, drew a card with a trembling hand, and placed a gold piece upon it. Several of the players looked up at the old man at first greatly astonished, but after that they treated him with provoking contempt. Nevertheless his face never moved a muscle, far less did he utter a single word of complaint.

“The old man lost; he lost one stake after another; but the higher his losses rose the more pleased the other players got. And at last, when the newcomer, who continued to double his stake every time, placed five hundred *louis d'or* at once upon a card and this the very next moment turned up on the losing side, one of the other players cried with a laugh, ‘Good luck, Signor Vertua, good luck! Don’t lose heart. Go on staking; you look to me as if you would finish with breaking the bank through your immense winnings.’ The old man shot a basilisk-like look upon the mocker and hurried away, but only to return at the end of half an hour with his pockets full of gold. In the last *taille* he was, however, obliged to cease playing, since he had again lost all the money he had brought back with him.

“This scornful and contemptuous treatment of the old man had excessively annoyed the Chevalier, for, in spite of all his abominable practices, he yet insisted on certain rules of good behavior being observed at his table. And so on the conclusion of the game, when Signor Vertua had taken his departure, the Chevalier felt he had sufficient grounds to speak a serious word or two to the mocker, as well as to one or two other players whose contemptuous treatment of the old man had been most conspicuous, and whom the Chevalier had bidden stay behind for this purpose.

“ ‘ Ah ! but, Chevalier,’ cried one of them, ‘ you don’t know old Francesco Vertua, or else you would have no fault to find with us and our behavior towards him ; you would rather approve of it. For let me tell you that this Vertua, a Neapolitan by birth, who has been fifteen years in Paris, is the meanest, dirtiest, most pestilent miser and usurer who can be found anywhere. He is a stranger to every human feeling ; if he saw his own brother writhing at his feet in the agonies of death, it would be an utter waste of pains to try to entice a single *louis d’or* from him, even if it were to save his brother’s life. He has a heavy burden of curses and imprecations to bear, which have been showered down upon him by a multitude of men, nay, by entire families, who have been plunged into the deepest distress through his diabolical speculations. He is hated like poison by all who know him ; everybody wishes that vengeance may overtake him for all the evil that he has done, and that it may put an end to his career of iniquity. He has never played before, at least since he has been in Paris ; and so from all this you need not wonder at our being so greatly astounded when the old skinflint appeared at your table. And for the same reasons we were, of course, pleased at the old fellow’s serious losses, for it would have been hard, very hard, if the old rascal had been favored by Fortune. It is only too certain, Chevalier, that the old fool has been deluded by the riches of your bank. He came intending to pluck you and has lost his own feathers. But yet it completely puzzles me how Vertua could act thus in a way so opposite to the true character of a miser, and could bring himself to play so high. Ah ! well — you’ll see he will not come again ; we are now quit of him.’ ”

“ But this opinion proved to be far from correct, for on the very next night Vertua presented himself at the Chevalier’s bank again, and staked and lost much more heavily than on the night preceding. But he preserved a calm demeanor through it all ; he even smiled at times with a sort of bitter irony, as though foreseeing how soon things would be totally changed. But during each of the succeeding nights the old man’s losses increased like a glacier at a greater and greater rate, till at last it was calculated that he had paid over thirty thousand *louis d’or* to the bank. Finally he entered the hall one evening, long after play had begun, with a deathly pale face and troubled looks, and took up his post at some distance from the table, his eyes riveted in a set stare upon the cards which the Chevalier

successively drew. At last, just as the Chevalier had shuffled the cards, had had them cut and was about to begin the *taille*, the old man cried in such a harsh grating voice, 'Stop!' that everybody looked round well-nigh dismayed. Then, forcing his way to the table close up to the Chevalier, he said in his ear, speaking in a hoarse voice, 'Chevalier, my house in the Rue St. Honoré, together with all the furniture and all the gold and silver and all the jewels I possess, are valued at eighty thousand francs,—will you accept the stake?' 'Very good,' replied the Chevalier, coldly, without looking round at the old man; and he began the *taille*.

"The queen," said Vertua; and at the next draw the queen had lost. The old man reeled back from the table and leaned against the wall motionless and paralyzed, like a rigid stone statue. Nobody troubled himself any further about him.

"Play was over for the night; the players were dispersing; the Chevalier and his croupiers were packing away in the strong box the gold he had won. Then old Vertua staggered like a ghost out of the corner towards the Chevalier and addressed him in a hoarse, hollow voice, 'Yet a word with you, Chevalier, —only a single word.'

"Well, what is it?" replied the Chevalier, withdrawing the key from the lock of the strong box and measuring the old man from head to foot with a look of contempt.

"I have lost all my property at your bank, Chevalier," went on the old man; 'I have nothing, nothing left. I don't know where I shall lay my head to-morrow, nor how I shall appease my hunger. You are my last resource, Chevalier; lend me the tenth part of the sum I have lost to you that I may begin my business over again, and so work my way up out of the distressed state I now am in.'

"Whatever are you thinking about," rejoined the Chevalier, 'whatever are you thinking about, Signor Vertua? Don't you know that a faro banker never dare lend of his winnings? That's against the old rule, and I am not going to violate it.'

"You are right," went on Vertua, again. 'You are right, Chevalier. My request was senseless — extravagant — the tenth part! No, lend me the twentieth part.' 'I tell you,' replied the Chevalier, impatiently, 'that I won't lend a farthing of my winnings.'

"True, true," said Vertua, his face growing paler and paler and his gaze becoming more and more set and staring, 'true,

you ought not to lend anything—I never used to. But give some alms to a beggar—give him a hundred *louis d'or* of the riches which blind Fortune has thrown in your hands to-day.'

"Of a verity you know how to torment people, Signor Vertua,' burst out the Chevalier, angrily. 'I tell you you won't get so much as a hundred, nor fifty, nor twenty, no, not so much as a single *louis d'or* from me. I should be mad to make you even the smallest advance, so as to help you begin your shameful trade over again. Fate has stamped you in the dust like a poisonous reptile, and it would simply be villainy for me to aid you in recovering yourself. Go and perish as you deserve.'

"Pressing both hands over his face, Vertua sank on the floor with a muffled groan. The Chevalier ordered his servant to take the strong box down to his carriage, and then cried in a loud voice, 'When will you hand over to me your house and effects, Signor Vertua?'

"Vertua hastily picked himself up from the ground and said in a firm voice, 'Now, at once—this moment, Chevalier; come with me.'

"'Good,' replied the Chevalier, 'you may ride with me as far as your house, which you shall leave to-morrow for good.'

"All the way neither of them spoke a single word, neither Vertua nor the Chevalier. Arrived in front of the house in the Rue St. Honoré, Vertua pulled the bell; an old woman opened the door, and on perceiving it was Vertua cried, 'Oh! good heavens, Signor Vertua, is that you at last? Angela is half dead with anxiety on your account.'

"'Silence,' replied Vertua. 'God grant she has not heard this unlucky bell! She is not to know that I have come.' And therewith he took the lighted candle out of the old woman's hand, for she appeared to be quite stunned, and lighted the Chevalier up to his own room.

"'I am prepared for the worst,' said Vertua. 'You hate, you despise me, Chevalier. You have ruined me, to your own and other people's joy; but you do not know me. Let me tell you then that I was once a gambler like you, that capricious Fortune was as favorable to me as she is to you, that I traveled through half Europe, stopping everywhere where high play and the hope of large gains enticed me, that the piles of gold continually increased in my bank as they do in yours. I had a true and beautiful wife, whom I neglected, and she was mis-

erable in the midst of all her magnificence and wealth. It happened once, when I had set up my bank in Genoa, that a young Roman lost all his rich patrimony at my bank. He besought me to lend him money, as I did you to-day, sufficient at least to enable him to travel back to Rome. I refused with a laugh of mocking scorn, and in the insane fury of despair he thrust the stiletto which he wore right into my breast. At great pains the surgeons succeeded in saving me; but it was a wearying painful time whilst I lay on the bed of sickness. Then my wife tended me, comforted me, and kept up my courage when I was ready to sink under my sufferings; and as I grew towards recovery a feeling began to glimmer within me which I had never experienced before, and it waxed ever stronger and stronger. A gambler becomes an alien to all human emotion, and hence I had not known what was the meaning of a wife's love and faithful attachment. The debt of what I owed my wife burned itself into my ungrateful heart, and also the sense of the villainous conduct to which I had sacrificed her. All those whose life's happiness, whose entire existence, I had ruined with heartless indifference were like tormenting spirits of vengeance, and I heard their hoarse hollow voices echoing from the grave, upbraiding me with all the guilt and criminality, the seed of which I had planted in their bosoms. It was only my wife who was able to drive away the unutterable distress and horror that then came upon me. I made a vow never to touch a card more. I lived in retirement; I rent asunder all the ties which held me fast to my former mode of life; I withstood the enticements of my croupiers, when they came and said they could not do without me and my good luck. I bought a small country villa not far from Rome, and thither, as soon as I was recovered of my illness, I fled for refuge along with my wife. Oh! only one single year did I enjoy a calmness, a happiness, a peaceful content, such as I had never dreamt of! My wife bore me a daughter, and died a few weeks later. I was in despair; I railed at Heaven and again cursed myself and my reprobate life, for which Heaven was now exacting vengeance upon me by depriving me of my wife—she who had saved me from ruin, who was the only creature who afforded me hope and consolation. I was driven away from my country villa hither to Paris, like the criminal who fears the horrors of solitude. Angela grew up the lovely image of her mother; my heart

was wholly wrapt up in her; for her sake I felt called upon not so much to obtain a large fortune for her as to increase what I had already got. It is the truth that I lent money at a high rate of interest; but it is a foul calumny to accuse me of deceitful usury. And who are these my accusers? Thoughtless, frivolous people who worry me to death until I lend them money, which they immediately go and squander like a thing of no worth, and then get in a rage if I demand inexorable punctuality in repayment of the money which does not indeed belong to me, — no, but to my daughter, for I merely look upon myself as her steward. It's not long since I saved a young man from disgrace and ruin by advancing him a considerable sum. As I knew he was terribly poor, I never mentioned a syllable about repayment until I knew he had got together a rich property. Then I applied to him for settlement of his debt. Would you believe it, Chevalier? the dishonorable knave, who owed all he had to me, tried to deny the debt, and on being compelled by the court to pay me, reproached me with being a villainous miser? I could tell you more such like cases; and these things have made me hard and insensible to emotion when I have to deal with folly and baseness. Nay, more — I could tell you of the many bitter tears I have wiped away, and of the many prayers which have gone up to Heaven for me and my Angela, but you would only regard it as empty boasting, and pay not the slightest heed to it, for you are a gambler. I thought I had satisfied the resentment of Heaven; it was but a delusion, for Satan has been permitted to lead me astray in a more disastrous way than before. I heard of your good luck, Chevalier. Every day I heard that this man and that had staked and staked at your bank until he became a beggar. Then the thought came into my mind that I was destined to try my gambler's luck, which had never hitherto deserted me, against yours, that the power was given me to put a stop to your practices; and this thought, which could only have been engendered by some extraordinary madness, left me no rest, no peace. Hence I came to your bank; and my terrible infatuation did not leave me until all my property — all my Angela's property — was yours. And now the end has come. I presume you will allow my daughter to take her clothing with her?

“Your daughter's wardrobe does not concern me,” replied the Chevalier. “You may also take your beds and other neces-

sary household utensils, and such like; for what could I do with all the old lumber? But see to it that nothing of value of the things which now belong to me get mixed up with it.'

"Old Vertua stared at the Chevalier a second or two utterly speechless; then a flood of tears burst from his eyes, and he sank upon his knees in front of the Chevalier, perfectly upset with trouble and despair, and raised his hands crying, 'Chevalier, have you still a spark of human feeling left in your breast? Be merciful, merciful. It is not I, but my daughter, my Angela, my innocent angelic child, whom you are plunging into ruin. Oh! be merciful to *her*; lend *her*, *her*, my Angela, the twentieth part of the property you have deprived her of. Oh! I know you will listen to my entreaty! O Angela! my daughter!' And therewith the old man sobbed and lamented and moaned, calling upon his child by name in the most heart-rending tones.

"'I am getting tired of this absurd theatrical scene,' said the Chevalier, indifferently but impatiently; but at this moment the door flew open and in burst a girl in a white nightdress, her hair disheveled, her face pale as death,—burst in and ran to old Vertua, raised him up, took him in her arms, and cried, 'O father! O father! I have heard all, I know all! Have you really lost everything—everything, really? Have you not your Angela? What need have we of money and property? Will not Angela sustain you and tend you? O father, don't humiliate yourself a moment longer before this despicable monster. It is not *we*, but *he*, who is poor and miserable in the midst of his contemptible riches; for see, he stands there deserted in his awful hopeless loneliness; there is not a heart in all the wide world to cling lovingly to his breast, to open out to him when he despairs of his own life, of himself. Come, father. Leave this house with me. Come, let us make haste and begone, that this fearful man may not exult over your trouble.'

"Vertua sank half fainting into an easy-chair. Angela knelt down before him, took his hands, kissed them, fondled them, enumerated with childish loquacity all the talents, all the accomplishments, which she was mistress of, and by the aid of which she would earn a comfortable living for her father; she besought him, from the midst of burning tears, to put aside all his trouble and distress, since her life would now first acquire true significance, when she had to sew, embroider, sing, and play her guitar, not for mere pleasure, but for her father's sake.

"Who, however hardened a sinner, could have remained insensible at the sight of Angela, thus radiant in her divine beauty, comforting her old father with sweet soft words, whilst the purest affection, the most childlike goodness, beamed from her eyes, evidently coming from the very depths of her heart?

"Quite otherwise was it with the Chevalier. A perfect Gehenna of torment and of the stinging of conscience was awakened within him. Angela appeared to him to be the avenging angel of God, before whose splendor the misty veil of his wicked infatuation melted away, so that he saw with horror the repulsive nakedness of his own miserable soul. Yet right through the midst of the flames of this infernal pit that was blazing in the Chevalier's heart passed a divine and pure ray, whose emanations of light were the sweetest rapture, the very bliss of heaven; but the shining of this ray only made his unutterable torments the more terrible to bear.

"The Chevalier had never been in love. The moment in which he saw Angela was the moment in which he was to experience the most ardent passion, and also at the same time the crushing pain of utter hopelessness. For no man who had appeared before the pure angel child, lovely Angela, in the way the Chevalier had done, could dream of hope. He attempted to speak, but his tongue seemed to be numbed by cramp. At last, controlling himself with an effort, he stammered with trembling voice, 'Signor Vertua, listen to me. I have not won anything from you — nothing at all. There is my strong box; it is yours, — nay, I must pay you yet more than there is there. I am your debtor. There, take it, take it!'

"'O my daughter!' cried Vertua. But Angela rose to her feet, approached the Chevalier, and flashed a proud look upon him, saying earnestly and composedly, 'Chevalier, allow me to tell you that there is something higher than money and goods; there are sentiments to which you are a stranger, which, whilst sustaining our souls with the comfort of Heaven, bid us reject your gift, your favor, with contempt. Keep your mammon, which is burdened with the curse that pursues you, you heartless depraved gambler.'

"'Yes,' cried the Chevalier, in a fearful voice, his eyes flashing wildly, for he was perfectly beside himself, 'yes, accursed, — accursed will I be — down into the depths of damnation may I be hurled if ever again this hand touches a card. And if you then send me from you, Angela, then it will be you who

will bring irreparable ruin upon me. Oh! you don't know—you don't understand me. You can't help but call me insane; but you will feel it—you will know all, when you see me stretched at your feet with my brains scattered. Angela! it's now a question of life or death! Farewell!

"Therewith the Chevalier rushed off in a state of perfect despair. Vertua saw through him completely; he knew what change had come over him; he endeavored to make his lovely Angela understand that certain circumstances might arise which would make it necessary to accept the Chevalier's present. Angela trembled with dread lest she should understand her father. She did not conceive how it would ever be possible to meet the Chevalier on any other terms save those of contempt. Destiny, which often ripens into shape deep down in the human heart, without the mind being aware of it, permitted that to take place which had never been thought of, never been dreamed of.

"The Chevalier was like a man suddenly wakened up out of a fearful dream; he saw himself standing on the brink of the abyss of ruin, and stretched out his arms in vain towards the bright shining figure which had appeared to him, not, however, to save him—no—but to remind him of his damnation.

"To the astonishment of all Paris, Chevalier Menars' bank disappeared from the gambling house; nobody ever saw him again; and hence the most diverse and extraordinary rumors were current, each of them more false than the rest. The Chevalier shunned all society; his love found expression in the deepest and most unconquerable despondency. It happened, however, that old Vertua and his daughter one day suddenly crossed his path in one of the dark and lonely alleys of the garden of Malmaison.

"Angela, who thought she could never look upon the Chevalier without contempt and abhorrence, felt strangely moved on seeing him so deathly pale, terribly shaken with trouble, hardly daring in his shy respect to raise his eyes. She knew quite well that ever since that ill-omened night he had altogether relinquished gambling and effected a complete revolution in his habits of life. She, she alone had brought all this about, she had saved the Chevalier from ruin—could anything be more flattering to her woman's vanity? Hence it was that, after Vertua had exchanged the usual complimentary remarks with the Chevalier, Angela asked in a tone of gentle and sym-

pathetic pity, 'What is the matter with you, Chevalier Menars? You are looking very ill and full of trouble. I am sure you ought to consult a physician.'

"It is easy to imagine how Angela's words fell like a comforting ray of hope upon the Chevalier's heart. From that moment he was not like the same man. He lifted up his head; he was able to speak in those tones, full of the real inward nature of the man, with which he had formerly won all hearts. Vertua exhorted him to come and take possession of the house he had won.

"'Yes, Signor Vertua,' cried the Chevalier, with animation, 'yes, that I will do. I will call upon you to-morrow; but let us carefully weigh and discuss all the conditions of the transfer, even though it should last some months.'

"'Be it so then, Chevalier,' replied Vertua, smiling. 'I fancy that there will arise a good many things to be discussed, of which we at the present moment have no idea.' The Chevalier, being thus comforted at heart, could not fail to develop again all the charms of manner which had once been so peculiarly his own before he was led astray by his insane, pernicious passion for gambling. His visits at old Vertua's grew more and more frequent; Angela conceived a warmer and warmer liking for the man whose safeguarding angel she had been, until finally she thought she loved him with all her heart; and she promised him her hand, to the great joy of old Vertua, who at last felt that the settlement respecting the property he had lost to the Chevalier could now be concluded.

"One day Angela, Chevalier Menars' happy betrothed, sat at her window wrapped up in varied thoughts of the delights and happiness of love, such as young girls when betrothed are wont to dwell upon. A regiment of *chasseurs* passed by to the merry sound of the trumpet, bound for a campaign in Spain. As Angela was regarding with sympathetic interest the poor men who were doomed to death in the wicked war, a young man wheeled his horse quickly to one side and looked up at her, and she sank back in her chair fainting.

"Oh! the *chasseur* who was riding to meet a bloody death was none other than young Duvernet, their neighbor's son, with whom she had grown up, who had run in and out of the house nearly every day, and had only kept away since the Chevalier had begun to visit them.

"In the young man's glance, which was charged with re-

proaches having all the bitterness of death in them, Angela became conscious for the first time, not only that he loved her unspeakably, but also how boundless was the love which she herself felt for him. Hitherto she had not been conscious of it; she had been infatuated, fascinated by the glitter which gathered ever more thickly about the Chevalier. She now understood, and for the first time, the youth's laboring sighs and quiet unpretending homage; and now too she also understood her own embarrassed heart for the first time, knew what had caused the fluttering sensation in her breast when Duvernet had come, and when she had heard his voice.

"'It is too late! I have lost him!' was the voice that spoke in Angela's soul. She had courage enough to beat down the feelings of wretchedness which threatened to distract her heart; and for that reason—namely, that she possessed the courage—she succeeded.

"Nevertheless it did not escape the Chevalier's acute perception that something had happened to powerfully affect Angela; but he possessed sufficient delicacy of feeling not to seek for a solution of the mystery, which it was evident she desired to conceal from him. He contented himself with depriving any dangerous rival of his power by expediting the marriage; and he made all arrangements for its celebration with such fine tact, and such a sympathetic appreciation of his fair bride's situation and sentiments, that she saw in them a new proof of the good and amiable qualities of her husband.

"The Chevalier's behavior towards Angela showed him attentive to her slightest wish, and exhibited that sincere esteem which springs from the purest affection; hence her memory of Duvernet soon vanished entirely from her mind. The first cloud that dimmed the bright heaven of her happiness was the illness and death of old Vertua.

"Since the night when he had lost all his fortune at the Chevalier's bank he had never touched a card, but during the last moments of his life play seemed to have taken complete possession of his soul. Whilst the priest who had come to administer to him the consolation of the Church ere he died was speaking to him of heavenly things, he lay with his eyes closed, murmuring between his teeth, 'lost, won,' whilst his trembling half-dead hands went through the motions of dealing through a *taille*, of drawing the cards. Both Angela and the Chevalier bent over him and spoke to him in the tenderest

manner, but it was of no use; he no longer seemed to know them, nor even to be aware of their presence. With a deep-drawn sigh 'won,' he breathed his last.

"In the midst of her distressing grief Angela could not get rid of an uncomfortable feeling of awe at the way in which the old man had died. She again saw in vivid shape the picture of that terrible night when she had first seen the Chevalier as a most hardened and reprobate gambler; and the fearful thought entered her mind that he might again, in scornful mockery of her, cast aside his mask of goodness and appear in his original fiendish character, and begin to pursue his old course of life once more.

"And only too soon was Angela's dreaded foreboding to become reality. However great the awe which fell upon the Chevalier at old Francesco Vertua's death scene, when the old man, despising the consolation of the Church, though in the last agonies of death, had not been able to turn his thoughts from his former sinful life—however great was the awe that then fell upon the Chevalier, yet his mind was thereby led, though how he could not explain, to dwell more keenly upon play than ever before, so that every night in his dreams he sat at the faro bank and heaped up riches anew.

"In proportion as Angela's behavior became more constrained, in consequence of her recollection of the character in which she had first seen the Chevalier, and as it became more and more impossible for her to continue to meet him upon the old affectionate, confidential footing upon which they had hitherto lived, so exactly in the same degree distrust of Angela crept into the Chevalier's mind, since he ascribed her constraint to the secret which had once disturbed her peace of mind and which had not been revealed to him. From this distrust were born displeasure and unpleasantness, and these he expressed in various ways which hurt Angela's feelings. By a singular cross action of spiritual influence Angela's recollections of the unhappy Duvernet began to recur to her mind with fresher force, and along with these the intolerable consciousness of her ruined love,—the loveliest blossom that had budded in her youthful heart. The strained relations between the pair continued to increase until things got to such a pitch that the Chevalier grew disgusted with his simple mode of life, thought it dull, and was smitten with a powerful longing to enjoy the life of the world again. His star of ill omen began to acquire the ascendancy.

The change which had been inaugurated by displeasure and great unpleasantness was completed by an abandoned wretch who had formerly been croupier in the Chevalier's faro bank. He succeeded by means of the most artful insinuations and conversations in making the Chevalier look upon his present walk of life as childish and ridiculous. The Chevalier could not understand at last how, for a woman's sake, he ever came to leave a world which appeared to him to contain all that made life of any worth.

"It was not long ere Chevalier Menars' rich bank was flourishing more magnificently than ever. His good luck had not left him; victim after victim came and fell; he amassed heaps of riches. But Angela's happiness—it was ruined—ruined in fearful fashion; it was to be compared to a short fair dream. The Chevalier treated her with indifference, nay even with contempt. Often, for weeks and months together, she never saw him once; the household arrangements were placed in the hands of a steward; the servants were being constantly changed to suit the Chevalier's whims; so that Angela, a stranger in her own house, knew not where to turn for comfort. Often during her sleepless nights the Chevalier's carriage stopped before the door, the heavy strong box was carried upstairs, the Chevalier flung out a few harsh monosyllabic words of command, and then the doors of his distant room were sent to with a bang—all this she heard, and a flood of bitter tears started from her eyes. In a state of the most heartrending anguish she called upon Duvernet time after time, and implored Providence to put an end to her miserable life of trouble and suffering.

"One day a young man of good family, after losing all his fortune at the Chevalier's bank, sent a bullet through his brain in the gambling house, and in the very same room even in which the bank was established, so that the players were sprinkled by the blood and scattered brains, and started up aghast. The Chevalier alone preserved his indifference; and, as all were preparing to leave the apartment, he asked whether it was in accordance with their rules and custom to leave the bank before the appointed hour on account of a fool who had had no conduct in his play.

"The occurrence created a great sensation. The most experienced and hardened gamblers were indignant at the Chevalier's unexampled behavior. The voice of the public was

raised against him. The bank was closed by the police. He was, moreover, accused of false play; and his unprecedented good luck tended to establish the truth of the charge. He was unable to clear himself. The fine he was compelled to pay deprived him of a considerable part of his riches. He found himself disgraced and looked upon with contempt; then he went back to the arms of the wife he had ill-used, and she willingly received him, the penitent, since the remembrance of how her own father had turned aside from the demoralizing life of a gambler allowed a glimmer of hope to rise, that the Chevalier's conversion might this time, now that he was older, really have some stamina in it.

"The Chevalier left Paris along with his wife, and went to Genoa, Angela's birthplace. Here he led a very retired life at first. But all endeavors to restore the footing of quiet domesticity with Angela, which his evil genius had destroyed, were in vain. It was not long before his deep-rooted discontent awoke anew and drove him out of the house in a state of uneasy, unsettled restlessness. His evil reputation had followed him from Paris to Genoa; he dare not venture to establish a bank, although he was being goaded to do so by a power he could hardly resist.

"At that time the richest bank in Genoa was kept by a French colonel, who had been invalided owing to serious wounds. His heart burning with envy and fierce hatred, the Chevalier appeared at the Colonel's table, expecting that his usual good fortune would stand by him, and that he should soon ruin his rival. The Colonel greeted him in a merry humor, such as was in general not customary with him, and said that now the play would really be worth indulging in since they had got Chevalier Menars and his good luck to join them, for now would come the struggle which alone made the game interesting.

"And in fact during the first *taille* the cards fell favorable to the Chevalier as they always had done. But when, relying upon his invincible luck, he at last cried '*Va banque*,' he lost a very considerable sum at one stroke.

"The Colonel, at other times preserving the same even temperament whether winning or losing, now swept the money towards him with the most demonstrative signs of extreme delight. From this moment fortune turned away from the Chevalier utterly and completely. He played every night, and

every night he lost, until his property had melted away to a few thousand ducats, which he still had in securities.

"The Chevalier had spent the whole day in running about to get his securities converted into ready money, and did not reach home until late in the evening. So soon as it was fully night, he was about to leave the house with his last gold pieces in his pocket, when Angela, who suspected pretty much how matters stood, stepped in his path and threw herself at his feet, whilst a flood of tears gushed from her eyes, beseeching him by the Virgin and all the saints to abandon his wicked purpose, and not to plunge her in want and misery.

"He raised her up and strained her to his heart with painful passionate intensity, saying in a hoarse voice, 'Angela, my dear sweet Angela! It can't be helped now, indeed it must be so; I must go on with it, for I can't let it alone. But to-morrow — to-morrow all your troubles shall be over, for by the Eternal Destiny that rules over us I swear that to-day shall be the last time I will play. Quiet yourself, my dear good child — go and sleep — dream of happy days to come, of a better life that is in store for you; that will bring good luck.' Herewith he kissed his wife and hurried off before she could stop him.

"Two *tailles*, and the Chevalier had lost all — all. He stood beside the Colonel, staring upon the faro table in moody senselessness.

"'Are you not punting any more, Chevalier?' said the Colonel, shuffling the cards for a new *taille*. 'I have lost all,' replied the Chevalier, forcing himself with an effort to be calm.

"'Have you really nothing left?' asked the Colonel at the next *taille*.

"'I am a beggar,' cried the Chevalier, his voice trembling with rage and mortification; and he continued to stare fiercely upon the table without observing that the players were gaining more and more advantages over the banker.

"The Colonel went on playing quietly. But whilst shuffling the cards for the following *taille*, he said in a low voice, without looking at the Chevalier, 'But you have a beautiful wife.'

"'What do you mean by that?' burst out the Chevalier, angrily. The Colonel drew his cards without making any answer.

"'Ten thousand ducats or — Angela!' said the Colonel, half turning round whilst the cards were being cut.

“‘You are mad!’ exclaimed the Chevalier, who now began to observe on coming more to himself that the Colonel continually lost and lost again.

“‘Twenty thousand ducats against Angela!’ said the Colonel, in a low voice, pausing for a moment in his shuffling of the cards.

“The Chevalier did not reply. The Colonel went on playing, and almost all the cards fell to the players’ side.

“‘Taken!’ whispered the Chevalier in the Colonel’s ear, as the new *taille* began, and he pushed the queen on the table.

“In the next draw the queen had lost. The Chevalier drew back from the table, grinding his teeth, and in despair stood leaning in a window, his face deathly pale.

“Play was over. ‘Well, and what’s to be done now?’ were the Colonel’s mocking words as he stepped up to the Chevalier.

“‘Ah!’ cried the Chevalier, quite beside himself, ‘you have made me a beggar, but you must be insane to imagine that you could win my wife. Are we on the islands? is my wife a slave, exposed as a mere *thing* to the brutal arbitrariness of a reprobate man, that he may trade with her, gamble with her? But it is true! You would have had to pay twenty thousand ducats if the queen had won, and so I have lost all right to raise a protest if my wife is willing to leave me to follow you. Come along with me, and despair when you see how my wife will repel you with detestation when you propose to her that she shall follow you as your shameless mistress.’

“‘You will be the one to despair,’ replied the Colonel, with a mocking, scornful laugh; ‘you will be the one to despair, Chevalier, when Angela turns with abhorrence from you — you, the abandoned sinner, who have made her life miserable — and flies into my arms in rapture and delight; you will be the one to despair when you learn that we have been united by the blessing of the Church, and that our dearest wishes are crowned with happiness. You call me insane. Ho! ho! All I wanted to win was the right to claim her, for of Angela herself I am sure. Ho! ho! Chevalier, let me inform you that your wife loves *me* — *me*, with unspeakable love: let me inform you that I am that Duvernet, the neighbor’s son, who was brought up along with Angela, bound to her by ties of the most ardent affection — he whom you drove away by means of your diabolical devices. Ah! it was not until I had to go away to the

wars that Angela became conscious to herself of what I was to her; I know all. It was too late. The Spirit of Evil suggested to me the idea that I might ruin you in play, and so I took to gambling,—followed you to Genoa,—and now I have succeeded. Away now to your wife.’

“The Chevalier was almost annihilated, like one upon whose head had fallen the most disastrous blows of fortune. Now he saw to the bottom of that mysterious secret, now he saw for the first time the full extent of the misfortune which he had brought upon poor Angela. ‘Angela, my wife, shall decide,’ he said hoarsely, and followed the Colonel, who was hurrying off at full speed.

“On reaching the house the Colonel laid his hand upon the latch of Angela’s chamber; but the Chevalier pushed him back, saying, ‘My wife is asleep. Do you want to rouse her up out of her sweet sleep?’

“‘Hm!’ replied the Colonel. ‘Has Angela ever enjoyed sweet sleep since you brought all this nameless misery upon her?’ Again the Colonel attempted to enter the chamber; but the Chevalier threw himself at his feet and screamed, frantic with despair, ‘Be merciful. Let me keep my wife; you have made me a beggar, but let me keep my wife.’

“‘That’s how old Vertua lay at your feet, you miscreant dead to all feeling, and could not move your stony heart; may Heaven’s vengeance overtake you for it.’ Thus spoke the Colonel; and he again strode towards Angela’s chamber.

“The Chevalier sprang towards the door, tore it open, rushed to the bed in which his wife lay, and drew back the curtains, crying, ‘Angela! Angela!’ Bending over her he grasped her hand; but all at once he shook and trembled in mortal anguish and cried in a thundering voice, ‘Look! look! you have won my wife’s corpse.’

“Perfectly horrified, the Colonel approached the bed; no sign of life!—Angela was dead—dead.

“Then the Colonel doubled his fist and shook it heavenwards, and rushed out of the room uttering a fearful cry. Nothing more was ever heard of him.”

This was the end of the stranger’s tale; and the Baron was so shaken that before he could say anything the stranger had hastily risen from the seat and gone away.

A few days later the stranger was found in his room suffer-

ing from apoplexy of the nerves. He never opened his mouth up to the moment of his death, which ensued after the lapse of a few hours. His papers proved that, though he called himself Baudasson simply, he was no less a person than the unhappy Chevalier Menars himself.

The Baron recognized it as a warning from Heaven, that Chevalier Menars had been led across his path to save him just as he was approaching the brink of the precipice; he vowed that he would withstand all the seductions of the gambler's deceptive luck.

Up till now he has faithfully kept his word.



EARLY POEMS OF BRYANT.

[WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, an American poet, was born at Cummington, Mass., November 3, 1794. After attending Williams College for one year, he adopted law as a profession, but gradually abandoned it for literary and journalistic work. He became a voluminous contributor of prose and verse to periodicals, and for more than half a century was editorially connected with the New York *Evening Post*, in which he opposed the extension of slavery and supported the Union. He began to write poetry at an early age, and first won recognition with "Thanatopsis" (1816). His other notable compositions are: "The Ages," "The Flood of Years," "To a Waterfowl," and translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. His complete poetical works, edited by Parke Godwin, were published in 1883. Bryant died in New York, June 12, 1878.]

THANATOPSIS.

To HIM who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—

Comes a still voice — Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone — nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. — The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods — rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. — Take the wings
Of morning — and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings — yet — the dead are there ;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest — and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living — and no friend
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh

When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
 Plod on, and each one as before will chase
 His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
 And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man, —
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
 By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, that moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
 The desert and illimitable air —
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
 At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,

Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near,

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

JUNE.

I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round;
And thought, that when I came to lie
Within the silent ground,
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,
When brooks sent up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mold,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away! — I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mold gently pressed
Into my narrow place of rest.

There, through the long, long summer hours
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.

The oriole should build and tell
 His love-tale, close beside my cell;
 The idle butterfly
 Should rest him there, and there be heard
 The housewife bee and humming-bird.

And what if cheerful shouts, at noon,
 Come from the village sent,
 Or songs of maids, beneath the moon,
 With fairy laughter blent?
 And what if, in the evening light,
 Betrothed lovers walk in sight
 Of my low monument?
 I would the lovely scene around
 Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know, I know I should not see
 The season's glorious show,
 Nor would its brightness shine for me,
 Nor its wild music flow;
 But if, around my place of sleep,
 The friends I love should come to weep,
 They might not haste to go.
 Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom,
 Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
 The thought of what has been,
 And speak of one who cannot share
 The gladness of the scene;
 Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
 The circuit of the summer hills,
 Is — that his grave is green;
 And deeply would their hearts rejoice
 To hear, again, his living voice.

SUMMER WIND.

It is a sultry day; the sun has drunk
 The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
 There is no rustling in the lofty elm
 That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
 Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint

And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing. The plants around
Feel the too potent fervors: the tall maize
Rolls up its long green leaves; the clover droops
Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.
But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,
With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,
As if the scorching heat and dazzling light
Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,
Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven,—
Their bases on the mountains—their white tops
Shining in the far ether—fire the air
With a reflected radiance, and make turn
The gazer's eye away. For me, I lie
Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,
Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,
Retains some freshness, and I woo the wind
That still delays its coming. Why so slow,
Gentle and voluble spirit of the air?
Oh, come and breathe upon the fainting earth
Coolness and life. Is it that in his caves
He hears me? See, on yonder woody ridge,
The pine is bending his proud top, and now
Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak
Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes!
Lo, where the grassy meadow runs in waves!
The deep distressful silence of the scene
Breaks up with mingling of unnumbered sounds
And universal motion. He is come,
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,
And bearing on their fragrance; and he brings
Music of birds, and rustling of young boughs
And sound of swaying branches, and the voice
Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs
Are stirring in his breath; a thousand flowers,
By the road-side and the borders of the brook,
Nod gayly to each other; glossy leaves
Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew
Were on them yet, and silver waters break
Into small waves and sparkle as he comes.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and
stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain,
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on
men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and
glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will
come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are
still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he
bore,

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the
leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

POEMS OF JOANNA BAILLIE.

[JOANNA BAILLIE, Scotch poet and dramatist, was born in Bothwell Manse, Lanarkshire, September 11, 1762, and came to London in 1784, to reside with her brother, Matthew Baillie, one of the physicians in ordinary to George III. and George IV. Subsequently she moved to a house in Hampstead, and was visited by men of genius from all over the world. In 1798 she published the first series of her "Plays on the Passions," in which she delineates the principal passions of the mind, each passion being made the subject of a tragedy and a comedy. "De Montfort" was produced by John Kemble at Drury Lane, and "The Family Legend" met with great success at the Theater Royal, Edinburgh, where it was brought out under the auspices of Sir Walter Scott. Miss Baillie died at Hampstead, February 23, 1861.]

WOODED AND MARRIED AND A'.

[Version taken from an old song of that name.]

THE bride she is winsome and bonny,
 Her hair is snooded sae sleek,
 And faithful and kind is her Johnny,
 Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.
 New pearlins are cause of her sorrow,
 New pearlins and plenishing too,
 The bride that has a' to borrow
 Has e'en right mickle ado.
 Wooded and married and a'!
 Wooded and married and a'!
 Is na' she very weel aff
 To be wooded and married at a'?

Her mither then hastily spak',
 "The lassie is glaikit wi' pride;
 In my pouch I had never a plack
 On the day when I was a bride.
 E'en tak' to your wheel, and be clever,
 And draw out your thread in the sun;
 The gear that is gifted, it never
 Will last like the gear that is won.
 Wooded and married and a'!
 Wi' havins and tocher sae sma'!
 I think ye are very weel aff
 To be wooded and married at a'!"

"Toot, toot I," quo' her gray-headed faither,
 "She's less o' a bride than a bairn,

She's ta'en like a cout frae the heather,
 Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
 Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
 As humor inconstantly leans,
 The cheil maun be patient and steady,
 That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.
 A kerchief sae douce and sae neat,
 O'er her locks that the winds used to blaw.
 I'm baith like to laugh and to greet,
 When I think o' her married at a'!"

Then out spak' the wily bridegroom,
 Weel waled were his wordies I ween,
 "I'm rich, though my coffer be toom,
 Wi' the blinks o' your bonny blue een.
 I'm prouder o' thee by my side,
 Though thy ruffles or ribbons be few.
 Than if Kate o' the Croft were my bride,
 Wi' purples and pearlins enow.
 Dear and dearest of ony!
 Ye're wooed and buikit and a'!
 And do ye think scorn o' your Johnny,
 And grieve to be married at a'?"

She turned and she blushed and she smiled,
 And she looket sae bashfully down;
 The pride o' her heart was beguiled,
 And she played wi' the sleeves o' her gown;
 She twirled the tag o' her lace,
 And she nippet her bodice sae blue,
 Syne blinket sae sweet in his face,
 And off like a maukin she flew.
 Wooed and married and a'!
 Wi' Johnny to roose her and a'!
 She thinks hersel' very weel aff,
 To be wooed and married at a'!

IT WAS ON A MORN.

It was on a morn, when we were thrang,
 The Kirn it crooned, the cheese was making
 And bannocks on the girdle baking,
 When aye at the door chappt loud and lang.
 Yet the auld gudewife and her mays sae tight,
 Of a' this bauld din took sina' notice I ween;

For a chap at the door in braid daylight
Is no like a chap that's heard at e'en.

But the docksy auld laird of the Warlock glen,
Wha waited without, half blate, half cheery,
And langed for a sight o' his winsome deary,
Raised up the latch, and cam crouselly ben.

His coat it was new and his o'erlay was white,
His mittens and hose were cozie ane bien;
But a wooer that comes in braid daylight,
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

He greeted the carline and lasses and braw,
And his bare lyart pow, sae smoothly he straitit,
And he looket about, like a body half glaikit,
On bonny sweet Nanny, the youngest of a'.

"Ha laird!" quo' the carline, "and look ye that way?
Fy let na' sic fancies bewilder you clean:
An elderlin man, in the noon o' the day,
Should be wiser than youngsters that come at e'en."

"Na, na," quo' the pawky auld wife, "I trow,
You'll no' fash your head wi' a youthfu' gilly,
As wild and as skeigh as a muirland filly;
Black Madge is far better and fitter for you."

He hemmed and he hawed, and he drew in his mouth,
And he squeezed the blue bannet his twa hands between,
For a wooer that comes when the sun's i' the south,
Is mair landward than woovers that come at e'en.

"Black Madge is sae carefu'" — "What's that to me?"
"She's sober and eydent, has sense in her noddle:
She's douce and respeckit" — "I care na' a bodle:
Love wi' not be guided, and fancy's free."

Madge tossed back her head wi' a saucy slight,
And Nanny, loud laughing, ran out to the green;
For a wooer that comes when the sun shines bright
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

Then away flung the laird, and loud muttered he,
"A' the daughters of Eve, between Orkney and Tweed, O!
Black or fair, young or auld, dame or damsel or widow,
May gang in their sarks to the de'il for me!"

But the auld gudewife and her mays sae tight
 Cared little for a' his stour banning, I ween;
 For a wooer that comes in braid daylight,
 Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.



ON THE CONVERSATION OF AUTHORS.

By WILLIAM HAZLITT.

[WILLIAM HAZLITT, English critic and man of letters, was born in Maidstone, April 10, 1778; died in London, September 18, 1830. He was an unsuccessful artist, then a powerful but irregular periodical writer and lecturer. His essays, sketches, and lectures have been collected as "Table Talk," "The Round Table," "Conversations with Northcote," "The Spirit of the Age," "Elizabethan Dramatists," "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays," and "Lectures on English Poets." He wrote also a voluminous "Life of Napoleon," and other works, philosophical and autobiographical.]

IN general, wit shines only by reflection. You must take your cue from your company—must rise as they rise, and sink as they fall. You must see that your good things, your knowing allusions, are not flung away, like the pearls in the adage. What a check it is to be asked a foolish question; to find that the first principles are not understood! You are thrown on your back immediately; the conversation is stopped like a country dance by those who do not know the figure. But when a set of adepts, of *illuminati*, get about a question, it is worth while to hear them talk. They may snarl and quarrel over it, like dogs; but they pick it bare to the bone—they masticate it thoroughly.

This was the case formerly at Lamb's—where we used to have many lively skirmishes at their Thursday evening parties. I doubt whether the small-coal man's musical parties could exceed them. Oh! for the pen of John Bunce to consecrate a *petit souvenir* to their memory! There was Lamb himself, the most delightful, the most provoking, the most witty and sensible of men. He always made the best pun and the best remark in the course of the evening. His serious conversation, like his serious writing, is his best. No one ever stammered out such fine, piquant, deep, eloquent things in half a dozen half-sentences as he does. His jests scald like tears, and he probes a question with a play upon words. What a keen, laughing, hare-brained vein of home-felt truth! What choice venom! How often did we cut into the haunch of letters,

while we discussed the haunch of mutton on the table! How we skimmed the cream of criticism! How we got into the heart of controversy! How we picked out the marrow of authors! "And, in our flowing cups, many a good name and true was freshly remembered." Recollect (most sage and critical reader) that in all this I was but a guest! Need I go over the names? They were but the old, everlasting set—Milton and Shakespeare, Pope and Dryden, Steele and Addison, Swift and Gay, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Richardson, Hogarth's prints, Claude's landscapes, the cartoons at Hampton Court, and all those things that, having once been, must ever be. The Scotch novels had not then been heard of: so we said nothing about them. In general, we were hard upon the moderns. The author of the *Rambler* was only tolerated in Boswell's "Life" of him; and it was as much as any one could do to edge in a word for "Junius." Lamb could not bear "Gil Blas." This was a fault. I remember the greatest triumph I ever had was in persuading him, after some years' difficulty, that Fielding was better than Smollett. On one occasion, he was for making out a list of persons famous in history that one would wish to see again—at the head of whom were Pontius Pilate, Sir Thomas Browne, and Dr. Faustus—but we blackballed most of his list! But with what a gusto would he describe his favorite authors, Donne, or Sir Philip Sidney, and call their most crabbed passages *delicious*! He tried them on his palate as epicures taste olives, and his observations had a smack in them, like a roughness on the tongue. With what discrimination he hinted a defect in what he admired most—as in saying that the display of the sumptuous banquet in "Paradise Regained" was not in true keeping, as the simplest fare was all that was necessary to tempt the extremity of hunger—and stating that Adam and Eve in "Paradise Lost" were too much like married people. He has furnished many a text for Coleridge to preach upon. There was no fuss or cant about him; nor were his sweets or his sour sours ever diluted with one particle of affectation. I cannot say that the party at Lamb's were all of one description. There were honorary members, lay brothers. Wit and good fellowship was the motto inscribed over the door. When a stranger came in, it was not asked, "Has he written anything?"—we were above that pedantry; but we waited to see what he could do. If he could take a hand at piquet, he was welcome to sit down. If a person liked

anything, if he took snuff heartily, it was sufficient. He could understand, by analogy, the pungency of other things besides Irish blackguard or Scotch rappee. A character was good anywhere, in a room or on paper. But we abhorred insipidity, affectation, and fine gentlemen. There was one of our party who never failed to mark "two for his Nob" at cribbage, and he was thought no mean person. This was Ned Phillips, and a better fellow in his way breathes not. There was —, who asserted some incredible matter of fact as a likely paradox, and settled all controversies by an *ipse dixit*, a fiat of his will, hammering out many a hard theory on the anvil of his brain—the Baron Munchausen of politics and practical philosophy; there was Captain Burney, who had you at an advantage by never understanding you—there was Jem White, the author of "Falstaff's Letters," who the other day left this dull world to go in search of more kindred spirits, "turning like the latter end of a lover's lute"—there was Ayrton, who sometimes dropped in, the Will Honeycomb of our set—and Mrs. Reynolds, who, being of a quiet turn, loved to hear a noisy debate. An utterly uninformed person might have supposed this a scene of vulgar confusion and uproar. While the most critical question was pending, while the most difficult problem in philosophy was solving, Phillips cried out, "That's game," and Martin Burney muttered a quotation over the last remains of a veal pie at a side table. Once, and once only, the literary interest overcame the general. For Coleridge was riding the high German horse, and demonstrating the Categories of the Transcendental Philosophy to the author of the "Road to Ruin," who insisted on his knowledge of German and German metaphysics, having read the "Critique of Pure Reason" in the original. "My dear Mr. Holcroft," said Coleridge, in a tone of infinitely provoking conciliation, "you really put me in mind of a sweet, pretty German girl, about fifteen, that I met with in the Hartz forest in Germany—and who one day, as I was reading the "Limits of the Knowable and the Unknowable," the profoundest of all his works, with great attention, came behind my chair and, leaning over, said, 'What, *you* read Kant? Why, *I* that am a German born don't understand him!'" This was too much to bear, and Holcroft, starting up, called out in no measured tone, "Mr. Coleridge, you are the most eloquent man I ever met with, and the most troublesome with your eloquence!" Phillips held the cribbage peg that was to mark him game suspended in

his hand; and the whist table was silent for a moment. I saw Holcroft downstairs, and, on coming to the landing place at Mitre Court, he stopped me to observe that "he thought Mr. Coleridge a very clever man, with a great command of language, but that he feared he did not always affix very precise ideas to the words he used." After he was gone, we had our laugh out, and went on with the argument on the nature of Reason, the Imagination, and the Will. I wish I could find a publisher for it: it would make a supplement to the "Biographia Literaria" in a volume and a half octavo.

Those days are over! An event, the name of which I wish never to mention, broke up our party, like a bombshell thrown into the room: and now we seldom meet—

Like angels' visits, short and far between.

There is no longer the same set of persons, nor of associations. Lamb does not live where he did. By shifting his abode, his notions seem less fixed. He does not wear his old snuff-colored coat and breeches. It looks like an alteration in his style. An author and a wit should have a separate costume, a particular cloth: he should present something positive and singular to the mind, like Mr. Douce of the Museum. Our faith in the religion of letters will not bear to be taken to pieces, and put together again by caprice or accident. Leigh Hunt goes there sometimes. He has a fine, vinous spirit about him, and tropical blood in his veins; but he is better at his own table. He has a great flow of pleasantry and delightful animal spirits; but his hits do not tell like Lamb's: you cannot repeat them the next day. He requires not only to be appreciated, but to have a select circle of admirers and devotees, to feel himself quite at home. He sits at the head of a party with great gayety and grace; has an elegant manner and turn of features; is never at a loss,—*aliquando sufflaminandus erat*,—has continual, sportive sallies of wit or fancy; tells a story capitally; mimics an actor or an acquaintance to admiration; laughs with great glee and good humor at his own or other people's jokes; understands the point of an equivoque or an observation immediately; has a taste and knowledge of books, of music, of medals; manages an argument adroitly; is genteel and gallant, and has a set of bye-phrases and quaint allusions always at hand to produce a laugh: if he has a fault, it is that he does not listen so well

as he speaks, is impatient of interruption, and is fond of being looked up to, without considering by whom. I believe, however, he has pretty well seen the folly of this. Neither is his ready display of personal accomplishment and variety of resources an advantage to his writings. They sometimes present a desultory and slipshod appearance, owing to this very circumstance. The same things that tell, perhaps, best to a private circle round the fireside are not always intelligible to the public, nor does he take pains to make them so. He is too confident and secure of his audience. That which may be entertaining enough with the assistance of a certain liveliness of manner, may read very flat on paper, because it is abstracted from all the circumstances that had set it off to advantage. A writer should recollect that he has only to trust to the immediate impression of words, like a musician who sings without the accompaniment of an instrument. There is nothing to help out, or slubber over, the defects of the voice in the one case, nor of the style in the other. The reader may, if he pleases, get a very good idea of Leigh Hunt's conversation from a very agreeable paper he has lately published, called the *Indicator*, than which nothing can be more happily conceived or executed.

The art of conversation is the art of hearing as well as of being heard. Authors in general are not good listeners. Some of the best talkers are, on this account, the worst company; and some who are very indifferent, but very great talkers, are as bad. It is sometimes wonderful to see how a person who has been entertaining or tiring a company by the hour together drops his countenance as if he had been shot, or had been seized with a sudden lockjaw, the moment any one interposes a single observation. The best converser I know is, however, the best listener. I mean Mr. Northcote, the painter. Painters by their profession are not bound to shine in conversation, and they shine the more. He lends his ear to an observation as if you had brought him a piece of news, and enters into it with as much avidity and earnestness as if it interested himself personally. If he repeats an old remark or story, it is with the same freshness and point as for the first time. It always arises out of the occasion, and has the stamp of originality. There is no parroting of himself. His look is a continual, ever-varying history piece of what passes in his mind. His face is a book. There need no marks of interjection or interrogation to what he says. His manner is quite picturesque. There is an excess

of character and *naïveté* that never tires. His thoughts bubble up and sparkle like beads on old wine. The fund of anecdote, the collection of curious particulars, is enough to set up any common retailer of jests that dines out every day; but these are not strung together like a row of galley slaves, but are always introduced to illustrate some argument or bring out some fine distinction of character. The mixture of spleen adds to the sharpness of the point, like poisoned arrows. Mr. Northcote enlarges with enthusiasm on the old painters, and tells good things of the new. The only thing he ever vexed me in was his liking the "Catalogue Raisonnée." I had almost as soon hear him talk of Titian's pictures (which he does with tears in his eyes, and looking just like them) as see the originals, and I had rather hear him talk of Sir Joshua's than see them. He is the last of that school who knew Goldsmith and Johnson. How finely he describes Pope! His elegance of mind, his figure, his character, were not unlike his own. He does not resemble a modern Englishman, but puts one in mind of a Roman cardinal or a Spanish inquisitor. I never ate or drank with Mr. Northcote; but I have lived on his conversation with undiminished relish ever since I can remember — and when I leave it, I come out into the street with feelings lighter and more ethereal than I have at any other time. One of his *tête-à-têtes* would at any time make an Essay; but he cannot write himself because he loses himself in the connecting passages, is fearful to the effect, and wants the habit of bringing his ideas into one focus or view. A *lens* is necessary to collect the diverging rays, the refracted and broken angular lights of conversation, on paper. Contradiction is half the battle in talking — the being startled by what others say, and having to answer on the spot. You have to defend yourself, paragraph by paragraph, parenthesis within parenthesis. Perhaps it might be supposed that a person who excels in conversation, and cannot write, would succeed better in dialogue. But the stimulus, the immediate irritation, would be wanting; and the work would read flatter than ever from not having the very thing it pretended to have.

Lively sallies and connected discourse are very different things. There are many persons of that impatient and restless turn of mind, that they cannot wait a moment for a conclusion, or follow up the thread of any argument. In the hurry of conversation their ideas are somehow huddled into sense; but in the intervals of thought, leave a great gap between. Montes-

quieu said he often lost an idea before he could find words for it: yet he dictated, by way of saving time, to an amanuensis. This last is, in my opinion, a vile method, and a solecism in authorship. Horne Tooke, among other paradoxes, used to maintain that no one could write a good style who was not in the habit of talking and hearing the sound of his own voice. He might as well have said that no one could relish a good style without reading it aloud, as we find common people do to assist their apprehension. But there is a method of trying periods on the ear, or weighing them with the scales of the breath, without any articulate sound. Authors, as they write, may be said to "hear a sound so fine, there's nothing lives 'twixt it and silence." Even musicians generally compose in their heads. I agree that no style is good that is not fit to be spoken or read aloud with effect. This holds true not only of emphasis and cadence, but also with regard to natural idiom and colloquial freedom. Sterne's was in this respect the best style that ever was written. You fancy that you hear the people talking. For a contrary reason, no college man writes a good style, or understands it when written. Fine writing is with him all verbiage and monotony—a translation into classical centos or hexameter lines.

That which I have just mentioned is among many instances I could give of ingenious absurdities advanced by Mr. Tooke in the heat and pride of controversy. A person who knew him well, and greatly admired his talents, said of him that he never (to his recollection) heard him defend an opinion which he thought right, or in which he believed him to be himself sincere. He indeed provoked his antagonists into the toils by the very extravagance of his assertions, and the teasing sophistry by which he rendered them plausible. His temper was prompter to his skill. He had the manners of a man of the world, with great scholastic resources. He flung every one else off his guard, and was himself immovable. I never knew any one who did not admit his superiority in this kind of warfare. He put a full stop to one of Coleridge's long-winded prefatory apologies for his youth and inexperience, by saying abruptly, "Speak up, young man!" and, at another time, silenced a learned professor by desiring an explanation of a word which the other frequently used, and which, he said, he had been many years trying to get at the meaning of—the copulative *Is*! He was the best intellectual fencer of his day.

He made strange havoc of Fuseli's fantastic hieroglyphics, violent humors, and oddity of dialect. Curran, who was sometimes of the same party, was lively and animated in convivial conversation, but dull in argument; nay, averse to anything like reasoning or serious observation, and had the worst taste I ever knew. His favorite critical topics were to abuse Milton's "Paradise Lost," and "Romeo and Juliet." Indeed, he confessed a want of sufficient acquaintance with books when he found himself in literary society in London. He and Sheridan once dined at John Kemble's with Mrs. Inchbald and Mary Woolstonecroft, when the discourse almost wholly turned on Love "from noon to dewy eve, a summer's day!" What a subject! What speakers, and what hearers! What would I not give to have been there, had I not learned it all from the bright eyes of Amaryllis, and may one day make a "Table-talk" of it! Peter Pindar was rich in anecdote and grotesque humor, and profound in technical knowledge both of music, poetry, and painting, but he was gross and overbearing. Wordsworth sometimes talks like a man inspired on subjects of poetry (his own out of the question), Coleridge well on every subject, and Godwin on none. To finish this subject—Mrs. Montagu's conversation is as fine cut as her features, and I like to sit in the room with that sort of coronet face. What she says leaves a flavor, like fine, green tea. Hunt's is like champagne, and Northcote's like anchovy sandwiches. Haydon's is like a game at trap ball, Lamb's like snapdragon, and my own (if I do not mistake the matter) is not very much unlike a game at ninepins! . . . One source of the conversation of authors is the character of other authors, and on that they are rich indeed. What things they say! What stories they tell of one another, more particularly of their friends! If I durst only give some of these confidential communications! . . . The reader may perhaps think the foregoing a specimen of them—but indeed he is mistaken.

I do not know of any greater impertinence than for an obscure individual to set about pumping a character of celebrity. "Bring him to me," said a Dr. Tronchin, speaking of Rousseau, "that I may see whether he has anything in him." Before you can take measure of the capacity of others, you ought to be sure that they have not taken measure of yours. They may think you a spy on them, and may not like their company. If you really want to know whether another person

can talk well, begin by saying a good thing yourself, and you will have a right to look for a rejoinder. "The best tennis players," says Sir Fopling Flutter, "make the best matches."

—— For wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis, which men do the best
With the best players.

We hear it often said of a great author, or a great actress, that they are very stupid people in private. But he was a fool that said so. *Tell me your company, and I'll tell you your manners.* In conversation, as in other things, the action and reaction should bear a certain proportion to each other. Authors may, in some sense, be looked upon as foreigners, who are not naturalized even in their native soil. Lamb once came down into the country to see us. He was "like the most capricious poet Ovid among the Goths." The country people thought him an oddity, and did not understand his jokes. It would be strange if they had; for he did not make any while he stayed. But when he crossed the country to Oxford, then he spoke a little. He and the old colleges were "hail fellow well met"; and in the quadrangles he "walked gowned."

There is a character of a gentleman; so there is a character of a scholar, which is no less easily recognized. The one has an air of books about him, as the other has of good breeding. The one wears his thoughts as the other does his clothes, gracefully; and even if they are a little old-fashioned, they are not ridiculous: they have had their day. The gentleman shows, by his manner, that he has been used to respect from others; the scholar that he lays claim to self-respect and to a certain independence of opinion. The one has been accustomed to the best company; the other has passed his time in cultivating an intimacy with the best authors. There is nothing forward or vulgar in the behavior of the one; nothing shrewd or petulant in the observations of the other, as if he should astonish the bystanders, or was astonished himself at his own discoveries. Good taste and good sense, like common politeness, are, or are supposed to be, matters of course. One is distinguished by an appearance of marked attention to every one present; the other manifests an habitual air of abstraction and absence of mind. The one is not an upstart, with all the self-important airs of the founder of his own fortune; nor the other a self-

taught man, with the repulsive self-sufficiency which arises from an ignorance of what hundreds have known before him. We must excuse perhaps a little conscious family pride in the one, and a little harmless pedantry in the other. As there is a class of the first character which sinks into the mere gentleman, that is, which has nothing but this sense of respectability and propriety to support it — so the character of a scholar not unfrequently dwindles down into the shadow of a shade, till nothing is left of it but the mere bookworm. There is often something amiable as well as enviable in this last character. I know one such instance, at least. The person I mean has an admiration for learning, if he is only dazzled by its light. He lives among old authors, if he does not enter much into their spirit. He handles the covers, and turns over the pages, and is familiar with the names and dates. He is busy and self-involved. He hangs like a film and cobweb upon letters, or is like the dust upon the outside of knowledge, which should not be rudely brushed aside. He follows learning as its shadow; but as such, he is respectable. He browses on the husk and leaves of books, as the young fawn browses on the bark and leaves of trees. Such a one lives all his life in a dream of learning, and has never once had his sleep broken by a real sense of things. He believes implicitly in genius, truth, virtue, liberty, because he finds the names of these things in books. He thinks that love and friendship are the finest things imaginable, both in practice and theory. The legend of good women is to him no fiction. When he steals from the twilight of his cell, the scene breaks upon him like an illuminated missal, and all the people he sees are but so many figures in a *camera obscura*. He reads the world, like a favorite volume, only to find beauties in it, or like an edition of some old work which he is preparing for the press, only to make emendations in it, and correct the errors that have inadvertently slipped in. He and his dog Tray are much the same honest, simple-hearted, faithful, affectionate creatures — if Tray could but read! His mind cannot take the impression of vice: but the gentleness of his nature turns gall to milk. He would not hurt a fly. He draws the picture of mankind from the guileless simplicity of his own heart: and when he dies, his spirit will take its smiling leave, without having ever had an ill thought of others, or the consciousness of one in itself!

FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER.

BY MRS. SHELLEY.

[MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN, daughter of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft (*q.v.*), was born in 1797, her mother dying a few days after. In 1814 she eloped with Shelley, and lived with him in a *union libre* till his deserted first wife (Harriet Westbrook) committed suicide, when they were married. In 1816, while in Switzerland with him, Byron, and others, each set about writing a tale of the supernatural; her own contribution was "Frankenstein," still famous as a "situation," but little read as a book. After Shelley's drowning in 1823, she returned to London, living first by her pen and then on an allowance from Shelley's father, and dying in 1851. None of her other work — as "Valperga" (1823), "The Last Man" (1826), "The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck" (1830), "Falkner" (1835) — at all justified the promise of "Frankenstein."]

THE CREATION.

[Victor Frankenstein has mastered physiological science so far as to endue dead matter with vitality.]

IT WAS on a dreary night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavored to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful! — Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same color as the dun white sockets in which they were set, his shriveled complexion, and straight black lips.

The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardor that far exceeded moderation; but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room,

and continued a long time traversing my bedchamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length lassitude succeeded to the tumult I had before endured; and I threw myself on the bed in my clothes, endeavoring to seek a few moments of forgetfulness. But it was in vain: I slept, indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams. I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of health, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her; but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips, they became livid with the hue of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. I started from my sleep with horror; a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed: when, by the dim and yellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window shutters, I beheld the wretch—the miserable monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed; and his eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped,—and rushed downstairs. I took refuge in the courtyard belonging to the house which I inhabited; where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably given life.

Oh! no mortal could support the horror of that countenance. A mummy again endued with animation could not be so hideous as that wretch. I had gazed on him while unfinished; he was ugly then; but when those muscles and joints were rendered capable of motion, it became a thing such as even Dante could not have conceived.

THE REQUEST.

[The creature has wandered off and eagerly sought human sympathy and companionship; but repulsed with horror and loathing even by those it has benefited, becomes demonic with revenge, and murders its creator's young brother. It tries to talk.]

The being finished speaking, and fixed his looks upon me in expectation of a reply. But I was bewildered, perplexed,

and unable to arrange my ideas sufficiently to understand the full extent of his proposition. He continued : " You must create a female for me, with whom I can live in the interchange of those sympathies necessary for my being. This you alone can do ; and I demand it of you as a right which you must not refuse to concede."

" I do refuse it," I replied ; " and no torture shall ever extort a consent from me. You may render me the most miserable of men, but you shall never make me base in my own eyes. Shall I create another like yourself, whose joint wickedness might desolate the world ? Begone ! I have answered you ; you may torture me, but I will never consent."

" You are in the wrong," replied the fiend ; " and, instead of threatening, I am content to reason with you. I am malicious because I am miserable. Am I not shunned and hated by all mankind ? You, my creator, would tear me to pieces, and triumph ; remember that, and tell me why I should pity man more than he pities me ? You would not call it murder, if you could precipitate me into one of those ice-rifts, and destroy my frame, the work of your own hands. Shall I respect man, when he contemns me ? Let him live with me in the interchange of kindness ; and, instead of injury, I would bestow every benefit upon him with tears of gratitude at his acceptance. But that cannot be ; the human senses are insurmountable barriers to our union. Yet mine shall not be the submission of abject slavery. I will revenge my injuries : if I cannot inspire love, I will cause fear ; and chiefly towards you my arch enemy, because my creator, do I swear inextinguishable hatred. Have a care : I will work at your destruction, nor finish until I desolate your heart, so that you shall curse the hour of your birth."

A fiendish rage animated him as he said this ; his face was wrinkled into contortions too horrible for human eyes to behold ; but presently he calmed himself and proceeded : " I intended to reason. This passion is detrimental to me ; for you do not reflect that *you* are the cause of its excess. If any being felt emotions of benevolence towards me, I should return them an hundred and an hundred fold ; for that one creature's sake, I would make peace with the whole kind ! But I now indulge in dreams of bliss that cannot be realized. What I ask of you is reasonable and moderate ; I demand a creature of another sex, but as hideous as myself ; the gratification is small,

but it is all that I can receive, and it shall content me. It is true, we shall be monsters, cut off from all the world; but on that account we shall be more attached to one another. Our lives will not be happy, but they will be harmless, and free from the misery I now feel. Oh! my creator, make me happy; let me feel gratitude towards you for one benefit! Let me see that I excite the sympathy of some existing thing; do not deny me my request!"

I was moved. I shuddered when I thought of the possible consequences of my consent; but I felt that there was some justice in his argument. His tale, and the feelings he now expressed, proved him to be a creature of fine sensations; and did I not, as his maker, owe him all the portion of happiness that it was in my power to bestow? He saw my change of feeling, and continued: "If you consent, neither you nor any other human being shall ever see us again: I will go to the vast wilds of South America. My food is not that of man; I do not destroy the lamb and the kid to glut my appetite; acorns and berries afford me sufficient nourishment. My companion will be of the same nature as myself, and will be content with the same fare. We shall make our bed of dried leaves; the sun will shine on us as on man, and will ripen our food. The picture I present to you is peaceful and human, and you must feel that you could deny it only in the wantonness of power and cruelty. Pitiless as you have been towards me, I now see compassion in your eyes; let me seize the favorable moment, and persuade you to promise what I so ardently desire."

"You propose," replied I, "to fly from the habitations of man, to dwell in those wilds where the beasts of the field will be your only companions. How can you, who long for the love and sympathy of man, persevere in this exile? You will return, and again seek their kindness, and you will meet with their detestation; your evil passions will be renewed, and you will then have a companion to aid you in the task of destruction. This may not be; cease to argue the point, for I cannot consent."

"How inconstant are your feelings! but a moment ago you were moved by my representations, and why do you again harden yourself to my complaints? I swear to you, by the earth which I inhabit, and by you that made me, that, with the companion you bestow, I will quit the neighborhood of

man, and dwell as it may chance, in the most savage of places. My evil passions will have fled, for I shall meet with sympathy! my life will flow quietly away, and, in my dying moments, I shall not curse my maker."

His words had a strange effect upon me. I compassionated him, and sometimes felt a wish to console him; but when I looked upon him, when I saw the filthy mass that moved and talked, my heart sickened, and my feelings were altered to those of horror and hatred. I tried to stifle these sensations: I thought, that, as I could not sympathize with him, I had no right to withhold from him the small portion of happiness which was yet in my power to bestow. . . .

Turning to him, I said, "I consent to your demand, on your solemn oath to quit Europe for ever, and every other place in the neighborhood of man, as soon as I shall deliver into your hands a female who will accompany you in your exile."

"I swear," he cried, "by the sun, and by the blue sky of heaven, and by the fire of love that burns my heart, that if you grant my prayer, while they exist you shall never behold me again. Depart to your home and commence your labors: I shall watch their progress with unutterable anxiety; and fear not but that when you are ready I shall appear."

Saying this, he suddenly quitted me, fearful, perhaps, of any change in my sentiments. I saw him descend the mountain with greater speed than the flight of an eagle, and quickly lost him among the undulations of the sea of ice.

THE VENGEANCE CONSUMMATED.

[The monster has murdered Frankenstein's friend Clerval, and at last his bride on their wedding night: and to rid the world of the pest, Frankenstein has pursued him over the world, finally into the ice-wastes of the polar ocean, only to be wrecked by the floes after fearful hardships, and die in the cave of a Captain Walton who has picked him up, and who tells the story following.]

Great God! what a scene has just taken place! I am yet dizzy with the remembrance of it. I hardly know whether I shall have the power to detail it; yet the tale which I have recorded would be incomplete without this final and wonderful catastrophe.

I entered the cabin, where lay the remains of my ill-fated and admirable friend. Over him hung a form which I cannot find words to describe; gigantic in stature, yet uncouth and

distorted in its proportions. As he hung over the coffin, his face was concealed by long locks of ragged hair ; but one vast hand was extended, in color and apparent texture like that of a mummy. When he heard the sound of my approach, he ceased to utter exclamations of grief and horror, and sprung towards the window. Never did I behold a vision so horrible as his face, of such loathsome yet appalling hideousness. I shut my eyes involuntarily, and endeavored to recollect what were my duties with regard to this destroyer. I called on him to stay.

He paused, looking on me with wonder ; and, again turning towards the lifeless form of his creator, he seemed to forget my presence, and every feature and gesture seemed instigated by the wildest rage of some uncontrollable passion.

"That is also my victim !" he exclaimed : "in his murder my crimes are consummated ; the miserable series of my being is wound to its close ! Oh, Frankenstein, generous and self-devoted being ! what does it avail that I now ask thee to pardon me ? I, who irretrievably destroyed thee by destroying all thou lovedst. Alas ! he is cold, he cannot answer me."

His voice seemed suffocated : and my first impulses which had suggested to me the duty of obeying the dying request of my friend, in destroying his enemy, were now suspended by a mixture of curiosity and compassion. I approached this tremendous being : I dared not again raise my eyes to his face, there was something so scaring and unearthly in his ugliness. I attempted to speak, but the words died away on my lips. The monster continued to utter wild and incoherent self-reproaches. At length I gathered resolution to address him in a pause of the tempest of his passion. "Your repentance," I said, "is now superfluous. If you had listened to the voice of conscience, and heeded the stings of remorse, before you had urged your diabolical vengeance to this extremity, Frankenstein would yet have lived."

"And do you dream," said the dæmon, "do you think that I was then dead to agony and remorse ? — He," he continued, pointing to the corpse, "he suffered not in the consummation of the deed — oh ! not the ten-thousandth portion of the anguish that was mine during the lingering detail of its execution. My frightful selfishness hurried me on, while my heart was poisoned with remorse. Think you that the groans of Clerval were music to my ears ? My heart was fashioned to be susceptible of love and sympathy ; and, when wrenched by misery to vice

and hatred, it did not endure the violence of the change, without torture such as you cannot even imagine.

"After the murder of Clerval, I returned to Switzerland, heart-broken and overcome. I pitied Frankenstein; my pity amounted to horror: I abhorred myself. But when I discovered that he, the author at once of my existence and of its unspeakable torments, dared to hope for happiness; that while he accumulated wretchedness and despair upon me, he sought his own enjoyment in feelings and passions from the indulgence of which I was for ever barred, then impotent envy and bitter indignation filled me with an insatiable thirst for vengeance. I recollected my threat, and resolved that it should be accomplished. I knew that I was preparing for myself a deadly torture; but I was the slave, not the master, of an impulse which I detested, yet could not disobey. Yet when she died! — nay, then I was not miserable. I had cast off all feeling, subdued all anguish, to riot in the excess of my despair. Evil thenceforth became my good. Urged thus far, I had no choice but to adapt my nature to an element which I had willingly chosen. The completion of my demoniacal design became an insatiable passion. And now it is ended; there is my last victim!"

I was at first touched by the expressions of his misery: yet, when I called to mind what Frankenstein had said of his powers of eloquence and persuasion, and when I again cast my eyes on the lifeless form of my friend, indignation was rekindled within me. "Wretch!" I said, "it is well that you come here to whine over the desolation that you have made. You throw a torch into a pile of buildings; and, when they are consumed, you sit among the ruins, and lament the fall. Hypocritical fiend! if he whom you mourn still lived, still would he be the object, again would he become the prey, of your accursed vengeance. It is not pity that you feel; you lament only because the victim of your malignity is withdrawn from your power."

"Oh, it is not thus — not thus," interrupted the being; "yet such must be the impression conveyed to you by what appears to be the purport of my actions. Yet I seek not a fellow-feeling in my misery. No sympathy may I ever find. When I first sought it, it was the love of virtue, the feelings of happiness and affection with which my whole being overflowed, that I wished to be participated. But now that virtue has become

to me a shadow, and that happiness and affection are turned into bitter and loathing despair, in what should I seek for sympathy? I am content to suffer alone, while my sufferings shall endure; when I die, I am well satisfied that abhorrence and opprobrium should load my memory. Once my fancy was soothed with dreams of virtue, of fame, and of enjoyment. Once I falsely hoped to meet with beings who, pardoning my outward form, would love me for the excellent qualities which I was capable of unfolding. I was nourished with high thoughts of honor and devotion. But now crime has degraded me beneath the meanest animal. No guilt, no mischief, no malignity, no misery can be found comparable to mine. When I run over the frightful catalogue of my sins, I cannot believe that I am the same creature whose thoughts were once filled with sublime and transcendent visions of the beauty and the majesty of goodness. But it is even so; the fallen angel becomes a malignant devil. Yet even that enemy of God and man had friends and associates in his desolation; I am alone.

“You, who call Frankenstein your friend, seem to have a knowledge of my crimes and his misfortunes. But in the detail which he gave you of them, he could not sum up the hours and months of misery which I endured, wasting in impotent passions. For while I destroyed his hopes, I did not satisfy my own desires. They were for ever ardent and craving; still I desired love and fellowship, and I was still spurned. Was there no injustice in this? Am I to be thought the only criminal, when all human kind sinned against me? Why do you not hate Felix, who drove his friend from his door with contempt? Why do you not execrate the rustic who sought to destroy the saviour of his child? Nay, these are virtuous and immaculate beings! I, the miserable and the abandoned, am an abortion, to be spurned at, and kicked and trampled on. Even now my blood boils at the recollection of this injustice.

“But it is true that I am a wretch. I have murdered the lovely and the helpless; I have strangled the innocent as they slept, and grasped to death his throat who never injured me or any other living thing. I have devoted my creator, the select specimen of all that is worthy of love and admiration among men, to misery; I have pursued him even to that irremediable ruin. There he lies, white and cold in death. You hate me; but your abhorrence cannot equal that with which I regard myself. I look on the hands which executed the deed; I think on the

heart in which the imagination of it was conceived, and long for the moment when these hands will meet my eyes, when that imagination will haunt my thoughts, no more.

“Fear not that I shall be the instrument of future mischief. My work is nearly complete. Neither yours nor any man’s death is needed to consummate the series of my being, and accomplish that which must be done ; but it requires my own. Do not think that I shall be slow to perform this sacrifice. I shall quit your vessel on the ice raft which brought me thither, and shall seek the most northern extremity of the globe ; I shall collect my funeral pile, and consume to ashes this miserable frame, that its remains may afford no light to any curious and unhallowed wretch, who would create such another as I have been. I shall die. I shall no longer feel the agonies which now consume me, or be the prey of feelings unsatisfied, yet unquenched. He is dead who called me into being ; and when I shall be no more, the very remembrance of us both will speedily vanish. I shall no longer see the sun or stars, or feel the winds play on my cheeks. Light, feeling, and sense will pass away ; and in this condition must I find my happiness. Some years ago, when the images which this world affords first opened upon me, when I felt the cheering warmth of summer, and heard the rustling of the leaves and the warbling of the birds, and these were all to me, I should have wept to die ; now it is my only consolation. Polluted by crimes, and torn by the bitterest remorse, where can I find rest but in death ?

“Farewell ! I leave you, and in you the last of human kind whom these eyes will ever behold. Farewell, Frankenstein ! If thou wert yet alive, and yet cherished a desire of revenge against me, it would be better satiated in my life than in my destruction. But it was not so ; thou didst seek my extinction, that I might not cause greater wretchedness ; and if yet, in some mode unknown to me, thou hadst not ceased to think and feel, thou wouldst not desire against me a vengeance greater than that which I feel. Blasted as thou wert, my agony was still superior to thine ; for the bitter sting of remorse will not cease to rankle in my wounds until death shall close them for ever.

“But soon,” he cried, with sad and solemn enthusiasm, “I shall die, and what I now feel be no longer felt. Soon these burning miseries will be extinct. I shall ascend my funeral pile triumphantly, and exult in the agony of the torturing

flames. The light of that conflagration will fade away; my ashes will be swept into the sea by the winds. My spirit will sleep in peace; or if it thinks, it will not surely think thus. Farewell."

He sprung from the cabin window, as he said this, upon the ice raft which lay close to the vessel. He was soon borne away by the waves, and lost in darkness and distance.

LORD BYRON.

THE SEVENTH "MESSÉNIENNE."

By CASIMIR DELAVIGNE.

[JEAN FRANÇOIS CASIMIR DELAVIGNE, French poet, was born at Havre in 1793. His first poems to attract public attention were the "Messéniennes," elegies on the misfortune which the battle of Waterloo had been to the country. He wrote other revolutionary poems; one, "La Parisienne," on the Revolution of 1830; others were "La Varsovienne" and "La Bruxelloise." He was an industrious playwright also: his pieces are "The Sicilian Vespers" (1819), "The Comedians" (1820), "Marino Faliero" (1829), "Louis XI." (1832), "The Children of Edward" (1833), "Don John of Austria" (1835), and "The Daughter of the Cid" (1839). He died in 1843.]

"No EAGLE thou," the serpents hissing cried,
 When his still youthful flight checked his ambition's pride; —
 But soon upon these crawling monsters base
 The eagle's beak left its avenging trace.
 And then, his brow lit with the heaven's own glow,
 Claspings swift thunderbolts, facing the sun so free,
 Asked of these serpents hissing still below: —
 "What am I? . . . answer me!"

Such was your noble flight, Byron! and has ever life,
 Waking one morning to a widespread fame
 Thus roused the world with instant rumor rife,
 Made jealous death, — excited envy's blame?
 What genius 'neath the stings of coward calumny,
 Scorned in his earliest obscurity.
 Has ever changed so swiftly night to light,
 And made his century his posterity!

Poets, revere priesthood and womanhood —
 Of this earth, yet divine!
 Immortal is their anger if should fail
 The homage due their shrine.

A desecrated temple shelters Voltaire's tomb:
 Vain refuge — for the echo of the Church's blame,
 Used by the priest to execrate a noble name,
 Resounds there still, to drive his lonely shade
 From the Panthéon's gloom!

Byron, you lingered on the Spanish strand,
 Vaunting the glowing splendor of the Cadix rose
 Above the lily pure on English soil that grows,
 Pale as the skies of your cold fatherland;
 Hence the long days of grief, the endless woes!
 The jealousy of Albion's daughters fair,
 Pursuing you until the day you died,
 Made you at once your country's scorn and pride!
 In vain their eager eyes devoured your lines; —
 The author's exile expiates his crime,
 And you have found, under Italian pines,
 In Chillon's dungeon or in classic clime,
 By far Abydos gulf or 'neath Ferrara's ban,
 Reason to execrate the gods and tyrant man.

Victim of pride, you sang the many victims
 She immolates upon her altars fell,
 And in the midst of scenes famous in storied crime
 Painted great criminals in heroic rhyme.
 Rebelling 'gainst misfortune, your defiant soul
 Could not without despair endure its iron chain,
 Tortured anew, as Dante dreamed of Hell,
 So in your dreams the Inferno lives again!
 Europe should pardon you, casting anathema
 On those who fain would imitate your songs;
 Glory is due but to creative talent,
 And immortality by right to you belongs
 Lit with a splendor that can never perish,
 Your picture of fair Greece, alone, forlorn,
 Can live for us but in the memory fond we cherish,
 Of her great glory, now forever gone!

Gaze on a loved one's face, e'er yet the awful veil
 Cover her brow; — this first sad day of grief,
 Day of her death, when every hope must fail,
 When danger ends, — when nothingness begins.
 What a sweet sadness, what a touching charm!
 What melancholy, — and yet what plaintive grace
 Breathes in her lifeless lips, now silent in death's calm,
 In her dear form, now lost in death's embrace!

Moved with self-pity, we now read our fate
 In the cold gaze of those unseeing eyes,
 Which once have glowed with love or burned with hate,
 Now tearless, answering not our grievous cries.
 'Tis now too late for a last lingering doubt, —
 Still for a moment hope suspends our dread,
 So peaceful is this look of calm repose,
 So beautiful the brow whence pulsing life has fled!
 And this is Greece! "but living Greece no more!"
 Still beautiful, though cold, inanimate! —
 Greece dead! — behold those eyes that glowed of yore!
 The heavy eyelids, closed so long in night,
 Open again unto the heavenly light!
 Look, she still breathes! listen, beneath her chain
 Her form is trembling, — it will rise again!
 Her noble blood, oft shed without reward,
 Still boils in every vein, ready to flow once more;
 Her lofty brow, downcast in agony
 Once more she lifts in threatening majesty.
 Her arm extended seeks the avenging sword;
 She lives, she speaks! listen, she murmurs "Liberty!"

Dead, you admired her; living, how fair she is!
 Could you resist the plaintive, pleading cry?
 You rush to her relief, alas! 'tis but to die!
 And who could paint again her soldiers' dire alarms,
 The prayers, the cries, mingled with clash of arms?
 Following the holy cross, skirting the mountain's side,
 The people mingled in their zealous need
 Their old belief with the new Christian creed,
 Called upon all their gods, and weeping cried:
 "O wind who givest life to fair immortal flowers,
 And with soft breath the laurel's green dost cherish,
 Wind blowing from Pindar, swiftly spread thy wings,
 Thy fairest laurel is about to perish!

"Pure streams, the font of classic poesy,
 Childe Harold on thy banks, alas! must die.
 Bathe in fresh dew this proud heroic brow,
 Which death alone can bend in agony! —

"O rival gods, dry now thy bitter tears!
 O vanquisher of Satan's wiles or of the Python's rage,
 Renew for him great Homer's fruitful years,
 And Milton's rare old age." —

Fools that you are, call not upon the winds,
 With hot breath ever fain to burn the poet's palm,
 While ripening poisons grow; —
 And call not on the floods whose music thrilled,
 For soon or late the inspired lips are stilled,
 For whom they seemed to flow!
 And call not on the gods; they sleep; death only wakes.
 Let but a breath of glory gild thy lot,
 Death knows; — the gods heed not.

He is no more! forgive thy banished son,
 Ungrateful Albion; — shed a farewell tear!
 Weep, ancient Neustria, cradle of his race,
 Corneille and he are still thy children dear.

And thou, who by his death art given o'er
 To cruel tyrants whom his verse had braved,
 Weep, slave; his lyre consoled thy suffering;
 His sword would fain have saved!
 Greece will avenge her hero, — it is sworn;
 Glory prepares the last funereal rites
 Offered his memory.
 Aye, in their midst let his proud heart be borne,
 Shrouded in victory!
 Then with their glittering sword points let them trace
 These farewell lines on his last resting-place:
 "O cruel fate, why was this life denied?
 He sang like Homer, like Achilles died."

Under whatever sky his lonely heart may rest,
 Temple of virtue, art, and of the storied brave,
 Still London's pride, but lost to us in France,
 His shade should find within thy Walls a hallowed grave.
 Westminster, ope your frowning portals wide!
 Shades of departed monarchs, England's pride —
 And you, immortal kings without a peer,
 By right divine of genius who inhabit here,
 He crosses now your threshold, — bid him come!
 Welcome this worthy heir to his last home!
 Milton, welcome the poet! Howe, the warrior bold!
 Kings, bid his name be writ within your book of gold!

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

[JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE, American poet, was born in New York city, August 7, 1795; died there September 21, 1820. His reputation rests on "The Culprit Fay" (1816), and the "Croaker" papers, political and social hits, written with Halleck, mainly in 1819. Halleck's elegy on his death, "Green be the turf above thee," is famous.]

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with her gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trummings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven.
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven!
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbinger of victory!

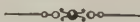
Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the lifeblood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet;

Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
 To where thy sky-born glories burn,
 And as his springing steps advance,
 Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon's mouthings loud
 Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
 And gory sabers rise and fall,
 Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
 Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
 And cowering foes shall shrink below
 Each gallant arm that strikes beneath
 That awful messenger of death!

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
 When death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack.
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendors fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye!

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
 By angel hands to valor given,
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!



THE CULPRIT FAY.

By JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

I.

'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night —
 The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;

Naught is seen in the vault on high
 But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
 And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
 A river of light on the welkin blue.
 The moon looks down on old Cronest,
 She mellows the shades, on his shaggy breast,
 And seems his huge gray form to throw
 In a silver cone on the wave below ;
 His sides are broken by spots of shade,
 By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
 And through their clustering branches dark
 Glimmers and dies the firefly's spark —
 Like starry twinkles that momentarily break
 Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

II.

The stars are on the moving stream,
 And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
 A burnished length of wavy beam
 In an eel-like, spiral line below ;
 The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
 The bat in the shelvy rock is hid.
 And naught is heard on the lonely hill
 But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
 Of the gauze-winged katydid ;
 And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-will,
 Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings,
 Ever a note of wail and woe,
 Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
 And earth and sky in her glances glow.

III.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell ;
 The wood tick has kept the minutes well ;
 He has counted them all with click and stroke
 Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
 And he has awakened the sentry elfe
 Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
 To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
 And call the fays to their revelry ;
 Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell —
 ('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell ;)
 "Midnight comes, and all is well !
 Hither, hither, wing your way !
 'Tis the dawn of the fairy day."

IV.

They come from beds of lichen green,
 They creep from the mullein's velvet screen;
 Some on the backs of beetles fly
 From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
 Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
 And rocked about in the evening breeze;
 Some from the humbird's downy nest —
 They had driven him out by elfin power,
 And, pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
 Had slumbered there till the charmed hour;
 Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
 With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
 And some had opened the four-o'clock,
 And stole within its purple shade.
 And now they throng the moonlight glade,
 Above — below — on every side,
 Their little minim forms arrayed
 In the tricky pomp of fairy pride!

V.

They come not now to print the lea,
 In freak and dance around the tree,
 Or at the mushroom board to sup,
 And drink the dew from the buttercup; —
 A scene of sorrow waits them now,
 For an Ouphe has broken his vestal vow;
 He has loved an earthly maid,
 And left for her his woodland shade;
 He has lain upon her lip of dew,
 And sunned him in her eye of blue,
 Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
 Played in the ringlets of her hair,
 And, nestling on her snowy breast,
 Forgot the lily king's behest.
 For this the shadowy tribes of air
 To the elfin court must haste away: —
 And now they stand expectant there,
 To hear the doom of the culprit Fay.

VI.

The throne was reared upon the grass,
 Of spicewood and of sassafras;

On pillars of mottled tortoise shell
 Hung the burnished canopy —
 And over it gorgeous curtains fell
 Of the tulip's crimson drapery.
 The monarch sat on his judgment seat,
 On his brow the crown imperial shone,
 The prisoner Fay was at his feet,
 And his peers were ranged around the throne.
 He waved his scepter in the air,
 He looked around and calmly spoke;
 His brow was grave and his eye severe,
 But his voice in a softened accent broke: —

VII.

“Fairy! Fairy! list and mark:
 Thou hast broke thine elfin chain;
 Thy flamewood lamp is quenched and dark,
 And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain —
 Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity
 In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye,
 Thou hast scorned our dread decree,
 And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high;
 But well I know her sinless mind
 Is pure as the angel forms above,
 Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind,
 Such as a spirit well might love;
 Fairy! had she spot or taint,
 Bitter had been thy punishment.

“Tied to the hornet's shardy wings;
 Tossed on the pricks of nettles' stings;
 Or seven long ages doomed to dwell
 With the lazy worm in the walnut shell;
 Or every night to writhe and bleed
 Beneath the tread of the centipede;
 Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,
 Your jailer a spider huge and grim,
 Amid the carrion bodies to lie,
 Of the worm, and the bug, and the murdered fly:
 These it had been your lot to bear,
 Had a stain been found on the earthly fair.
 Now list, and mark our mild decree —
 Fairy, this your doom must be: —

VIII.

"Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
 Where the water bounds the elfin land;
 Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
 Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine,
 Then dart the glistening arch below,
 And catch a drop from his silver bow.
 The water sprites will wield their arms
 And dash around, with roar and rave,
 And vain are the woodland spirits' charms,
 They are the imps that rule the wave.
 Yet trust thee in thy single might:
 If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,
 Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

IX.

"If the spray-bead gem be won,
 The stain of thy wing is washed away:
 But another errand must be done
 Ere thy crime be lost for aye;
 Thy flamewood lamp is quenched and dark,
 Thou must reillumine its spark.
 Mount thy steed and spur him high
 To the heaven's blue canopy;
 And when thou seest a shooting star,
 Follow it fast, and follow it far—
 The last faint spark of its burning train
 Shall light the elfin lamp again.
 Thou hast heard our sentence, Fay;
 Hence! to the water side, away!"



THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

By ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[For biographical sketch, see Vol. 20, page 245.]

How does the water come down at Lodore?
 My little boy asked me thus, once on a time,
 Moreover, he tasked me to tell him in rhyme;
 Anon at the word there first came one daughter,
 And then came another to second and third
 The request of their brother, and hear how the water
 Comes down at Lodore, with its rush and its roar,
 As many a time they had seen it before.
 So I told them in rhyme, for of rhymes I had store.

And 'twas in my vocation that thus I should sing,
Because I was laureate to them and the King.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell,
From its fountain in the mountain,
Its rills and its gills,
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps,
For a while, till it sleeps,
In its own little lake,
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood shelter,
Among crags and its flurry,
Helter-skelter — hurry-scurry.

How does the water come down at Lodore?

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting, and strong,
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Twining and twisting,
Around and around,
Collecting, disjecting,
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Reeding and speeding,
 And shocking and rocking,
 And darting and parting,
 And threading and spreading,
 And whizzing and hissing,
 And dripping and skipping,
 And whitening and brightening,
 And quivering and shivering,
 And hitting and splitting,
 And shining and twining,
 And rattling and battling,
 And shaking and quaking,
 And pouring and roaring,
 And waving and raving,
 And tossing and crossing,
 And flowing and growing,
 And running and stunning,
 And hurrying and skurrying,
 And glittering and frittering,
 And gathering and feathering,
 And dinning and spinning,
 And foaming and roaming,
 And dropping and hopping,
 And working and jerking,
 And heaving and cleaving,
 And thundering and floundering;

And falling and crawling and sprawling,
 And driving and riving and striving,
 And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
 And sounding and bounding and rounding,
 And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
 Dividing and gliding and sliding,
 And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
 And clattering and battering and shattering;

And gleaming and steaming and streaming and beaming,
 And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
 And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
 And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
 Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
 Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
 Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
 And thumping and flumping and bumping and jumping,
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,—

And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar —
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

NOTES ON AMERICA (1820).

By SYDNEY SMITH.

[For biographical sketch, see page 80.]

DAVID PORTER and Stephen Decatur are very brave men ; but they will prove an unspeakable misfortune to their country, if they inflame Jonathan into a love of naval glory, and inspire him with any other love of war than that which is founded upon a determination not to submit to serious insult and injury.

We can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory : TAXES upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot — taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste — taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion — taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth — on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home — taxes on the raw material — taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man — taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health — on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal — on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice — on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribands of the bride — at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay. — The schoolboy whips his taxed top — the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road ; — and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which has paid seven per cent. into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back on his chintz bed which has paid twenty-two per cent. — makes his will on an eight-pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large

fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers — to be taxed no more.

In addition to all this, the habit of dealing with large sums will make the government avaricious and profuse; and the system itself will infallibly generate the base vermin of spies and informers, and a still more pestilent race of political tools and retainers, of the meanest and most odious description; while the prodigious patronage, which the collecting of this splendid revenue will throw into the hands of the government, will invest it with so vast an influence, and hold out such means and temptations to corruption, as all the virtue and public spirit, even of republicans, will be unable to resist.

* * * * *

Such is the land of Jonathan — and thus has it been governed. In his honest endeavors to better his situation, and in his manly purpose of resisting injury and insult, we most cordially sympathize. We hope he will always continue to watch and suspect his government as he now does — remembering that it is the constant tendency of those intrusted with power to conceive that they enjoy it by their own merits, and for their own use, and not by delegation and for the benefit of others. Thus far we are the friends and admirers of Jonathan. But he must not grow vain and ambitious; or allow himself to be dazzled by that galaxy of epithets by which his orators and newspaper scribblers endeavor to persuade their supporters that they are the greatest, the most refined, the most enlightened, and the most moral people upon earth. The effect of this is unspeakably ludicrous on this side of the Atlantic; and even on the other, we should imagine, must be rather humiliating to the reasonable part of the population. The Americans are a brave, industrious, and acute people; but they have hitherto given no indications of genius, and made no approaches to the heroic, either in their morality or character. They are but a recent offset indeed from England; and should make it their chief boast, for many generations to come, that they are sprung from the same race with Bacon and Shakespeare and Newton. Considering their numbers, indeed, and the favorable circumstances in which they have been placed, they have yet done marvelously little to assert the honor of such a descent, or to show that their English blood has been exalted or refined by

their republican training and institutions. Their Franklins and Washingtons, and all the other sages and heroes of their revolution, were born and bred subjects of the King of England—and not among the freest or most valued of his subjects. And since the period of their separation, a far greater proportion of their statesmen and artists and political writers have been foreigners than ever occurred before in the history of any civilized and educated people. During the thirty or forty years of their independence, they have done absolutely nothing for the sciences, for the arts, for literature, or even for the statesmanlike studies of politics or political economy.

Confining ourselves to our own country, and to the period that has elapsed since they had an independent existence, we would ask, where are their Foxes, their Burkes, their Sheridans, their Windhams, their Horners, their Wilberforces?—where their Arkwrights, their Watts, their Davys?—their Robertsons, Blairs, [Adam] Smiths, Stewarts, Paleys, and Malthusés?—their Porsons, Parrs, Burneys, or Blomfields?—their Scotts, Rogerses, Campbells, Byrons, Moores, or Crabbes?—their Siddonses, Kembles, Keans, or O'Neils?—their Wilkies, Lawrences, Chantry's?—or their parallels to the hundred other names that have spread themselves over the world from our little island in the course of the last thirty years, and blest or delighted mankind by their works, inventions, or examples? In so far as we know, there is no such parallel to be produced from the whole annals of this self-adulating race. In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book, or goes to an American play, or looks at an American picture or statue? What does the world yet owe to American physicians or surgeons? What new substances have their chemists discovered, or what old ones have they analyzed? What new constellations have been discovered by the telescopes of Americans? What have they done in the mathematics? Who drinks out of American glasses, or eats from American plates, or wears American coats or gowns, or sleeps in American blankets? Finally, under which of the old tyrannical governments of Europe is every sixth man a slave, whom his fellow-creatures may buy and sell and torture?

When these questions are fairly and favorably answered, their laudatory epithets may be allowed; but till that can be done, we would seriously advise them to keep clear of superlatives.

RIP VAN WINKLE

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

[WASHINGTON IRVING was the son of an Orkney Islands emigrant merchant, and born in New York city, April 3, 1783. He studied law but found literature more congenial, and after a visit to Europe undertook with James K. Paulding the publication of *Salmagundi*, a humorous magazine; and in 1809 brought out "The History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," as pure a fantasy as if laid in fairy-land, but its pictures of Dutch life are still accepted by most as authentic. It placed him at once at the head of American letters. Entering into a commercial partnership with his brothers, in 1815 he went to Europe, and remained abroad for seventeen years, traveling widely. About 1817 the house failed, and he devoted himself to literature for a subsistence. He became secretary of the American embassy (1829); Minister to Spain (1842); and after his return, four years later, passed the rest of his days at Sunnyside, on the banks of the Hudson river, near Tarrytown, N.Y., where he died Nov. 28, 1859. His other works are: "The Sketch Book" (1820), "Bracebridge Hall" (1822), "Tales of a Traveller" (1824), "Life and Voyages of Columbus" (1828), "Conquest of Granada" (1829), "Voyages of the Companions of Columbus" (1831), "The Alhambra" (1832), "Astoria" (1836), "Adventures of Captain Bonneville" (1837), "Life of Goldsmith" (1849), "Mahomet and his Successors" (1850), "Wolfert's Roost" (1855), "Life of Washington" (1855-1859).]

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes when the rest of the landscape is cloudless they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early time of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within

a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation: and a certain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects be considered a tolerable blessing, and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be

encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in, just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged

his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife ; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house — the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master ; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods — but what courage can withstand the ever during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue ? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on ; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and idle personages of the village ; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary ; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junta were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree ; so that the neighbors could tell the hour

by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion: a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for a moment, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient

thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg

into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at ninepins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He,

however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows — everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which

he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains — there ran the silver Hudson at a distance — there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been — Rip was sorely perplexed — “That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly !”

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed — “My very dog,” sighed poor Rip, “has forgotten me !”

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears — he called loudly for his wife and children — the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then again all was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn — but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted “The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.” Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes — all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe ; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folks about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder,

with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens — elections — members of Congress — liberty — Bunker's Hill — heroes of seventy-six — and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip started in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tip-toe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" — "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders — "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well — who are they? — name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice : "Nicholas Vedder ! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years ! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war ; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point — others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know — he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand : war — Congress — Stony Point ; he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle !" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure ! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain : apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end ; "I'm not myself — I'm somebody else — that's me yonder — no — that's somebody else got into my shoes — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am !"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which,

frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; and he put it with a faltering voice:—

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed: "Sure enough it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most

satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half-moon*; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

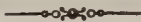
To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her: she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a Revolutionary War—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of

Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes, which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.



VINETA.

BY WILHELM MÜLLER: TRANSLATED BY J. A. FROUDE.

FROM the sea's deep hollow faintly pealing,
Far-off evening bells come sad and slow;
Faintly rise, the wondrous tale revealing
Of the old enchanted town below.

On the bosom of the flood reclining,
Ruined arch and wall and broken spire,
Down beneath the watery mirror shining,
Gleam and flash in flakes of golden fire.

And the boatman who at twilight hour
Once that magic vision shall have seen,
Heedless how the crags may round him lour,
Evermore will haunt the charmed scene.

From the heart's deep hollow faintly pealing,
Far I hear them, bell notes sad and slow,

Ah, a wild and wondrous tale revealing
Of the drownèd wreck of love below.

There a world, in loveliness decaying,
Lingers yet in beauty ere it die;
Phantom forms, across my senses playing,
Flash like golden fire flakes from the sky.

Lights are gleaming, fairy bells are ringing,
And I long to plunge and wander free,
Where I hear the angel voices singing
In those ancient towers below the sea.



LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me — who knows how?
To thy chamber window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream —
The champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
O beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;
Oh! press it close to thine again
Where it will break at last.

TO A SKYLARK.

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

[PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, English poet, was born in Sussex, August 4, 1792, and educated at Eton and at University College, Oxford; whence he was expelled for a tract on the "Necessity of Atheism." His first notable poem, "Queen Mab," was privately printed in 1813. He succeeded to his father's estate in 1815. "Alastor" was completed in 1816; "The Revolt of Islam," "Rosalind and Helen," and "Julian and Maddalo," in 1818; "Prometheus Unbound," "The Cenci," "The Coliseum," "Peter Bell the Third," and the "Mask of Anarchy," in 1819; "Œdipus Tyrannus" and the "Witch of Atlas," in 1820; "Epipsychidion," "The Defense of Poetry," "Adonais," and "Hellas," in 1822. He was drowned at sea July 8, 1822.]

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pour'st thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.
 Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.
 In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
 Thou dost float and run;
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.
 The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.
 Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see,—we feel that it is there.
 All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a highborn maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glowworm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its aerial hue:
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass:

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine:
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chant,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt,
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What object are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest: but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From thy lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

By JOHN KEATS.

[JOHN KEATS was born at London in 1795, died at Rome in 1821. His most celebrated poems are "Endymion," "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "Ode to a Nightingale," "The Eve of St. Agnes," "Lamia," "Isabella," and the fragment "Hyperion."]

MY HEART aches, and a drowsy numbness pains

My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains

One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,

But being too happy in thine happiness, —
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,

In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburned mirth!

O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and specter-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:

Already with thee! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit tree wild;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
 And mid May's eldest child,
 The coming musk rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain —
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,

Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley glades:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music—Do I wake or sleep?



MARCO BOZZARIS.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

[FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, American poet, was born in Guilford, Conn., July 8, 1790; became a mercantile accountant, devoting his leisure to poetry. In 1811 he removed to New York, remaining till 1849, when he retired to his native town on a small annuity left him by John Jacob Astor; and died there November 19, 1867. He wrote the "Croaker" papers with Joseph Rodman Drake from 1819 on; "Fanny," a social satire, 1819; "Alnwick Castle" and "Burns," after a visit to Europe in 1821; and "Marco Bozzaris" about the same time.]

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power;
 In dreams, through camp and court he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror;
 In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
 Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king:
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There had the Persian's thousands stood,
 There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
 On old Platæa's day;
 And now there breathed that haunted air
 The sons of sires who conquered there,
 With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
 As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke:
 That bright dream was his last.
 He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
 "To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"

He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,
 And death shots falling thick and fast
 As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band:
 "Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
 Strike—for your altars and your fires;
 Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
 God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
 They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
 And the red field was won;
 Then saw in death his eyelids close
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
 Come to the mother's, when she feels
 For the first time her firstborn's breath;
 Come when the blessed seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
 Come when the heart beats high and warm
 With banquet song, and dance, and wine;—
 And thou art terrible—the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Come when his task of fame is wrought—
 Come with her laurel leaf, blood-bought—

Come in her crowning hour — and then
 Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
 To him is welcome as the sight
 Of sky and stars to prisoned men:
 Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
 Of brother in a foreign land;
 Thy summons welcome as the cry
 That told the Indian isles were nigh,
 To the world-seeking Genoese,
 When the land wind, from woods of palm,
 And orange groves, and fields of balm,
 Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
 Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume
 Like torn branch from death's leafless tree
 In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
 The heartless luxury of the tomb:
 But she remembers thee as one
 Long loved and for a season gone;
 For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
 Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
 For thee she rings the birthday bells;
 Of thee her babe's first lisping tells;
 For thine her evening prayer is said
 At palace couch and cottage bed;
 Her soldier, closing with the foe,
 Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
 His plighted maiden, when she fears
 For him the joy of her young years,
 Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;
 And she, the mother of thy boys,
 Though in her eye and faded cheek
 Is read the grief she will not speak,
 The memory of her buried joys,
 And even she who gave thee birth
 Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
 Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
 One of the few, the immortal names
 That were not born to die.

BURNS.

To a Rose, brought from near Alloway Kirk, in Ayrshire, in the Autumn of 1822.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

[FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, American poet, was born in Guilford, Conn., July 8, 1790; became a mercantile accountant, devoting his leisure to poetry. In 1811 he removed to New York, remaining till 1849, when he retired to his native town on a small annuity left him by John Jacob Astor; and died there November 19, 1867. He wrote the "Croaker" papers with Joseph Rodman Drake from 1819 on; "Fanny," a social satire, 1819; "Alnwick Castle" and "Burns," after a visit to Europe in 1821; and "Marco Bozzaris" about the same time.]

WILD rose of Alloway! my thanks:
Thou 'mind'st me of that autumn noon
When first we met upon "the banks
And braes o' bonny Doon."

Like thine, beneath the thorn tree's bough,
My sunny hour was glad and brief:
We've crossed the winter sea, and thou
Art withered — flower and leaf.

And will not thy death doom be mine —
The doom of all things wrought of clay —
And withered my life's leaf like thine,
Wild rose of Alloway?

Not so his memory: for his sake
My bosom bore thee far and long,
His — who a humbler flower could make
Immortal as his song.

The memory of Burns — a name
That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,
A nation's glory and her shame
In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory — be the rest
Forgot — she's canonized his mind;
And it is joy to speak the best
We may of human kind.

I've stood beside the cottage bed
Where the Bard Peasant first drew breath;

A straw-thatched roof above his head,
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,
His monument — that tells to heaven
The homage of earth's proudest isle !
To the Bard Peasant given !

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,
Boy minstrel, in thy dreaming hour ;
And know, however low his lot,
A Poet's pride and power :

The pride that lifted Burns from earth,
The power that gave a child of song
Ascendency o'er rank and birth,
The rich, the brave, the strong ;

And if despondency weigh down
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,
Despair — thy name is written on the roll
Of common men.

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires :

Yet read the names that know not death —
Few nobler ones than Burns are there ;
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart
In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek ;

And his that music, to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
Before its spell with willing knee,
And listened, and believed, and felt
The poet's mastery.

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,
 O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,
 O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,
 O'er Reason's dark, cold hours;

On fields where brave men "die or do,"
 In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
 Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,
 From throne to cottage hearth?

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
 What wild vows falter on the tongue,
 When "Scots wha' hae wi' Wallace bled,"
 Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung?

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
 Come with his cotter's hymn of praise,
 And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
 With Logan's banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master lay
 Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
 All passions in our frames of clay
 Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's worlds of air,
 And our own world, its gloom and glee,
 Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
 And death's sublimity;

And Burns — though brief the race he ran,
 Though rough and dark the path he trod,
 Lived — died — in form and soul a Man,
 The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want, and woe,
 With wounds that only death could heal,
 Tortures the poor alone can know,
 The proud alone can feel;

He kept his honesty and truth,
 His independent tongue and pen,
 And moved, in manhood as in youth,
 Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
 A hate of tyrant and of knave,

A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward and of slave ;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard ! his words are driven,
Like flower seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man ! a nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
Men stand his cold earth couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,
The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined —
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages, with wisdom's garland wreathed,
Crowned kings, and mitred priests of power,
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,
The mightiest of the hour ;

And lowlier names, whose humble home
Is lit by fortune's dimmer star,
Are there — o'er wave and mountain come,
From countries near and far ;

Pilgrims whose wandering feet have pressed
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the West,
My own green forest land.

All ask the cottage of his birth,
 Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
 And gather feelings not of earth
 His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
 And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
 And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!
 The poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
 His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns?
 Wear they not graven on the heart
 The name of Robert Burns?



A NARCOTIAN TRIO.

CONFESSIONS OF AN OPIUM-EATER.

By THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

[For biographical sketch, see page 366.]

I NOW pass to what is the main subject of these latter confessions, to the history and journal of what took place in my dreams; for these were the immediate and proximate cause of my acutest suffering.

The first notice I had of any important change going on in this part of my physical economy, was from the reawaking of a state of eye generally incident to childhood, or exalted states of irritability. I know not whether my reader is aware that many children, perhaps most, have a power of painting, as it were, upon the darkness, all sorts of phantoms: in some that power is simply a mechanic affection of the eye; others have a voluntary or semi-voluntary power to dismiss or summon them; or, as a child once said to me, when I questioned him on this matter, "I can tell them to go, and they go; but sometimes they come when I don't tell them to come." Whereupon I told him that he had almost as unlimited a command over apparitions as a Roman centurion over his soldiers. In the middle of 1817, I think it was that this faculty became positively distressing to me: at night, when I lay awake in bed,

vast processions passed along in mournful pomp; friezes of never ending stories, that to my feelings were as sad and solemn as if they were stories drawn from times before *Cedipus* or *Priam*, before *Tyre*, before *Memphis*. And, at the same time, a corresponding change took place in my dreams; a theater seemed suddenly opened and lighted up within my brain, which presented, nightly, spectacles of more than earthly splendor. And the four following facts may be mentioned, as noticeable at this time:—

I. That, as the creative state of the eye increased, a sympathy seemed to arise between the waking and the dreaming states of the brain in one point,—that whatsoever I happened to call up and to trace by a voluntary act upon the darkness was very apt to transfer itself to my dreams; so that I feared to exercise this faculty; for, as *Midas* turned all things to gold, that yet baffled his hopes and defrauded his human desires, so whatsoever things capable of being visually represented I did but think of in the darkness, immediately shaped themselves into phantoms of the eye; and, by a process apparently no less inevitable, when thus once traced in faint and visionary colors, like writings in sympathetic ink, they were drawn out, by the fierce chemistry of my dreams, into insufferable splendor that fretted my heart.

II. For this, and all other changes in my dreams, were accompanied by deep-seated anxiety and gloomy melancholy, such as are wholly incommunicable by words. I seemed every night to descend—not metaphorically, but literally to descend—into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever reascend. Nor did I, by waking, feel that I *had* reascended. This I do not dwell upon; because the state of gloom which attended these gorgeous spectacles, amounting at least to utter darkness, as of some suicidal despondency, cannot be approached by words.

III. The sense of space, and in the end the sense of time, were both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, etc., were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much as the vast expansion of time. I sometimes seemed to have lived for seventy or one hundred years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millennium,

passed in that time, or, however, of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience.

IV. The minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived. I could not be said to recollect them; for if I had been told of them when waking, I should not have been able to acknowledge them as parts of my past experience. But placed as they were before me, in dreams like intuitions, and clothed in all their evanescent circumstances and accompanying feelings, I *recognized* them instantaneously. I was once told by a near relative of mine, that having in her childhood fallen into a river, and being on the very verge of death but for the critical assistance which reached her, she saw in a moment her whole life, in its minutest incidents, arrayed before her simultaneously as in a mirror; and she had a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part. This, from some opium experiences of mine, I can believe; I have, indeed, seen the same thing asserted twice in modern books, and accompanied by a remark which I am convinced is true, namely, that the dread book of account, which the Scriptures speak of, is, in fact, the mind itself of each individual. Of this, at least, I feel assured, that there is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind. Accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever; just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil; and that they are waiting to be revealed, when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn. . . .

In the early stage of my malady, the splendors of my dreams were indeed chiefly architectural; and I beheld such pomp of cities and palaces as was never yet beheld by the waking eye, unless in the clouds. From a great modern poet [Wordsworth] I cite the part of a passage which describes, as an appearance actually beheld in the clouds, what in many of its circumstances I saw frequently in sleep:—

The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,

Far sinking into splendor — without end !
 Fabric it seemed of diamond, and of gold,
 With alabaster domes and silver spires,
 And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
 Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
 In avenues disposed; there towers begirt
 With battlements that on their restless fronts
 Bore stars — illumination of all gems !
 By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
 Upon the dark materials of the storm
 Now pacified; on them, and on the coves,
 And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
 The vapors had receded — taking there
 Their station under a cerulean sky, etc.

The sublime circumstance — “battlements that on their *restless* fronts bore stars” — might have been copied from my architectural dreams, for it often occurred.

To my architecture succeeded dreams of lakes and silvery expanses of water: these haunted me so much, that I feared (though possibly it will appear ludicrous to a medical man) that some dropsical state or tendency of the brain might thus be making itself (to use a metaphysical word) *objective*, and the sentient organ *project* itself as its own object. For two months I suffered greatly in my head — a part of my bodily structure which had hitherto been so clear from all touch or taint of weakness (physically, I mean), that I used to say of it, as the last Lord Orford said of his stomach, that it seemed likely to survive the rest of my person. Till now I had never felt a headache even, or any the slightest pain, except rheumatic pains caused by my own folly. However, I got over this attack, though it must have been verging on something very dangerous.

The waters now changed their character — from translucent lakes, shining like mirrors, they now became seas and oceans. And now came a tremendous change, which, unfolding itself slowly like a scroll, through many months, promised an abiding torment; and, in fact, it never left me until the winding up of my case. Hitherto the human face had often mixed in my dreams, but not despotically, nor with any special power of tormenting. But now that which I have called the tyranny of the human face, began to unfold itself. Perhaps some part of my London life might be answerable for this. Be

that as it may, now it was that upon the rocking waters of the ocean the human face began to appear; the sea appeared paved with innumerable faces, upturned to the heavens; faces imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged upwards by the thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries; my agitation was infinite, my mind tossed, and surged with the ocean.

May, 1818. — The Malay had been a fearful enemy for months. I have been every night, through his means, transported into Asiatic scenes. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep, and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would alone have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Indostan, etc. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, modes of faith, etc., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castes* that have flowed apart, and refused to mix through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges, or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life, the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires, also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all Oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence, and want of sympathy, placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into,

before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of Oriental imagery and mythological tortures impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas, and was fixed, for centuries, at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshiped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris: I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

I thus give the reader some slight abstraction of my Oriental dreams, which always filled me with such amazement at the monstrous scenery that horror seemed absorbed, for a while, in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim, sightless incarceration, brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove me into an oppression as of madness. Into these dreams only, it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles, especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was compelled to live with him; and (as was always the case, almost, in my dreams) for centuries. I escaped sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses with cane tables, etc. All the feet of the tables, sofas, etc., soon became instinct with life; the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions; and I stood loathing and fascinated. And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream

was broken up in the very same way ; I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping), and instantly I awoke : it was broad noon, and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bedside ; come to show me their colored shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest that so awful was the transition from the damned crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams, to the sight of innocent *human* natures and of infancy, that, in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind, I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.

June, 1819. — I have had occasion to remark, at various periods of my life, that the deaths of those whom we love, and, indeed, the contemplation of death generally, is (*cæteris paribus*) more affecting in summer than in any other season of the year. And the reasons are these three, I think : first, that the visible heavens in summer appear far higher, more distant, and (if such a solecism may be excused) more infinite ; the clouds by which chiefly the eye expounds the distance of the blue pavilion stretched over our heads are in summer more voluminous, massed and accumulated in far grander and more towering piles ; secondly, the light and the appearances of the declining and the setting sun are much more fitted to be types and characters of the infinite ; and, thirdly (which is the main reason), the exuberant and riotous prodigality of life naturally forces the mind more powerfully upon the antagonist thought of death, and the wintry sterility of the grave. For it may be observed, generally, that wherever two thoughts stand related to each other by a law of antagonism, and exist, as it were, by mutual repulsion, they are apt to suggest each other. On these accounts it is that I find it impossible to banish the thought of death when I am walking alone in the endless days of summer ; and any particular death, if not more affecting, at least haunts my mind more obstinately and besiegingly, in that season. Perhaps this cause, and a slight incident which I omit, might have been the immediate occasions of the following dream, to which, however, a predisposition must always have existed in my mind ; but having been once roused, it never left me, and split into a thousand fantastic varieties, which often suddenly reunited, and composed again the original dream.

I thought that it was a Sunday morning in May ; that it was Easter Sunday, and as yet very early in the morning. I was standing, as it seemed to me, at the door of my own cot-

tage. Right before me lay the very scene which could really be commanded from that situation, but exalted, as was usual, and solemnized by the power of dreams. There were the same mountains, and the same lovely valley at their feet ; but the mountains were raised to more than Alpine height, and there was interspace far larger between them of meadows and forest lawns ; the hedges were rich with white roses ; and no living creature was to be seen, excepting that in the green churchyard there were cattle tranquilly reposing upon the verdant graves, and particularly round about the grave of a child whom I had tenderly loved, just as I had really beheld them, a little before sunrise, in the same summer, when that child died. I gazed upon the well-known scene, and I said aloud (as I thought) to myself : " It yet wants much of sunrise ; and it is Easter Sunday ; and that is the day on which they celebrate the first fruits of resurrection. I will walk abroad ; old griefs shall be forgotten to-day ; for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to heaven ; and the forest glades are as quiet as the churchyard ; and with the dew I can wash the fever from my forehead, and then I shall be unhappy no longer." And I turned, as if to open my garden gate ; and immediately I saw upon the left a scene far different ; but which yet the power of dreams had reconciled into harmony with the other. The scene was an Oriental one ; and there also it was Easter Sunday, and very early in the morning. And at a vast distance were visible, as a stain upon the horizon, the domes and cupolas of a great city — an image or faint abstraction, caught, perhaps, in childhood, from some picture of Jerusalem. And not a bowshot from me, upon a stone, and shaded by Judean palms, there sat a woman ; and I looked, and it was — Ann ! She fixed her eyes upon me earnestly ; and I said to her, at length, " So, then, I have found you, at last." I waited ; but she answered me not a word. Her face was the same as when I saw it last, and yet, again, how different ! Seventeen years ago, when the lamplight fell upon her face, as for the last time I kissed her lips (lips, Ann, that to me were not polluted !), her eyes were streaming with tears ; — her tears were now wiped away ; she seemed more beautiful than she was at that time, but in all other points the same, and not older. Her looks were tranquil, but with unusual solemnity of expression, and I now gazed upon her with some awe : but suddenly her countenance grew dim, and, turning to the mountains, I per-

ceived vapors rolling between us ; in a moment, all had vanished ; thick darkness came on ; and in the twinkling of an eye I was far away from mountains, and, by lamplight in Oxford-street, walking again with Ann — just as we walked seventeen years before, when we were both children.

As a final specimen, I cite one of a different character from 1820.

The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams — a music of preparation and of awakening suspense ; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day — a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where — somehow, I knew not how — by some beings, I knew not whom — a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting — was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music ; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it ; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpressible guilt. “Deeper than ever plummet sounded,” I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake ; some mightier cause than ever yet the word had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms ; hurryings to and fro ; trepidations of innumerable fugitives. I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad ; darkness and lights ; tempest and human faces ; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed — and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then — everlasting farewells ! and, with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated — everlasting farewells ! and again, and yet again reverberated — everlasting farewells !

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, “I will sleep no more !”

THE HASHEESH EATER :

Being passages from the Life of a Pythagorean.

By FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

[FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW, American man of letters, was born in New York city, 1836; died of consumption in Switzerland, 1870. He graduated from Union College—where he wrote some excellent student songs—in 1856; published “The Hasheesh Eater” in 1857; edited “Vanity Fair” 1858–60; was a special correspondent for New York dailies; dramatic, art, and musical critic on the *Evening Post* and the *Home Journal*; and wrote much magazine literature. “The Opium Habit” was published in 1867.]

THE NIGHT ENTRANCE.

HA! WHAT means this sudden thrill? A shock, as of some unimagined vital force, shoots without warning through my entire frame, leaping to my fingers’ ends, piercing my brain, startling me till I almost spring from my chair.

I could not doubt it. I was in the power of the hasheesh influence. My first emotion was one of uncontrollable terror—a sense of getting something which I had not bargained for. That moment I would have given all I had or hoped to have to be as I was three hours before.

No pain anywhere—not a twinge in any fiber—yet a cloud of unutterable strangeness was settling upon me, and wrapping me impenetrably in from all that was natural or familiar. Endearred faces, well known to me of old, surrounded me, yet they were not with me in my loneliness. I had entered upon a tremendous life which they could not share. If the disembodied ever return to hover over the hearthstone which once had a seat for them, they look upon their friends as I then looked upon mine. A nearness of place, with an infinite distance of state, a connection which had no possible sympathies for the wants of that hour of revelation, an isolation none the less perfect for seeming companionship.

Still I spoke; a question was put to me, and I answered it; I even laughed at a *bon mot*. Yet it was not my voice which spoke; perhaps one which I once had far away in another time and another place. For a while I knew nothing that was going on externally, and then the remembrance of the last remark which had been made returned slowly and indistinctly, as some trait of a dream will return after many days, puzzling us to say where we have been conscious of it before.

A fitful wind all the evening had been sighing down the chimney; it now grew into the steady hum of a vast wheel in accelerating motion. For a while this hum seemed to resound through all space. I was stunned by it—I was absorbed in it. Slowly the revolution of the wheel came to a stop, and its monotonous din was changed to the reverberating peal of a grand cathedral organ. The ebb and flow of its inconceivably solemn tone filled me with a grief that was more than human. I sympathized with the dirge-like cadence as spirit sympathizes with spirit. And then, in the full conviction that all I heard and felt was real, I looked out of my isolation to see the effect of the music on my friends. Ah! we were in separate worlds indeed. Not a trace of appreciation on any face.

Perhaps I was acting strangely. Suddenly a pair of busy hands, which had been running neck and neck all the evening with a nimble little crochet-needle over a race-ground of pink and blue silk, stopped at their goal, and their owner looked at me steadfastly. Ah! I was found out—I had betrayed myself. In terror I waited, expecting every instant to hear the word “hasheesh.” No, the lady only asked me some question connected with the previous conversation. As mechanically as an automaton I began to reply. As I heard once more the alien and unreal tones of my own voice, I became convinced that it was some one else who spoke, and in another world. I sat and listened; still the voice kept speaking. Now for the first time I experienced that vast change which hasheesh makes in all measurements of time. The first word of reply occupied a period sufficient for the action of a drama; the last left me in complete ignorance of any point far enough back in the past to date the commencement of the sentence. Its enunciation might have occupied years. I was not in the same life which had held me when I heard it begun.

And now, with time, space expanded also. At my friend’s house one particular arm-chair was always reserved for me. I was sitting in it at a distance of hardly three feet from the center table around which the members of the family were grouped. Rapidly that distance widened. The whole atmosphere seemed ductile, and spun endlessly out into great spaces surrounding me on every side. We were in a vast hall, of which my friends and I occupied opposite extremities. The ceiling and the walls ran upward with a gliding motion, as if vivified by a sudden force of resistless growth.

Oh! I could not bear it. I should soon be left alone in the midst of an infinity of space. And now more and more every moment increased the conviction that I was watched. I did not know then, as I learned afterward, that suspicion of all earthly things and persons was the characteristic of the hash-eesh delirium.

In the midst of my complicated hallucinations, I could perceive that I had a dual existence. One portion of me was whirled unresistingly along the track of this tremendous experience, the other sat looking down from a height upon its double, observing, reasoning, and serenely weighing all the phenomena. This calmer being suffered with the other by sympathy, but did not lose its self-possession. Presently it warned me that I must go home, lest the growing effect of the hasheesh should incite me to some act which might frighten my friends. I acknowledged the force of this remark very much as if it had been made by another person, and rose to take my leave. I advanced toward the center table. With every step its distance increased. I nerved myself as for a long pedestrian journey. Still the lights, the faces, the furniture receded. At last, almost unconsciously, I reached them. It would be tedious to attempt to convey the idea of the time which my leave-taking consumed, and the attempt, at least with all minds that have not passed through the same experience, would be as impossible as tedious. At last I was in the street.

Beyond me the view stretched endlessly away. It was an unconverging vista, whose nearest lamps seemed separated from me by leagues. I was doomed to pass through a merciless stretch of space. A soul just disenthralled, setting out for his flight beyond the farthest visible star, could not be more overwhelmed with his newly acquired conception of the sublimity of distance than I was at that moment. Solemnly I began my infinite journey.

Before long I walked in entire unconsciousness of all around me. I dwelt in a marvelous inner world. I existed by turns in different places and various states of being. Now I swept my gondola through the moonlit lagoons of Venice. Now Alp on Alp towered above my view, and the glory of the coming sun flashed purple light upon the topmost icy pinnacle. Now in the primeval silence of some unexplored tropical forest I spread my feathery leaves, a giant fern, and swayed and nodded in the spice-gales over a river whose waves at once sent up

clouds of music and perfume. My soul changed to a vegetable essence, thrilled with a strange and unimagined ecstasy. The palace of Al Haroun could not have bought me back to humanity.

I will not detail all the transmutations of that walk. Ever and anon I returned from my dreams into consciousness, as some well-known house seemed to leap out into my path, awaking me with a shock. The whole way homeward was a series of such awakings and relapses into abstraction and delirium, until I reached the corner of the street in which I lived.

Here a new phenomenon manifested itself. I had just awaked for perhaps the twentieth time, and my eyes were wide open. I recognized all surrounding objects, and began calculating the distance home. Suddenly, out of a blank wall at my side, a muffled figure stepped into the path before me. His hair, white as snow, hung in tangled elf-locks on his shoulders, where he carried also a heavy burden, like unto the well-filled sack of sins which Bunyan places on the back of his pilgrim. Not liking his manner, I stepped aside, intending to pass around him and go on my way. This change of our relative position allowed the blaze of a neighboring street-lamp to fall full on his face, which had hitherto been totally obscured. Horror unspeakable! I shall never till the day I die, forget that face. Every lineament was stamped with the records of a life black with damning crime; it glared upon me with a ferocious wickedness and a stony despair, which only he may feel who is entering on the retribution of the unpardonable sin. He might have sat to a demon painter as the ideal of Shelley's Cenci. I seemed to grow blasphemous in looking at him, and, in an agony of fear, began to run away. He detained me with a bony hand, which pierced my wrist like talons, and, slowly taking down the burden from his own shoulders, laid it upon mine. I threw it off and pushed him away. Silently he returned and restored the weight. Again I repulsed him, this time crying out, "Man, what do you mean?" In a voice which impressed me with the sense of wickedness, as his face had done, he replied, "You *shall* bear my burden with me," and a third time laid it on my shoulders. For the last time I hurled it aside, and, with all my force, dashed him from me. He reeled backward and fell, and before he could recover his disadvantage I had put a long distance between us.

Through the excitement of my struggle with this phantasm the effects of the hasheesh had increased mightily. I was bursting with an uncontrollable life ; I strode with the thews of a giant. Hotter and faster came my breath ; I seemed to pant like some tremendous engine. An electric energy whirled me resistlessly onward ; I feared for myself lest it should burst its fleshly walls, and glance on, leaving a wrecked framework behind it.

At last I entered my own house. During my absence a family connection had arrived from abroad, and stood ready to receive my greeting. Partly restored to consciousness by the naturalness of home faces and the powerful light of a chandelier which shed its blaze through the room, I saw the necessity of vigilance against betraying my condition, and with an intense effort suppressing all I felt, I approached my friend, and said all that is usual on such occasions. Yet recent as I was from my conflict with the supernatural, I cast a stealthy look about me, that I might learn from the faces of the others if, after all, I was shaking hands with a phantom, and making inquiries about the health of a family of hallucinations. Growing assured as I perceived no symptoms of astonishment, I finished the salutation and sat down.

It soon required all my resolution to keep the secret which I had determined to hold inviolable. My sensations began to be terrific — not from any pain that I felt, but from the tremendous mystery of all around me and within me. By an appalling introversion, all the operations of vitality which, in our ordinary state, go on unconsciously, came vividly into my experience. Through every thinnest corporeal tissue and minutest vein I could trace the circulation of the blood along each inch of its progress. I knew when every valve opened and when it shut ; every sense was preternaturally awakened ; the room was full of a great glory. The beating of my heart was so clearly audible that I wondered to find it unnoticed by those who were sitting by my side. Lo, now, that heart became a great fountain, whose jet played upward with loud vibrations, and, striking upon the roof of my skull as on a gigantic dome, fell back with a splash and echo into its reservoir. Faster and faster came the pulsations, until at last I heard them no more, and the stream became one continuously pouring flood, whose roar resounded through all my frame.

I gave myself up for lost, since judgment, which still sat unimpaired above my perverted senses, argued that congestion must take place in a few moments, and close the drama with my death. But my clutch would not yet relax from hope. The thought struck me, Might not this rapidity of circulation be, after all, imaginary? I determined to find out.

Going to my own room, I took out my watch, and placed my hand upon my heart. The very effort which I made to ascertain the reality gradually brought perception back to its natural state. In the intensity of my observations, I began to perceive that the circulation was not as rapid as I had thought. From a pulseless flow it gradually came to be apprehended as a hurrying succession of intense throbs, then less swift and less intense, till finally, on comparing it with the second-hand, I found that about ninety a minute was its average rapidity. Greatly comforted, I desisted from the experiment. Almost instantly the hallucination returned. Again I dreaded apoplexy, congestion, hemorrhage, a multiplicity of nameless deaths, and drew my picture as I might be found on the morrow, stark and cold, by those whose agony would be doubled by the mystery of my end. I reasoned with myself; I bathed my forehead—it did no good. There was one resource left: I would go to a physician; *would you not?*

With this resolve, I left my room and went to the head of the staircase. The family had all retired for the night, and the gas was turned off from the burner in the hall below. I looked down the stairs: the depth was fathomless; it was a journey of years to reach the bottom! The dim light of the sky shone through the narrow panes at the side of the front door, and seemed a demon-lamp in the middle darkness of the abyss. I never could get down! I sat me down despairingly upon the topmost step.

Suddenly a sublime thought possessed me. If the distance be infinite, I am immortal. It shall be tried. I commenced the descent, wearily, wearily down through my league-long, year-long journey. To record my impressions in that journey would be to repeat what I have said of the time of hasheesh. Now stopping to rest as a traveler would turn aside at a wayside inn, now toiling down through the lonely darkness, I came by and by to the end and passed out into the street.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF ESCULAPIUS.

On reaching the porch of the physician's house I rang the bell, but immediately forgot whom to ask for. No wonder ; I was on the steps of a palace in Milan, — no (and I laughed at myself for the blunder), I was on the staircase of the Tower of London. So I should not be puzzled through my ignorance of Italian. But whom to ask for ? This question recalled me to the real bearings of the place, but did not suggest its requisite answer. Whom shall I ask for ? I began setting the most cunning traps of hypothesis to catch the solution of the difficulty. I looked at the surrounding houses ; of whom had I been accustomed to think as living next door to them ? This did not bring it. Whose daughter had I seen going to school from this house but the very day before ? Her name was Julia — Julia — and I thought of every combination which had been made with this name from Julia Domna down to Giulia Grisi. Ah ! now I had it — Julia H. ; and her father naturally bore the same name.

During this intellectual rummage I had rung the bell half a dozen times, under the impression that I was kept waiting a small eternity. When the servant opened the door, she panted as if she had run for her life. I was shown upstairs to Dr. H.'s room, where he had thrown himself down to rest after a tedious operation. Locking the door after me with an air of determined secrecy, which must have conveyed to him pleasant little suggestions of a design upon his life, I approached his bedside.

"I am about to reveal to you," I commenced, "something which I would not for my life allow to come to other ears. Do you pledge me your eternal silence ?"

"I do ; what is the matter ?"

"I have been taking hasheesh — *Cannabis Indica*, and I fear that I am going to die."

"How much did you take ?"

"Thirty grains."

"Let me feel your pulse." He placed his finger on my wrist and counted slowly, while I stood waiting to hear my death-warrant. "Very regular," shortly spoke the doctor ; "triflingly accelerated. Do you feel any pain ?" "None at all." "Nothing the matter with you ; go home and go to

bed." "But — is there — is there — no — danger of — apoplexy?" "Bah!" said the doctor; and, having delivered himself of this very Abernethy-like opinion of my case, he lay down again. My hand was on the knob when he stopped me with, "Wait a minute; I'll give you a powder to carry with you, and if you get frightened again after you leave me, you can take it as a sedative. Step out on the landing, if you please, and call my servant."

I did so, and my voice seemed to reverberate like thunder from every recess in the whole building. I was terrified at the noise I had made. I learned in after days that this impression is only one of the many due to the intense susceptibility of the sensorium as produced by hasheesh. At one time, having asked a friend to check me if I talked loudly or immoderately while in a state of fantasia among persons from whom I wished to conceal my state, I caught myself shouting and singing from very ecstacy, and reproached him with a neglect of his friendly office. I could not believe him when he assured me that I had not uttered an audible word. The intensity of the inward emotion had affected the external through the internal ear.

I returned and stood at the foot of the doctor's bed. All was perfect silence in the room, and had been perfect darkness also but for the small lamp which I held in my hand to light the preparation of the powder when it should come. And now a still sublimer mystery began to enwrap me. I stood in a remote chamber at the top of a colossal building, and the whole fabric beneath me was steadily growing into the air. Higher than the topmost pinnacle of Bel's Babylonish temple — higher than Ararat — on, on forever into the lonely dome of God's infinite universe we towered ceaselessly. The years flew on; I heard the musical rush of their wings in the abyss outside of me, and from cycle to cycle, from life to life I careered, a mote in eternity and space. Suddenly emerging from the orbit of my transmigrations, I was again at the foot of the doctor's bed, and thrilled with wonder to find that we were both unchanged by the measureless lapse of time. The servant had not come.

"Shall I call her again!" "Why, you have this moment called her." "Doctor," I replied solemnly, and in language that would have seemed bombastic enough to any one who did not realize what I felt, "I will not believe you are deceiv-

ing me, but to me it appears as if sufficient time had elapsed since then for all the Pyramids to have crumbled back to dust." "Ha! ha! you are very funny to-night," said the doctor; "but here she comes, and I will send her for something which will comfort you on that score, and reëstablish the Pyramids in your confidence." He gave the girl his orders, and she went out again.

The thought struck me that I would compare *my time* with other people's. I looked at my watch, found that its minute-hand stood at the quarter mark past eleven, and, returning it to my pocket, abandoned myself to my reflections.

Presently I saw myself a gnome imprisoned by a most weird enchanter, whose part I assigned to the doctor before me, in the Domdaniel caverns, "under the roots of the ocean." Here, until the dissolution of all things, was I doomed to hold the lamp that lit that abysmal darkness, while my heart, like a giant clock, ticked solemnly the remaining years of time. Now, this hallucination departing, I heard in the solitude of the night outside the sound of a wondrous heaving sea. Its waves, in sublime cadence, rolled forward till they met the foundations of the building; they smote them with a might which made the very topstone quiver, and then fall back, with hiss and hollow murmur, into the broad bosom whence they had arisen. Now through the street, with measured tread, an armed host passed by. The heavy beat of their footfall and the girding of their brazen corslet-rings alone broke the silence, for among them all there was no more speech nor music than in a battalion of the dead. It was the army of the ages going by into eternity. A godlike sublimity swallowed up my soul. I was overwhelmed in a fathomless barathrum of time, but I leaned on God, and was immortal through all changes.

And now, in another life, I remembered that far back in the cycles I had looked at my watch to measure the time through which I had passed. The impulse seized me to look again. The minute-hand stood half way between fifteen and sixteen minutes past eleven. The watch must have stopped; I held it to my ear; no, it was still going. I had traveled through all that immeasurable chain of dreams in thirty seconds. "My God!" I cried, "I am in eternity." In the presence of that first sublime revelation of the soul's own time, and her capacity for an infinite life, I stood trembling with breathless awe. Till I die

that moment of unveiling will stand in clear relief from all the rest of my existence. I hold it still in unimpaired remembrance as one of the unutterable sanctities of my being. The years of all my earthly life to come can never be as long as those thirty seconds.

THE GATE OF THE HUNDRED SORROWS.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

[RUDYARD KIPLING: An Anglo-Indian story-writer and poet; born in Bombay, India, in 1865, son of an artist. From five to fifteen he was at school in England; on his return to India in 1880 he became subeditor of the *Lahore Civil and Military Gazette*, and began to contribute to the papers short stories and verses, descriptive of Anglo-Indian life. He visited America in 1891, and resided at Brattleboro, Vt., 1892-1896. Among his numerous works are: "Departmental Ditties," "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Soldiers Three," "The Phantom Rickshaw," "The Light that Failed," "The Story of the Gadsbys," "The Naulahka" (with the late Wolcott Balestier, his brother-in-law), "Many Inventions," the "Jungle Books," "The Seven Seas" (poems), "Captains Courageous."]

"If I can attain Heaven for a pice, why should you be envious?"

— *Opium Smoker's Proverb.*

THIS is no work of mine. My friend, Gabral Misquitta, the half-caste, spoke it all, between moonset and morning, six weeks before he died; and I took it down from his mouth as he answered my questions. So:—

It lies between the Coppersmith's Gully and the pipe-stem sellers' quarter, within a hundred yards, too, as the crow flies, of the Mosque of Wazir Khan. I don't mind telling any one this much, but I defy him to find the Gate, however well he may think he knows the City. You might even go through the very gully it stands in a hundred times, and be none the wiser. We used to call the gully, "The Gully of the Black Smoke," but its native name is altogether different of course. A loaded donkey couldn't pass between the walls; and, at one point, just before you reach the Gate, a bulged house front makes people go along all sideways.

It isn't really a gate though. It's a house. Old Fung-Tching had it first five years ago. He was a bootmaker in Calcutta. They say that he murdered his wife there when he was drunk. That was why he dropped bazaar rum and took

to the Black Smoke instead. Later on, he came up North and opened the Gate as a house where you could get your smoke in peace and quiet. Mind you, it was a *pukka*, respectable opium house, and not one of those stifling, sweltering *chandookhanas*, that you can find all over the City. No; the old man knew his business thoroughly, and he was most clean for a Chinaman. He was a one-eyed little chap, not much more than five feet high, and both his middle fingers were gone. All the same, he was the handiest man at rolling black pills I have ever seen. Never seemed to be touched by the Smoke, either; and what he took day and night, night and day, was a caution. I've been at it five years, and I can do my fair share of the Smoke with any one; but I was a child to Fung-Tching that way. All the same, the old man was keen on his money: very keen; and that's what I can't understand. I heard he saved a good deal before he died, but his nephew has got all that now; and the old man's gone back to China to be buried.

He kept the big upper room, where his best customers gathered, as neat as a new pin. In one corner used to stand Fung-Tching's Joss—almost as ugly as Fung-Tching—and there were always sticks burning under his nose; but you never smelt 'em when the pipes were going thick. Opposite the Joss was Fung-Tching's coffin. He had spent a good deal of his savings on that, and whenever a new man came to the Gate he was always introduced to it. It was lacquered black, with red and gold writings on it, and I've heard that Fung-Tching brought it out all the way from China. I don't know whether that's true or not, but I know that, if I came first in the evening, I used to spread my mat just at the foot of it. It was a quiet corner, you see, and a sort of breeze from the gully came in at the window now and then. Besides the mats, there was no other furniture in the room—only the coffin, and the old Joss all green and blue and purple with age and polish.

Fung-Tching never told us why he called the place "The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows." (He was the only Chinaman I know who used bad-sounding fancy names. Most of them are flowery. As you'll see in Calcutta.) We used to find that out for ourselves. Nothing grows on you so much, if you're white, as the Black Smoke. A yellow man is made different. Opium doesn't tell on him scarcely at all; but white and black suffer a good deal. Of course, there are some people that the Smoke doesn't touch any more than tobacco would at first.

They just doze a bit, as one would fall asleep naturally, and next morning they are almost fit for work. Now, I was one of that sort when I began, but I've been at it for five years pretty steadily, and it's different now. There was an old aunt of mine, down Agra way, and she left me a little at her death. About sixty rupees a month secured. Sixty isn't much. I can recollect a time, 'seems hundreds and hundreds of years ago, that I was getting my three hundred a month, and pickings, when I was working on a big timber contract in Calcutta.

I didn't stick to that work for long. The Black Smoke does not allow of much other business; and even though I am very little affected by it, as men go, I couldn't do a day's work now to save my life. After all, sixty rupees is what I want. When old Fung-Tching was alive he used to draw the money for me, give me about half of it to live on (I eat very little), and the rest he kept himself. I was free of the Gate at any time of the day and night, and could smoke and sleep there when I liked, so I didn't care. I know the old man made a good thing out of it; but that's no matter. Nothing matters much to me; and besides, the money always came fresh and fresh each month.

There were ten of us met at the Gate when the place was first opened. Me, and two Baboos from a Government Office somewhere in Anarkulli, but they got the sack and couldn't pay (no man who has to work in the daylight can do the Black Smoke for any length of time straight on); a Chinaman that was Fung-Tching's nephew; a bazaar woman that had got a lot of money somehow; an English loafer — MacSomebody I think, but I have forgotten, — that smoked heaps, but never seemed to pay anything (they said he had saved Fung-Tching's life at some trial in Calcutta when he was a barrister); another Eurasian, like myself, from Madras; a half-caste woman, and a couple of men who said they had come from the North. I think they must have been Persians or Afghans or something. There are not more than five of us living now, but we come regular. I don't know what happened to the Baboos; but the bazaar woman she died after six months of the Gate, and I think Fung-Tching took her bangles and nose ring for himself. But I'm not certain. The Englishman, he drank as well as smoked, and he dropped off. One of the Persians got killed in a row at night by the big well near the mosque a long time ago, and the Police shut up the well, because they said it was full of

foul air. They found him dead at the bottom of it. So you see, there is only me, the Chinaman, the half-caste woman that we call the *Memsahib* (she used to live with Fung-Tching), the other Eurasian, and one of the Persians. The *Memsahib* looks very old now. I think she was a young woman when the Gate was opened; but we are all old for the matter of that. Hundreds and hundreds of years old. It is very hard to keep count of time in the Gate, and, besides, time doesn't matter to me. I draw my sixty rupees fresh and fresh every month. A very, very long while ago, when I used to be getting three hundred and fifty rupees a month, and pickings, on a big timber contract at Calcutta, I had a wife of sorts. But she's dead now. People said that I killed her by taking to the Black Smoke. Perhaps I did, but it's so long since that it doesn't matter. Sometimes when I first came to the Gate, I used to feel sorry for it; but that's all over and done with long ago, and I draw my sixty rupees fresh and fresh every month, and am quite happy. Not *drunk* happy, you know, but always quiet and soothed and contented.

How did I take to it? It began at Calcutta. I used to try it in my own house, just to see what it was like. I never went very far, but I think my wife must have died then. Anyhow, I found myself here, and got to know Fung-Tching. I don't remember rightly how that came about; but he told me of the Gate and I used to go there, and, somehow, I have never got away from it since. Mind you, though, the Gate was a respectable place in Fung-Tching's time, where you could be comfortable, and not at all like the *chandoo-khanas* where the niggers go. No; it was clean and quiet, and not crowded. Of course, there were others beside us ten and the man; but we always had a mat apiece, with a wadded woolen headpiece, all covered with black and red dragons and things; just like the coffin in the corner.

At the end of one's third pipe the dragons used to move about and fight. I've watched 'em many and many a night through. I used to regulate my Smoke that way, and now it takes a dozen pipes to make 'em stir. Besides, they are all torn and dirty, like the mats, and old Fung-Tching is dead. He died a couple of years ago, and gave me the pipe I always use now—a silver one, with queer beasts crawling up and down the receiver bottle below the cup. Before that, I think, I used a big bamboo stem with a copper cup, a very small one,

and a green jade mouthpiece. It was a little thicker than a walking-stick stem, and smoked sweet, very sweet. The bamboo seemed to suck up the smoke. Silver doesn't, and I've got to clean it out now and then; that's a great deal of trouble, but I smoke it for the old man's sake. He must have made a good thing out of me, but he always gave me clean mats and pillows, and the best stuff you could get anywhere.

When he died, his nephew Tsin-ling took up the Gate, and he called it the "Temple of the Three Possessions"; but we old ones speak of it as the "Hundred Sorrows," all the same. The nephew does things very shabbily, and I think the *Memsahib* must help him. She lives with him; same as she used to do with the old man. The two let in all sorts of low people, niggers and all, and the Black Smoke isn't as good as it used to be. I've found burnt bran in my pipe over and over again. The old man would have died if that had happened in his time. Besides, the room is never cleaned, and all the mats are torn and cut at the edges. The coffin is gone—gone to China again—with the old man and two ounces of Smoke inside it, in case he should want 'em on the way.

The Joss doesn't get so many sticks burnt under his nose as he used to; that's a sign of ill luck, as sure as Death. He's all brown, too, and no one ever attends to him. That's the *Memsahib's* work, I know; because, when Tsin-ling tried to burn gilt paper before him, she said it was a waste of money, and, if he kept a stick burning very slowly, the Joss wouldn't know the difference. So now we've got the sticks mixed with a lot of glue, and they take half an hour longer to burn, and smell stinky. Let alone the smell of the room by itself. No business can get on if they try that sort of thing. The Joss doesn't like it. I can see that. Late at night, sometimes, he turns all sorts of queer colors—blue and green and red—just as he used to do when old Fung-Tching was alive; and he rolls his eyes and stamps his feet like a devil.

I don't know why I don't leave the place and smoke quietly in a little room of my own in the bazaar. Most like, Tsin-ling would kill me if I went away—he draws my sixty rupees now—and besides, it's so much trouble, and I've grown to be very fond of the Gate. It's not much to look at. Not what it was in the old man's time, but I couldn't leave it. I've seen so many come in and out. And I've seen so many die here on the mats that I should be afraid of dying in the open now.

I've seen some things that people would call strange enough, but nothing is strange when you're on the Black Smoke, except the Black Smoke. And if it was, it wouldn't matter. Fung-Tching used to be very particular about his people, and never got in any one who'd give trouble by dying messy and such. But the nephew isn't half so careful. He tells everywhere that he keeps a "first-chop" house. Never tries to get men in quietly, and make them comfortable like Fung-Tching did. That's why the Gate is getting a little bit more known than it used to be. Among the niggers of course. The nephew daren't get a white, or, for matter of that, a mixed skin into the place. He has to keep us three of course — me and the *Memsahib* and the other Eurasian. We're fixtures. But he wouldn't give us credit for a pipeful — not for anything.

One of these days, I hope, I shall die in the Gate. The Persian and the Madras man are terribly shaky now. They've got a boy to light their pipes for them. I always do that myself. Most like, I shall see them carried out before me. I don't think I shall ever outlive the *Memsahib* or Tsin-ling. Women last longer than men at the Black Smoke, and Tsin-ling has a deal of the old man's blood in him, though he does smoke cheap stuff. The bazaar woman knew when she was going two days before her time; and she died on a clean mat with a nicely wadded pillow, and the old man hung up her pipe just above the Joss. He was always fond of her, I fancy. But he took her bangles just the same.

I should like to die like the bazaar woman — on a clean, cool mat with a pipe of good stuff between my lips. When I feel I'm going, I shall ask Tsin-ling for them, and he can draw my sixty rupees a month, fresh and fresh, as long as he pleases. Then I shall lie back, quiet and comfortable, and watch the black and red dragons have their last big fight together; and then . . .

Well, it doesn't matter. Nothing matters much to me — only I wish Tsin-ling wouldn't put bran into the Black Smoke.

DE QUINCEY'S EARLY SUFFERINGS.

(From "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.")

[THOMAS DE QUINCEY: An English author; born at Manchester, August 15, 1785. The son of a wealthy merchant, he was sent to various grammar schools, from which he ran away. He spent a few years at Oxford, and about 1808 became intimate with Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, which induced him to live at Grasmere in the Lake district. Here he devoted his time to literature, and became a frequent contributor to *Blackwood's*, and other periodicals. He removed to Scotland in 1843, and passed the latter part of his life near Edinburgh, where he died, December 8, 1859. During his stay at Oxford he contracted the habit of opium-eating, which was only overcome after a protracted struggle many years later. His experiences with the drug form the basis of a narrative entitled "The Confessions of an Opium-Eater," which appeared in the *London Magazine* (1821). His other works are chiefly essays. The most complete edition of his works appeared 1852-1855.]

I HAVE often been asked how I first came to be a regular opium-eater, and have suffered, very unjustly, in the opinion of my acquaintance from being reputed to have brought upon myself all the sufferings which I shall have to record, by a long course of indulgence in this practice purely for the sake of creating an artificial state of pleasurable excitement. This, however, is a misrepresentation of my case. True it is that for nearly ten years I did occasionally take opium for the sake of the exquisite pleasure it gave me; but so long as I took it with this view I was effectually protected from all material bad consequences by the necessity of interposing long intervals between the several acts of indulgence, in order to renew the pleasurable sensations. It was not for the purpose of creating pleasure, but of mitigating pain in the severest degree, that I first began to use opium as an article of daily diet. In the twenty-eighth year of my age a most painful affection of the stomach, which I had first experienced about ten years before, attacked me in great strength. This affection had originally been caused by extremities of hunger, suffered in my boyish days. During the season of hope and redundant happiness which succeeded (that is, from eighteen to twenty-four) it had slumbered; for the three following years it had revived at intervals; and now, under unfavorable circumstances, from depression of spirits, it attacked me with a violence that yielded to no remedies but opium. As the youthful sufferings which

first produced this derangement of the stomach were interesting in themselves, and in the circumstances that attended them, I shall here briefly retrace them.

My father died when I was about seven years old, and left me to the care of four guardians. I was sent to various schools, great and small, and was very early distinguished for my classical attainments, especially for my knowledge of Greek. At thirteen I wrote Greek with ease; and at fifteen my command of that language was so great that I not only composed Greek verses in lyric meters, but could converse in Greek fluently and without embarrassment—an accomplishment which I have not since met with in any scholar of my times; and which in my case was owing to the practice of daily reading off the newspapers into the best Greek I could furnish *extempore*; for the necessity of ransacking my memory and invention for all sorts and combinations of periphrastic expressions as equivalents for modern ideas, images, relations of things, etc., gave me a compass of diction which would never have been called out by a dull translation of moral essays, etc. “That boy,” said one of my masters, pointing the attention of a stranger to me, “that boy could harangue an Athenian mob better than you and I could address an English one.” He who honored me with this eulogy was a scholar, “and a ripe and a good one,” and of all my tutors was the only one whom I loved or revered. Unfortunately for me (and, as I afterwards learned, to this worthy man’s great indignation), I was transferred to the care, first of a blockhead, who was in a perpetual panic lest I should expose his ignorance; and finally to that of a respectable scholar at the head of a great school on an ancient foundation. This man had been appointed to his situation by — College, Oxford, and was a sound, well-built scholar, but (like most men whom I have known from that college) coarse, clumsy, and inelegant. A miserable contrast he presented, in my eyes, to the Etonian brilliancy of my favorite master; and besides, he could not disguise from my hourly notice the poverty and meagerness of his understanding. It is a bad thing for a boy to be and to know himself far beyond his tutors, whether in knowledge or in power of mind. This was the case, so far as regarded knowledge at least, not with myself only, for the two boys who jointly with myself composed the first form were better Grecians than the head master, though not more elegant scholars, nor at all more accustomed

to sacrifice to the Graces. When I first entered I remember that we read Sophocles; and it was a constant matter of triumph to us, the learned triumvirate of the first form, to see our "Archididasculus" (as he loved to be called) conning our lessons before we went up, and laying a regular train, with lexicon and grammar, for blowing up and blasting (as it were) any difficulties he found in the choruses; whilst *we* never condescended to open our books until the moment of going up, and were generally employed in writing epigrams upon his wig or some such important matter. My two class fellows were poor, and dependent for their future prospects at the university on the recommendation of the head master; but I, who had a small patrimonial property, the income of which was sufficient to support me at college, wished to be sent thither immediately. I made earnest representations on the subject to my guardians, but all to no purpose. One, who was more reasonable and had more knowledge of the world than the rest, lived at a distance; two of the other three resigned all their authority into the hands of the fourth; and this fourth, with whom I had to negotiate, was a worthy man in his way, but haughty, obstinate, and intolerant of all opposition to his will. After a certain number of letters and personal interviews, I found that I had nothing to hope for, not even a compromise of the matter, from my guardian. Unconditional submission was what he demanded, and I prepared myself, therefore, for other measures.

[At seventeen he ran away, and wandered in North Wales for a while; finally reduced to one meal a day; then went to London.]

And now began the latter and fiercer stage of my long sufferings,—without using a disproportionate expression I might say, of my agony. For I now suffered, for upwards of sixteen weeks, the physical anguish of hunger in various degrees of intensity, but as bitter perhaps as ever any human being can have suffered who has survived it. I would not needlessly harass my reader's feelings by a detail of all that I endured. Let it suffice to say that a few fragments of bread from the breakfast table of one individual (who supposed me to be ill, but did not know of my being in utter want), and these at uncertain intervals, constituted my whole support. During the former part of my sufferings I was houseless, and very seldom slept under a roof. To this constant exposure to the open air I ascribe it mainly that I did not sink under my torments.

Latterly, however, when colder and more inclement weather came on, and when, from the length of my sufferings, I had begun to sink into a more languishing condition, it was no doubt fortunate for me that the same person to whose breakfast table I had access, allowed me to sleep in a large unoccupied house of which he was tenant. Unoccupied I call it, for there was no household or establishment in it; nor any furniture, indeed, except a table and a few chairs. But I found, on taking possession of my new quarters, that the house already contained one single inmate, a poor friendless child, apparently ten years old; but she seemed hunger-bitten, and sufferings of that sort often make children look older than they are. From this forlorn child I learned that she had slept and lived there alone for some time before I came; and great joy the poor creature expressed when she found that I was in future to be her companion through the hours of darkness. The house was large, and, from the want of furniture, the noise of the rats made a prodigious echoing on the spacious staircase and hall; and amidst the real fleshly ills of cold and, I fear, hunger, the forsaken child had found leisure to suffer still more (it appeared) from the self-created one of ghosts. I promised her protection against all ghosts whatsoever, but alas! I could offer her no other assistance. We lay upon the floor, with a bundle of cursed law papers for a pillow, but with no other covering than a sort of large horseman's cloak; afterwards, however, we discovered in a garret an old sofa cover, a small piece of rug, and some fragments of other articles, which added a little to our warmth. The poor child crept close to me for warmth, and for security against her ghostly enemies. When I was not more than usually ill I took her into my arms, so that in general she was tolerably warm, and often slept when I could not, for during the last two months of my sufferings I slept much in daytime, and was apt to fall into transient dozings at all hours. But my sleep distressed me more than my watching, for beside the tumultuousness of my dreams (which were only not so awful as those which I shall have to describe hereafter as produced by opium), my sleep was never more than what is called *dogsleep*; so that I could hear myself moaning, and was often, as it seemed to me, awakened suddenly by my own voice; and about this time a hideous sensation began to haunt me as soon as I fell into a slumber, which has since returned upon me at different periods of my life—viz., a sort of twitching (I knew not where, but apparently about the

region of the stomach) which compelled me violently to throw out my feet for the sake of relieving it. This sensation coming on as soon as I began to sleep, and the effort to relieve it constantly awaking me, at length I slept only from exhaustion; and from increasing weakness (as I said before) I was constantly falling asleep and constantly awaking. Meantime, the master of the house sometimes came in upon us suddenly, and very early; sometimes not till ten o'clock, sometimes not at all. He was in constant fear of bailiffs. Improving on the plan of Cromwell, every night he slept in a different quarter of London; and I observed that he never failed to examine through a private window the appearance of those who knocked at the door before he would allow it to be opened. He breakfasted alone; indeed, his tea equipage would hardly have admitted of his hazarding an invitation to a second person, any more than the quantity of esculent *matériel*, which for the most part was little more than a roll or a few biscuits which he had bought on his road from the place where he had slept. Or, if he *had* asked a party—as I once learnedly and facetiously observed to him—the several members of it must have *stood* in the relation to each other (not *sat* in any relation whatever) of succession, as the metaphysicians have it, and not of a coexistence; in the relation of the parts of time, and not of the parts of space. During his breakfast I generally contrived a reason for lounging in, and, with an air of as much indifference as I could assume, took up such fragments as he had left; sometimes, indeed, there were none at all. In doing this I committed no robbery except upon the man himself, who was thus obliged (I believe) now and then to send out at noon for an extra biscuit; for as to the poor child, *she* was never admitted into his study (if I may give that name to his chief depository of parchments, law writings, etc.); that room was to her the Bluebeard room of the house, being regularly locked on his departure to dinner, about six o'clock, which usually was his final departure for the night. Whether this child were an illegitimate daughter of Mr. —, or only a servant, I could not ascertain; she did not herself know; but certainly she was treated altogether as a menial servant. No sooner did Mr. — make his appearance than she went below stairs, brushed his shoes, coat, etc.; and, except when she was summoned to run an errand, she never emerged from the dismal Tartarus of the kitchen, etc., to the upper air until my welcome knock at night

called up her little trembling footsteps to the front door. Of her life during the daytime, however, I knew little but what I gathered from her own account at night, for as soon as the hours of business commenced I saw that my absence would be acceptable, and in general, therefore, I went off and sat in the parks or elsewhere until nightfall,

But who and what, meantime, was the master of the house himself? Reader, he was one of those anomalous practitioners in lower departments of the law who — what shall I say? — who on prudential reasons, or from necessity, deny themselves all indulgence in the luxury of too delicate a conscience (a periphrasis which might be abridged considerably, but *that* I leave to the reader's taste) : in many walks of life a conscience is a more expensive encumbrance than a wife or a carriage; and just as people talk of "laying down" their carriages, so I suppose my friend Mr. — had "laid down" his conscience for a time, meaning, doubtless, to resume it as soon as he could afford it. The inner economy of such a man's daily life would present a most strange picture, if I could allow myself to amuse the reader at his expense. Even with my limited opportunities for observing what went on, I saw many scenes of London intrigues and complex chicanery, "cycle and epicycle, orb in orb," at which I sometimes smile to this day, and at which I smiled then, in spite of my misery. My situation, however, at that time gave me little experience in my own person of any qualities in Mr. —'s character but such as did him honor; and of his whole strange composition I must forget everything but that towards me he was obliging, and to the extent of his power, generous.

That power was not, indeed, very extensive; however, in common with the rats, I sat rent free; and as Dr. Johnson has recorded that he never but once in his life had as much wall fruit as he could eat, so let me be grateful that on that single occasion I had as large a choice of apartments in a London mansion as I could possibly desire. Except the Blue-beard room, which the poor child believed to be haunted, all others, from the attics to the cellars, were at our service; "the world was all before us," and we pitched our tent for the night in any spot we chose. This house I have already described as a large one; it stands in a conspicuous situation and in a well-known part of London. Many of my readers will have passed it, I doubt not, within a few hours of reading this.

For myself, I never fail to visit it when business draws me to London ; about ten o'clock this very night, August 15, 1821 — being my birthday — I turned aside from my evening walk down Oxford Street, purposely to take a glance at it ; it is now occupied by a respectable family, and by the lights in the front drawing room I observed a domestic party assembled, perhaps at tea, and apparently cheerful and gay. Marvelous contrast, in my eyes, to the darkness, cold, silence, and desolation of that same house eighteen years ago, when its nightly occupants were one famishing scholar and a neglected child. Her, by the bye, in after years I vainly endeavored to trace. Apart from her situation, she was not what would be called an interesting child ; she was neither pretty, nor quick in understanding, nor remarkably pleasing in manners. But, thank God ! even in those years I needed not the embellishments of novel accessories to conciliate my affections : plain human nature, in its humblest and most homely apparel, was enough for me, and I loved the child because she was my partner in wretchedness. If she is now living she is probably a mother, with children of her own ; but, as I have said, I could never trace her.

This I regret ; but another person there was at that time whom I have since sought to trace with far deeper earnestness, and with far deeper sorrow at my failure. This person was a young woman, and one of that unhappy class who subsist upon the wages of prostitution. I feel no shame, nor have any reason to feel it, in avowing that I was then on familiar and friendly terms with many women in that unfortunate condition. The reader needs neither smile at this avowal nor frown ; for, not to remind my classical readers of the old Latin proverb, "*Sine cerere*," etc., it may well be supposed that in the existing state of my purse my connection with such women could not have been an impure one. But the truth is, that at no time of my life have I been a person to hold myself polluted by the touch or approach of any creature that wore a human shape ; on the contrary, from my very earliest youth it has been my pride to converse familiarly, *more Socratio*, with all human beings, man, woman, and child, that chance might fling in my way ; a practice which is friendly to the knowledge of human nature, to good feelings, and to that frankness of address which becomes a man who would be thought a philosopher. For a philosopher should not see with the eyes of the poor liminary

creature calling himself a man of the world, and filled with narrow and self-regarding prejudices of birth and education, but should look upon himself as a catholic creature, and as standing in equal relation to high and low, to educated and uneducated, to the guilty and the innocent. Being myself at that time of necessity a peripatetic, or a walker of the streets, I naturally fell in more frequently with those female peripatetics who are technically called streetwalkers. Many of these women had occasionally taken my part against watchmen who wished to drive me off the steps of houses where I was sitting. But one amongst them, the one on whose account I have at all introduced this subject — yet no ! let me not class thee, oh ! noble-minded Ann — with that order of women. Let me find, if it be possible, some gentler name to designate the condition of her to whose bounty and compassion, ministering to my necessities when all the world had forsaken me, I owe it that I am at this time alive. For many weeks I had walked at nights with this poor friendless girl up and down Oxford Street or had rested with her on steps and under the shelter of porticoes. She could not be so old as myself ; she told me, indeed, that she had not completed her sixteenth year. By such questions as my interest about her prompted I had gradually drawn forth her simple history. Hers was a case of ordinary occurrence (as I have since had reason to think), and one in which, if London beneficence had better adapted its arrangements to meet it, the power of the law might oftener be interposed to protect and to avenge. But the stream of London charity flows in a channel which, though deep and mighty, is yet noiseless and underground, not obvious or readily accessible to poor houseless wanderers ; and it cannot be denied that the outside air and framework of London society is harsh, cruel, and repulsive. In any case, however, I saw that part of her injuries might easily have been redressed, and I urged her often and earnestly to lay her complaint before a magistrate. Friendless as she was, I assured her that she would meet with immediate attention, and that English justice, which was no respecter of persons, would speedily and amply avenge her on the brutal ruffian who had plundered her little property. She promised me often that she would, but she delayed taking the steps I pointed out from time to time, for she was timid and dejected to a degree which showed how deeply sorrow had taken hold of her young heart ; and perhaps she thought justly

that the most upright judge and the most righteous tribunals could do nothing to repair her heaviest wrongs. Something, however, would perhaps have been done, for it had been settled between us at length, but unhappily on the very last time but one that I was ever to see her, that in a day or two we should go together before a magistrate, and that I should speak on her behalf. This little service it was destined, however, that I should never realize. Meantime, that which she rendered to me, and which was greater than I could ever have repaid her, was this: One night, when we were pacing slowly along Oxford Street, and after a day when I had felt more than usually ill and faint, I requested her to turn off with me into Soho Square. Thither we went, and we sat down on the steps of a house, which to this hour I never pass without a pang of grief and an inner act of homage to the spirit of that unhappy girl, in memory of the noble action which she there performed. Suddenly, as we sat, I grew much worse. I had been leaning my head against her bosom, and all at once I sank from her arms and fell backwards on the steps. From the sensations I then had, I felt an inner conviction of the liveliest kind, that without some powerful and reviving stimulus I should either have died on the spot, or should at least have sunk to a point of exhaustion from which all reascent under my friendless circumstances would soon have become hopeless. Then it was, at this crisis of my fate, that my poor orphan companion, who had herself met with little but injuries in this world, stretched out a saving hand to me. Uttering a cry of terror, but without a moment's delay, she ran off into Oxford Street, and in less time than could be imagined returned to me with a glass of port wine and spices, that acted upon my empty stomach, which at that time would have rejected all solid food, with an instantaneous power of restoration; and for this glass the generous girl without a murmur paid out of her humble purse at a time—be it remembered!—when she had scarcely wherewithal to purchase the bare necessities of life, and when she could have no reason to expect that I should ever be able to reimburse her.

Oh, youthful benefactress! how often in succeeding years, standing in solitary places, and thinking of thee with grief of heart and perfect love—how often have I wished that, as in ancient times, the curse of a father was believed to have a supernatural power, and to pursue its object with a fatal necessity of self-fulfillment; even so the benediction of a heart

oppressed with gratitude might have a like prerogative, might have power given to it from above to chase, to haunt, to waylay, to overtake, to pursue thee into the central darkness of a London brothel, or (if it were possible) into the darkness of the grave, there to awaken thee with an authentic message of peace and forgiveness, and of final reconciliation!

I do not often weep: for not only do my thoughts on subjects connected with the chief interests of man daily, nay hourly, descend a thousand fathoms "too deep for tears"; not only does the sternness of my habits of thought present an antagonism to the feelings which prompt tears—wanting of necessity to those who, being protected usually by their levity from any tendency to meditative sorrow, would by that same levity be made incapable of resisting it on any casual access of such feelings; but also, I believe that all minds which have contemplated such objects as deeply as I have done, must, for their own protection from utter despondency, have early encouraged and cherished some tranquilizing belief as to the future balances and the hieroglyphic meanings of human sufferings. On these accounts I am cheerful to this hour, and, as I have said, I do not often weep. Yet some feelings, though not deeper or more passionate, are more tender than others; and often, when I walk at this time in Oxford Street by dreamy lamplight, and hear those airs played on a barrel organ which years ago solaced me and my dear companion (as I must always call her), I shed tears, and muse with myself at the mysterious dispensation which so suddenly and so critically separated us forever. How it happened the reader will understand from what remains of this introductory narration.

Soon after the period of the last incident I have recorded, I met in Albemarle Street a gentleman of his late Majesty's household. This gentleman had received hospitalities on different occasions from my family, and he challenged me upon the strength of my family likeness. I did not attempt any disguise; I answered his questions ingenuously, and, on his pledging his word of honor that he would not betray me to my guardians, I gave him an address to my friend the attorney's. The next day I received from him a £10 bank note. The letter inclosing it was delivered with other letters of business to the attorney, but though his look and manner informed me that he suspected its contents, he gave it up to me honorably and without demur.

This present, from the particular service to which it was applied, leads me naturally to speak of the purpose which had allured me up to London, and which I had been (to use a forensic word) soliciting from the first day of my arrival in London to that of my final departure.

In so mighty a world as London it will surprise my readers that I should not have found some means of staving off the last extremities of penury; and it will strike them that two resources at least must have been open to me — viz., either to seek assistance from the friends of my family, or to turn my youthful talents and attainments into some channel of pecuniary emolument. As to the first course, I may observe generally, that what I dreaded beyond all other evils was the chance of being reclaimed by my guardians; not doubting that whatever power the law gave them would have been enforced against me to the utmost — that is, to the extremity of forcibly restoring me to the school which I had quitted, a restoration which, as it would in my eyes have been a dishonor, even if submitted to voluntarily, could not fail, when extorted from me in contempt and defiance of my own wishes and efforts, to have been a humiliation worse to me than death, and which would indeed have terminated in death. I was therefore shy enough of applying for assistance even in those quarters where I was sure of receiving it, at the risk of furnishing my guardians with any clew of recovering me. But as to London in particular, though doubtless my father had in his lifetime had many friends there, yet (as ten years had passed since his death) I remembered few of them even by name; and never having seen London before, except once for a few hours, I knew not the address of even those few. To this mode of gaining help, therefore, in part the difficulty, but much more the paramount fear which I have mentioned, habitually indisposed me. In regard to the other mode, I now feel half inclined to join my reader in wondering that I should have overlooked it. As a corrector of Greek proofs (if in no other way) I might doubtless have gained enough for my slender wants. Such an office as this I could have discharged with an exemplary and punctual accuracy that would soon have gained me the confidence of my employers. But it must not be forgotten that, even for such an office as this, it was necessary that I should first of all have an introduction to some respectable publisher, and this I had no means of obtaining. To say the truth, however, it had

never once occurred to me to think of literary labors as a source of profit. No mode sufficiently speedy of obtaining money had ever occurred to me but that of borrowing it on the strength of my future claims and expectations. This mode I sought by every avenue to compass; and amongst other persons I applied to a Jew named D——.

To this Jew, and to other advertising money lenders (some of whom were, I believe, also Jews), I had introduced myself with an account of my expectations; which account, on examining my father's will at Doctors' Commons, they had ascertained to be correct. The person there mentioned as the second son of —— was found to have all the claims (or more than all) that I had stated; but one question still remained, which the faces of the Jews pretty significantly suggested — was *I* that person? This doubt had never occurred to me as a possible one; I had rather feared, whenever my Jewish friends scrutinized me keenly, that I might be too well known to be that person, and that some scheme might be passing in their minds for entrapping me and selling me to my guardians. It was strange to me to find my own self *materialiter* considered (so I expressed it, for I doted on logical accuracy of distinctions), accused, or at least suspected, of counterfeiting my own self *formaliter* considered. However, to satisfy their scruples, I took the only course in my power. Whilst I was in Wales I had received various letters from young friends; these I produced, for I carried them constantly in my pocket, being, indeed, by this time almost the only relics of my personal encumbrances (excepting the clothes I wore) which I had not in one way or other disposed of. Most of these letters were from the Earl of ——, who was at that time my chief (or rather only) confidential friend. These letters were dated from Eton. I had also some from the Marquis of ——, his father, who, though absorbed in agricultural pursuits, yet having been an Etonian himself, and as good a scholar as a nobleman needs to be, still retained an affection for classical studies and for youthful scholars. He had accordingly, from the time that I was fifteen, corresponded with me; sometimes upon the great improvements which he had made or was meditating in the counties of M—— and S1—— since I had been there, sometimes upon the merits of a Latin poet, and at other times suggesting subjects to me on which he wished me to write verses.

On reading the letters, one of my Jewish friends agreed to

furnish me with two or three hundred pounds on my personal security, provided I could persuade the young Earl — who was, by the way, not older than myself — to guarantee the payment on our coming of age; the Jew's final object being, as I now suppose, not the trifling profit he could expect to make by me, but the prospect of establishing a connection with my noble friend, whose immense expectations were well known to him. In pursuance of this proposal on the part of the Jew, about eight or nine days after I had received the £10, I prepared to go down to Eton. Nearly £3 of the money I had given to my money-lending friend, on his alleging that the stamps must be bought, in order that the writings might be preparing whilst I was away from London. I thought in my heart that he was lying; but I did not wish to give him any excuse for charging his own delays upon me. A smaller sum I had given to my friend the attorney (who was connected with the money lenders as their lawyer), to which, indeed, he was entitled for his unfurnished lodgings. About fifteen shillings I had employed in reëstablishing (though in a very humble way) my dress. Of the remainder I gave one quarter to Ann, meaning on my return to have divided with her whatever might remain. These arrangements made, soon after six o'clock on a dark winter evening I set off, accompanied by Ann, towards Piccadilly; for it was my intention to go down as far as Salthill on the Bath or Bristol mail. Our course lay through a part of the town which has now all disappeared, so that I can no longer retrace its ancient boundaries — Swallow Street, I think it was called. Having time enough before us, however, we bore away to the left until we came into Golden Square; there, near the corner of Sherrard Street, we sat down, not wishing to part in the tumult and blaze of Piccadilly. I had told her of my plans some time before, and I now assured her again that she should share in my good fortune, if I met with any, and that I would never forsake her as soon as I had power to protect her. This I fully intended, as much from inclination as from a sense of duty; for setting aside gratitude, which in any case must have made me her debtor for life, I loved her as affectionately as if she had been my sister; and at this moment with sevenfold tenderness, from pity at witnessing her extreme dejection. I had apparently most reason for dejection, because I was leaving the savior of my life; yet I, considering the shock my health had received, was cheerful and full of hope. She, on the contrary,

who was parting with one who had had little means of serving her, except by kindness and brotherly treatment, was overcome by sorrow ; so that, when I kissed her at our final farewell, she put her arms about my neck and wept without speaking a word. I hoped to return in a week at farthest, and I agreed with her that on the fifth night from that, and every night afterwards, she would wait for me at six o'clock near the bottom of Great Titchfield Street, which had been our customary haven, as it were, of rendezvous, to prevent our missing each other in the great Mediterranean of Oxford Street. This and other measures of precaution I took ; one only I forgot. She had either never told me, or (as a matter of no great interest) I had forgotten, her surname. It is a general practice, indeed, with girls of humble rank in her unhappy condition, not (as novel-reading women of higher pretensions) to style themselves *Miss Douglas*, *Miss Montague*, etc., but simply by their Christian names — *Mary*, *Jane*, *Frances*, etc. Her surname, as the surest means of tracing her hereafter, I ought now to have inquired ; but the truth is, having no reason to think that our meeting could, in consequence of a short interruption, be more difficult or uncertain than it had been for so many weeks, I had scarcely for a moment adverted to it as necessary, or placed it amongst my memoranda against this parting interview ; and my final anxieties being spent in comforting her with hopes, and in pressing upon her the necessity of getting some medicines for a violent cough and hoarseness with which she was troubled, I wholly forgot it until it was too late to recall her.

It was past eight o'clock when I reached the Gloucester Coffeehouse, and the Bristol mail being on the point of going off, I mounted on the outside. The fine fluent motion of this mail soon laid me asleep : it is somewhat remarkable that the first easy or refreshing sleep which I had enjoyed for some months, was on the outside of a mail coach — a bed which at this day I find rather an uneasy one. Connected with this sleep was a little incident which served, as hundreds of others did at that time, to convince me how easily a man who has never been in any great distress may pass through life without knowing, in his own person at least, anything of the possible goodness of the human heart — or, as I must add with a sigh, of its possible vileness. So thick a curtain of *manners* is drawn over the features and expression of men's *natures*, that to the ordinary observer the two extremities, and the infinite field of varieties

which lie between them, are all confounded, — the vast and multitudinous compass of their several harmonies reduced to the meager outline of differences expressed in the gamut or alphabet of elementary sounds. The case was this : for the first four or five miles from London I annoyed my fellow-passenger on the roof by occasionally falling against him when the coach gave a lurch to his side ; and indeed, if the road had been less smooth and level than it is, I should have fallen off from weakness. Of this annoyance he complained heavily, as perhaps, in the same circumstances, most people would ; he expressed his complaint, however, more morosely than the occasion seemed to warrant, and if I had parted with him at that moment I should have thought of him (if I had considered it worth while to think of him at all) as a surly and almost brutal fellow. However, I was conscious that I had given him some cause for complaint, and therefore I apologized to him, and assured him I would do what I could to avoid falling asleep for the future ; and at the same time, in as few words as possible, I explained to him that I was ill and in a weak state from long suffering, and that I could not afford at that time to take an inside place. This man's manner changed, upon hearing this explanation, in an instant ; and when I next woke for a minute from the noise and lights of Hounslow (for in spite of my wishes and efforts I had fallen asleep again within two minutes from the time I had spoken to him) I found that he had put his arm round me to protect me from falling off, and for the rest of my journey he behaved to me with the gentleness of a woman, so that at length I almost lay in his arms ; and this was the more kind, as he could not have known that I was not going the whole way to Bath or Bristol. . . .

I was not sorry at his disturbance [this refers to another incident occurring on his road to Eton], as it enabled me to pass through Eton before people were generally up. The night had been heavy and lowering, but towards the morning it had changed to a slight frost, and the ground and the trees were now covered with rime. I slipped through Eton unobserved ; washed myself, and as far as possible adjusted my dress, at a little public house in Windsor ; and about eight o'clock went down towards Pote's. On my road I met some junior boys, of whom I made inquiries. An Etonian is always a gentleman ; and, in spite of my shabby habiliments, they answered me civilly. My friend Lord — was gone to the University

of —. “*Ibi omnis effusus labor!*” I had, however, other friends at Eton; but it is not to all that wear that name in prosperity that a man is willing to present himself in distress. On recollecting myself, however, I asked for the Earl of D—, to whom (though my acquaintance with him was not so intimate as with some others) I should not have shrunk from presenting myself under any circumstances. He was still at Eton, though I believe on the wing for Cambridge. I called, was received kindly, and asked to breakfast.

Lord D— placed before me a most magnificent breakfast. It was really so; but in my eyes it seemed trebly magnificent, from being the first regular meal, the first “good man’s table,” that I had sat down to for months. Strange to say, however, I could scarce eat anything. On the day when I first received my £10 bank note I had gone to a baker’s shop and bought a couple of rolls; this very shop I had two months or six weeks before surveyed with an eagerness of desire which it was almost humiliating to me to recollect. I remembered the story about Otway, and feared that there might be danger in eating too rapidly. But I had no need for alarm; my appetite was quite sunk, and I became sick before I had eaten half of what I had bought. This effect from eating what approached to a meal I continued to feel for weeks; or, when I did not experience any nausea, part of what I ate was rejected, sometimes with acidity, sometimes immediately and without any acidity. On the present occasion, at Lord D—’s table, I found myself not at all better than usual, and in the midst of luxuries I had no appetite. I had, however, unfortunately, at all times a craving for wine; I explained my situation, therefore, to Lord D—, and gave him a short account of my late sufferings, at which he expressed great compassion, and called for wine. This gave me a momentary relief and pleasure; and on all occasions when I had an opportunity I never failed to drink wine, which I worshiped then as I have since worshiped opium. I am convinced, however, that this indulgence in wine contributed to strengthen my malady, for the tone of my stomach was apparently quite sunk, and by a better regimen it might sooner, and perhaps effectually, have been revived. I hope that it was not from this love of wine that I lingered in the neighborhood of my Eton friends; I persuaded myself then that it was from reluctance to ask of Lord D—, on whom I was conscious I had not sufficient claims, the particular service in quest of

which I had come down to Eton. I was, however, unwilling to lose my journey, and—I asked it. Lord D——, whose good nature was unbounded, and which, in regard to myself, had been measured rather by his compassion perhaps for my condition, and his knowledge of my intimacy with some of his relatives, than by an overrigorous inquiry into the extent of my own direct claims, faltered, nevertheless, at this request. He acknowledged that he did not like to have any dealings with money lenders, and feared lest such a transaction might come to the ears of his connections. Moreover, he doubted whether *his* signature, whose expectations were so much more bounded than those of ——, would avail with my unchristian friends. However, he did not wish, as it seemed, to mortify me by an absolute refusal; for after a little consideration he promised, under certain conditions which he pointed out, to give his security. Lord D—— was at this time not eighteen years of age; but I have often doubted, on recollecting since the good sense and prudence which on this occasion he mingled with so much urbanity of manner (an urbanity which in him wore the grace of youthful sincerity), whether any statesman—the oldest and the most accomplished in diplomacy—could have acquitted himself better under the same circumstances. Most people, indeed, cannot be addressed on such a business without surveying you with looks as austere and unpropitious as those of a Saracen's head.

Recomforted by this promise, which was not quite equal to the best but far above the worst that I had pictured to myself as possible, I returned in a Windsor coach to London three days after I had quitted it. And now I come to the end of my story. The Jews did not approve of Lord D——'s terms; whether they would in the end have acceded to them, and were only seeking time for making due inquiries, I know not; but many delays were made, time passed on, the small fragment of my bank note had just melted away, and before any conclusion could have been put to the business I must have relapsed into my former state of wretchedness. Suddenly, however, at this crisis, an opening was made, almost by accident, for reconciliation with my friends; I quitted London in haste for a remote part of England; after some time I proceeded to the university, and it was not until many months had passed away that I had it in my power again to revisit the ground which had become so interesting to me, and to

this day remains so, as the chief scene of my youthful sufferings.

Meantime, what had become of poor Ann? For her I have reserved my concluding words. According to our agreement, I sought her daily, and waited for her every night, so long as I stayed in London, at the corner of Titchfield Street. I inquired for her of every one who was likely to know her, and during the last hours of my stay in London I put into activity every means of tracing her that my knowledge of London suggested and the limited extent of my power made possible. The street where she had lodged I knew, but not the house; and I remembered at last some account which she had given me of ill treatment from her landlord, which made it probable that she had quitted those lodgings before we parted. She had few acquaintances; most people, besides, thought that the earnestness of my inquiries arose from motives which moved their laughter or their slight regard; and others, thinking I was in chase of a girl who had robbed me of some trifles, were naturally and excusably indisposed to give me any clew to her, if indeed they had any to give. Finally, as my despairing resource, on the day I left London I put into the hands of the only person who (I was sure) must know Ann by sight, from having been in company with us once or twice, an address to —, in —shire, at that time the residence of my family. But to this hour I have never heard a syllable about her. This, amongst such troubles as most men meet with in this life, has been my heaviest affliction. If she lived, doubtless we must have been some time in search of each other, at the very same moment, through the mighty labyrinths of London; perhaps even within a few feet of each other — a barrier no wider than a London street often amounting in the end to a separation for eternity! During some years I hoped that she *did* live; and I suppose that, in the literal and unrheterical use of the word *myriad*, I may say that on my different visits to London I have looked into many, many myriads of female faces, in the hope of meeting her. I should know her again amongst a thousand, if I saw her for a moment; for though not handsome, she had a sweet expression of countenance and a peculiar and graceful carriage of the head. I sought her, I have said, in hope. So it was for years; but now I should fear to see her; and her cough, which grieved me when I parted with her, is now my consolation. I now wish to see her no longer, but think of

her, more gladly, as one long since laid in the grave—in the grave, I would hope, of a Magdalen; taken away, before injuries and cruelty had blotted out and transfigured her ingenuous nature, or the brutalities of ruffians had completed the ruin they had begun.



A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG.

By CHARLES LAMB.

[CHARLES LAMB: An English essayist; born in London, February 10, 1775; died at Edmonton, December, 1834. He was a fellow-pupil with Coleridge at the school of Christ's Hospital; in 1789 obtained a clerkship in the South Sea House; from 1792 to 1825 was an accountant in the East India Company, then retiring on a pension. His "Tales from Shakespeare" and "Poetry for Children," with his sister Mary Lamb, are permanently popular; but his fame rests on a series of essays contributed to the *London Magazine*, appearing in collected form as the "Essays of Elia" (1823) and "Last Essays of Elia" (1833), and on his delightful letters.]

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his "Mundane Mutations," where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Chofang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following: The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may

Seashore at Hagborg, Sweden



think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? not from the burnt cottage, he had smelt that smell before; indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued: —

“You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what — what have you got there, I say?”

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morn-ing, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste — O Lord!" — with such like barbarous ejaculations, cram-ming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abomi-nable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess and never left off till they had dis-patched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the nighttime. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze, and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mys-tery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts and

the clearest charge which judge had ever given, — to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present, — without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision, and when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate — *princeps obsoniorum*.

I speak not of your grown porkers — things between pig and pork — those hobbledehoys — but a young and tender suckling — under a moon old — guiltless as yet of the sty, with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest — his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble — the mild forerunner or *prælude* of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled; but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not overroasted, *crackling*, as it is well called; the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance, with the adhesive oleaginous. O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot, in the first innocence, the cream and quintessence of the child pig's yet pure food, the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna, or, rather fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result or common substance.

Behold him while he is "doing"—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars.

See him in the dish his second cradle, how meek he lieth! wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal, wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation; from these sins he is happily snatched away—

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care—

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coal heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulcher in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure, and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of sapor. Pineapple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent; a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause; too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her; like lovers' kisses, she biteth; she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish, but she stoppeth at the palate; she meddleth not with the appetite, and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig, let me speak his praise, is no less provocative of the

appetite than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwined, and not to be unraveled without hazard, he is good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbors' fare.

I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like *Lear*, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavors to extradomiciliate, or send out of the house slightly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what) a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate. It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a gray-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt, at this time of the day, that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, schoolboy-like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but, before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in

thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake, and what should I say to her the next time I saw her; how naughty I was to part with her pretty present! and the odor of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last; and I blamed my impertinent spirit of almsgiving and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness; and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old gray impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipped to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have toward intenerating and dulcifying a substance naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto.

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavor of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

CHARLES LAMB.

BY AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

MR. WALTER BAGEHOT preferred Hazlitt to Lamb, reckoning the former much the greater writer. The preferences of such a man as Bagehot are not to be lightly disregarded, least of all when their sincerity is vouched for, as in the present case, by half a hundred quotations from the favored author. Certainly no writer repays a literary man's devotion better than Hazlitt, of whose twenty seldom-read volumes hardly a page but glitters with quotable matter, — the true ore, to be had for the cost of cartage. You may live like a gentleman for a twelvemonth on Hazlitt's ideas. Opinions, no doubt, differ as to how many quotations a writer is entitled to, but, for my part, I like to see an author leapfrog into his subject over the back of a brother.

I do not remember whether Bagehot has anywhere given his reasons for his preference — the open avowal whereof drove Crabb Robinson well-nigh distracted; and it is always rash to find reasons for a faith you do not share; but probably they partook of the nature of a complaint that Elia's treatment of men and things (meaning by things, books) is often fantastical, unreal, even a shade insincere; whilst Hazlitt always at least aims at the center, whether he hits it or not. Lamb dances round a subject; Hazlitt grapples with it. So far as Hazlitt is concerned, doubtless this is so; his literary method seems to realize the agreeable aspiration of Mr. Browning's "Italian in England": —

I would grasp Metternich until

I felt his wet red throat distill

In blood thro' these two hands.

Hazlitt is always grasping some Metternich. He said himself that Lamb's talk was like snapdragon, and his own "not very much unlike a game of ninepins." Lamb, writing to him on one occasion about his son, wishes the little fellow a "smoother head of hair and somewhat of a better temper than his father"; and the pleasant words seem to call back from the past the stormy figure of the man who loved art, literature, and the drama with a consuming passion, who has described books and

plays, authors and actors, with a fiery enthusiasm and reality quite unsurpassable, and who yet, neither living nor dead, has received his due meed of praise. Men still continue to hold aloof from Hazlitt, his shaggy head and fierce scowling temper still seem to terrorize, and his very books, telling us though they do about all things most delightful,—poems, pictures, and the cheerful playhouse,—frown upon us from their upper shelf. From this it appears that would a genius insure for himself immortality, he must brush his hair and keep his temper; but alas! how seldom can he be persuaded to do either. Charles Lamb did both; and the years as they roll do but swell the rich revenues of his praise.

Lamb's popularity shows no sign of waning. Even that most extraordinary compound, the rising generation of readers, whose taste in literature is as erratic as it is pronounced; who have never heard of James Thomson who sang "The Seasons" (including the pleasant episode of Musidora bathing), but understand by any reference to that name only the striking author of "The City of Dreadful Night"; even these wayward folk—the dogs of whose criticism, not yet full grown, will, when let loose, as some day they must be, cry "havoc" amongst established reputations—read their Lamb, letters as well as essays, with laughter and with love.

If it be really seriously urged against Lamb as an author that he is fantastical and artistically artificial, it must be owned he is so. His humor, exquisite as it is, is modish. It may not be for all markets. How it affected the Scottish Thersites we know only too well,—that dour spirit required more potent draughts to make him forget his misery and laugh. It took Swift or Smollett to move his mirth, which was always, three parts of it, derision. Lamb's elaborateness, what he himself calls his affected array of antique modes and phrases, is sometimes overlooked in these strange days, when it is thought better to read about an author than to read him. To read aloud the "Praise of Chimney Sweepers" without stumbling or halting, not to say mispronouncing, and to set in motion every one of its carefully swung sentences, is a very pretty feat in elocution, for there is not what can be called a natural sentence in it from beginning to end. Many people have not patience for this sort of thing; they like to laugh and move on. Other people again like an essay to be about something really important, and to conduct them to conclusions they deem worth

carrying away. Lamb's views about indiscriminate almsgiving, so far as these can be extracted from his paper "On the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis," are unsound, whilst there are at least three ladies still living (in Brighton) quite respectably on their means, who consider the essay entitled "A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behavior of Married People" improper. But, as a rule, Lamb's essays are neither unsound nor improper; none the less they are, in the judgment of some, things of naught—not only lacking, as Southey complained they did, "sound religious feeling," but everything else really worthy of attention.

To discuss such congenital differences of taste is idle; but it is not idle to observe that when Lamb is read, as he surely deserves to be, as a whole—letters and poems no less than essays—these notes of fantasy and artificiality no longer dominate. The man Charles Lamb was far more real, far more serious, despite his jesting, more self-contained and self-restrained, than Hazlitt, who wasted his life in the pursuit of the veriest will-o'-the-wisps that ever danced over the most miasmatic of swamps, who was never his own man, and who died, like Brian de Bois Guilbert, "the victim of contending passions." It should never be forgotten that Lamb's vocation was his life. Literature was but his byplay, his avocation in the true sense of that much-abused word. He was not a fisherman but an angler in the lake of letters,—an author by chance and on the sly. He had a right to disport himself on paper, to play the frolic with his own fancies, to give the decalogue the slip, whose life was made up of the sternest stuff, of self-sacrifice, devotion, honesty, and good sense.

Lamb's letters from first to last are full of the philosophy of life; he was as sensible a man as Dr. Johnson. One grows sick of the expressions, "poor Charles Lamb," "gentle Charles Lamb," as if he were one of those grown-up children of the Leigh Hunt type, who are perpetually begging and borrowing through the round of every man's acquaintance. Charles Lamb earned his own living, paid his own way, was the helper, not the helped; a man who was beholden to no one, who always came with gifts in his hand, a shrewd man capable of advice, strong in council. Poor Lamb indeed! Poor Coleridge, robbed of his will; poor Wordsworth, devoured by his own *ego*; poor Southey, writing his tomes and deeming himself a classic; poor Carlyle, with his nine volumes of memoirs, where he

Lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way,
Tormenting himself with his prickles —

call these men poor, if you feel it decent to do so, but not Lamb, who was rich in all that makes life valuable or memory sweet. But he used to get drunk. This explains all. Be untruthful, unfaithful, unkind; darken the lives of all who have to live under your shadow, rob youth of joy, take peace from age, live unsought for, die unmourned, — and remaining sober you will escape the curse of men's pity, and be spoken of as a worthy person. But if ever, amidst what Burns called "social noise," you so far forget yourself as to get drunk, think not to plead a spotless life spent with those for whom you have labored and saved; talk not of the love of friends or of help given to the needy; least of all make reference to a noble self-sacrifice passing the love of women, for all will avail you nothing. You get drunk, — and the heartless and the selfish and the lewd crave the privilege of pitying you and receiving your name with an odious smile. It is really too bad.



GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

By CHARLES LAMB.

THE custom of saying grace at meals had, probably, its origin in the early times of the world, and the hunter state of man, when dinners were precarious things, and a full meal was something more than a common blessing. When a bellyful was a windfall, and looked like a special providence. In the shouts and triumphal songs with which, after a season of sharp abstinence, a lucky booty of deer's or goat's flesh would naturally be ushered home, existed, perhaps, the germ of the modern grace. It is not otherwise easy to be understood why the blessing of food — the act of eating should have had a particular expression of thanksgiving annexed to it, distinct from that implied and silent gratitude with which we are expected to enter upon the enjoyment of the many other various gifts and good things of existence.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why

have we none for books, those spiritual repasts; a grace before Milton, a grace before Shakespeare, a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the "Faerie Queene"? But the received ritual having prescribed these forms to the solitary ceremony of manducation, I shall confine my observations to the experience which I have had of the grace, properly so called; commending my new scheme for extension to a niche in the grand philosophical, poetical, and perchance in part heretical, liturgy, now compiling by my friend Homo Humanus, for the use of a certain snug congregation of Utopian Rabelæsiian Christians, no matter where assembled.

The form, then, of the benediction before eating has its beauty at a poor man's table, or at the simple and unprovocative repast of children. It is here that the grace becomes exceeding graceful. The indigent man, who hardly knows whether he shall have a meal the next day or not, sits down to his fare with a present sense of the blessing, which can be but feebly acted by the rich, into whose minds the conception of wanting a dinner could never, but by some extreme theory, have entered. The proper end of food — the animal sustenance — is barely contemplated by them. The poor man's bread is his daily bread, literally his bread for the day. Their courses are perennial.

Again, the plainest diet seems the fittest to be preceded by the grace. That which is least stimulative to appetite, leaves the mind most free for foreign considerations. A man may feel thankful, heartily thankful, over a dish of plain mutton with turnips, and have leisure to reflect upon the ordinance and institution of eating; when he shall confess a perturbation of mind, inconsistent with the purposes of the grace, at the presence of venison or turtle. When I have sat (a *rarus hospes*) at rich men's tables, with the savory soup and messes steaming up the nostrils, and moistening the lips of the guests with desire and a distracted choice, I have felt the introduction of that ceremony to be unseasonable. With the ravenous orgasm upon you, it seems impertinent to interpose a religious sentiment. It is a confusion of purpose to mutter out praises from a mouth that waters. The heats of epicurism put out the gentle flame of devotion. The incense which rises round is pagan, and the belly god intercepts it for its own. The very excess of the provision beyond the needs, takes away all sense of proportion between the end

and means. The giver is veiled by his gifts. You are startled at the injustice of returning thanks — for what? — for having too much while so many starve. It is to praise the gods amiss.

I have observed this awkwardness felt, scarce consciously perhaps, by the good man who says the grace. I have seen it in clergymen and others — a sort of shame — a sense of the co-presence of circumstances which unhallow the blessing. After a devotional tone put on for a few seconds, how rapidly the speaker will fall into his common voice, helping himself or his neighbor, as if to get rid of some uneasy sensation of hypocrisy! Not that the good man was a hypocrite, or was not most conscientious in the discharge of the duty; but he felt in his inmost mind the incompatibility of the scene and the viands before him with the exercise of a calm and rational gratitude.

I hear somebody exclaim, Would you have Christians sit down at table like hogs to their troughs, without remembering the Giver? No, I would have them sit down as Christians, remembering the Giver, and less like hogs. Or, if their appetites must run riot, and they must pamper themselves with delicacies for which east and west are ransacked, I would have them postpone their benediction to a fitter season, when appetite is laid; when the still small voice can be heard, and the reason of the grace returns — with temperate diet and restricted dishes. Gluttony and surfeiting are no proper occasions for thanksgiving. When Jeshurun waxed fat, we read that he kicked. Virgil knew the harpy nature better, when he put into the mouth of Celæno anything but a blessing. We may be gratefully sensible of the deliciousness of some kinds of food beyond others, though that is a meaner and inferior gratitude; but the proper object of the grace is sustenance, not relishes; daily bread, not delicacies; the means of life, and not the means of pampering the carcass. With what frame or composure, I wonder, can a city chaplain pronounce his benediction at some great hall feast, when he knows that his last concluding pious word — and that in all probability the sacred name which he preaches — is but the signal for so many impatient harpies to commence their foul orgies, with as little sense of true thankfulness (which is temperance) as those Virgilian fowl! It is well if the good man himself does not feel his devotions a little clouded, those foggy sensuous steams mingling with and polluting the pure altar sacrifice.

Theoretically I am no enemy to graces; but practically I own that (before meat especially) they seem to involve something awkward and unseasonable. Our appetites, of one or another kind, are excellent spurs to our reason, which might otherwise but feebly set about the great ends of preserving and continuing the species. They are fit blessings to be contemplated at a distance with a becoming gratitude; but the moment of appetite (the judicious reader will apprehend me) is, perhaps, the least fit season for that exercise. The Quakers, who go about their business of every description with more calmness than we, have more title to the use of these benedictory prefaces. I have always admired their silent grace, and the more because I have observed their applications to the meat and drink following to be less passionate and sensual than ours. They are neither gluttons nor winebibbers as a people. They eat, as a horse bolts his chopped hay, with indifference, calmness, and cleanly circumstances. They neither grease nor slop themselves. When I see a citizen in his bib and tucker, I cannot imagine it a surplice.

I am no Quaker at my food. I confess I am not indifferent to the kinds of it. Those unctuous morsels of deer's flesh were not made to be received with dispassionate services. I hate a man who swallows it, affecting not to know what he is eating. I suspect his taste in higher matters. I shrink instinctively from one who professes to like minced veal. There is a physiological character in the taste for food. C—— holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple dumplings. I am not certain but he is right. With the decay of my first innocence, I confess a less and less relish daily for those innocuous cates. The whole vegetable tribe have lost their gust with me. Only I stick to asparagus, which still seems to inspire gentle thoughts. I am impatient and querulous under culinary disappointments, as to come home at the dinner hour, for instance, expecting some savory mess, and to find one quite tasteless and sapidless. Butter ill melted, that commonest of kitchen failures, puts me beside my tenor. The author of the *Rambler* used to make inarticulate animal noises over a favorite food. Was this the music quite proper to be preceded by the grace; or would the pious man have done better to postpone his devotions to a season when the blessing might be contemplated with less perturbation? I quarrel with no man's tastes, nor would set my thin face against those excellent things,

in their way, jollity and feasting. But as these exercises, however laudable, have little in them of grace or gracefulness, a man should be sure, before he ventures so to grace them, that while he is pretending his devotions elsewhere, he is not secretly kissing his hand to some great fish — his Dagon — with a special consecration of no art but the fat tureen before him. Graces are the sweet preluding strains to the banquets of angels and children; to the roots and severer repasts of the Char treuse; to the slender, but not slenderly acknowledged, refection of the poor and humble man: but at the heaped-up boards of the pampered and the luxurious they become of dissonant mood, less timed and tuned to the occasion, methinks, than the noise of those better befitting organs would be which children hear tales of, at Hog's Norton. We sit too long at our meals, or are too curious in the study of them, or too disordered in our application to them, or engross too great a portion of those good things (which should be common) to our share, to be able with any grace to say grace. To be thankful for what we grasp exceeding our proportion, is to add hypocrisy to injustice. A lurking sense of this truth is what makes the performance of this duty so cold and spiritless a service at most tables. In houses where the grace is as indispensable as the napkin, who has not seen that never-settled question arise as to *who shall say it?* while the good man of the house and the visitor clergyman, or some other guest belike of next authority, from years or gravity, shall be bandying about the office between them as a matter of compliment, each of them not unwilling to shift the awkward burden of an equivocal duty from his own shoulders?

I once drank tea in company with two Methodist divines of different persuasions, whom it was my fortune to introduce to each other, for the first time, that evening. Before the first cup was handed round, one of these reverend gentlemen put it to the other, with all due solemnity, whether he choose to *say anything*. It seems it is the custom with some sectaries to put up a short prayer before this meal also. His reverend brother did not at first quite apprehend him, but upon an explanation, with little less importance he made answer that it was not a custom known in his church: in which courteous evasion the other acquiescing for good manners' sake, or in compliance with a weak brother, the supplementary or tea grace was waived altogether. With what spirit might not Lucian have painted two priests, of *his* religion, playing into each other's hands the

compliment of performing or omitting a sacrifice, the hungry God meantime, doubtful of his incense, with expectant nostrils hovering over the two flamens, and (as between two stools) going away in the end without his supper.

A short form upon these occasions is felt to want reverence ; a long one, I am afraid, cannot escape the charge of impertinence. I do not quite approve of the epigrammatic conciseness with which that equivocal wag (but my pleasant school-fellow) C. V. L., when importuned for a grace, used to inquire, first slyly leering down the table, "Is there no clergyman here?" significantly adding, "Thank G——." Nor do I think our old form at school quite pertinent, where we were used to preface our bald bread-and-cheese suppers with a preamble, connecting with that humble blessing a recognition of benefits the most awful and overwhelming to the imagination which religion has to offer. *Non tunc illis erat locus*. I remember we were put to it to reconcile the phrase "good creatures," upon which the blessing rested, with the fare set before us, willfully understanding that expression in a low and animal sense, till some one recalled a legend, which told how, in the golden days of Christ's, the young Hospitalers were wont to have smoking joints of roast meat upon their nightly boards, till some pious benefactor, commiserating the decencies, rather than the palates, of the children, commuted our flesh for garments, and gave us — *horresco referens* — trousers instead of mutton.



MRS. BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST.

By CHARLES LAMB.

"A CLEAR fire, a clean hearth, and the rigor of the game." This was the celebrated *wish* of old Sarah Battle (now with God), who, next to her devotions, loved a good game of whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamesters, your half-and-half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber ; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning ; that they like to win one game and lose another ; that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card table, but are indifferent whether they play or no ; and will desire an adversary, who has slipped a wrong card, to take it up and play another. These insufferable triflers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot.

Of such it may be said that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing at them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them, as I do, from her heart and soul, and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took, and gave, no concessions. She hated favors. She never made a revoke, nor even passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight—cut and thrust. She held her good sword (her cards) “like a dancer.” She sat bolt upright, and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their superstitions; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that hearts was her favorite suit.

I never in my life—and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it—saw her take out her snuff box when it was her turn to play, or snuff a candle in the middle of a game, or ring for a servant till it was fairly over. She never introduced or connived at miscellaneous conversation during its progress. As she emphatically observed, “cards were cards”; and if I ever saw unmingled distaste in her fine last-century countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand, and who, in his excess of candor, declared that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind! She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do,—and she did it. She unbent her mind afterward over a book.

Pope was her favorite author: his “Rape of the Lock” her favorite work. She once did me the honor to play over with me (with the cards) his celebrated game of Ombre in that poem; and to explain to me how far it agreed with, and in what points it would be found to differ from, *tradrille*. Her illustrations were apposite and poignant; and I have had the pleasure of sending the substance of them to Mr. Bowles; but I suppose they came too late to be inserted among his ingenious notes upon that author.

Quadrille, she has often told me, was her first love; but whist had engaged her maturer esteem. The former, she said, was showy and specious, and likely to allure young persons. The uncertainty and quick shifting of partners—a thing which

the constancy of whist abhors—the dazzling supremacy and regal investiture of Spadille—absurd, as she justly observed in the pure aristocracy of whist, where his crown and garter give him no proper power above his brother nobility of the Aces,—the giddy vanity so taking to the inexperienced, of playing alone; above all, the overpowering attractions of a *Sans Prendre Vole*,—to the triumph of which there is certainly nothing parallel or approaching, in the contingencies of whist: all these, she would say, make quadrille a game of captivation to the young and enthusiastic. But whist was the *soldier* game—that was her word. It was a long meal; not like quadrille, a feast of snatches. One or two rubbers might coextend in duration with an evening. They gave time to form rooted friendships, to cultivate steady enmities. She despised the chance-started, capricious, and ever-fluctuating alliances of the other. The skirmishes of quadrille, she would say, reminded her of the petty ephemeral embroilments of the little Italian states, depicted by Machiavel, perpetually changing postures and connection; bitter foes to-day, sugared darlings to-morrow; kissing and scratching in a breath—but the wars of whist were comparable to the long, steady, deep-rooted, national antipathies of the great French and English nations.

A grave simplicity was what she chiefly admired in her favorite game. There was nothing silly in it, like the nob in cribbage—nothing superfluous. No *flushes*—that most irrational of all pleas that a reasonable being can set up; that any one should claim four by virtue of holding cards of the same mark and color, without reference to the playing of the game, or the individual worth or pretensions of the cards themselves! She held this to be a solecism, as pitiful an ambition in cards as alliteration is in authorship. She despised superficiality, and looked deeper than the colors of things. Suits were soldiers, she would say, and must have a uniformity of array to distinguish them; but what should we say to a foolish squire, who should claim a merit from dressing up his tenantry in red jackets, that never were to be marshaled—never to take the field? She even wished that whist were more simple than it is; and, in my mind, would have stripped it of some appendages, which in the state of human frailty, may be venially, and even commendably, allowed of. She saw no reason for the deciding of the trump by the turn of the card. Why not one suit always trumps? Why two colors when the mark of the suits would have sufficiently distinguished them without it?

"But the eye, my dear Madam, is agreeably refreshed with the variety. Man is not a creature of pure reason—he must have his senses delightfully appealed to. We see it in Roman Catholic countries, where the music and the paintings draw in many to worship, whom your Quaker spirit of unsensualizing would have kept out. You yourself have a pretty collection of paintings,—but confess to me, whether, walking in your gallery at Sandham, among those clear Vandykes, or among the Paul Potters in the anteroom, you ever felt your bosom glow with an elegant delight, at all comparable to *that* you have it in your power to experience most evenings over a well-arranged assortment of the court cards?—the pretty antic habits, like heralds in a procession—the gay triumph-assuring scarlets—the contrasting deadly killing sables—the "hoary majesty of spades"—Pam in all his glory!

"All these might be dispensed with; and with their naked names upon the drab pasteboard, the game might go on very well, pictureless. But the *beauty* of cards would be extinguished forever. Stripped of all that is imaginative in them, they must degenerate into mere gambling. Imagine a dull deal board, or drum head, to spread them on, instead of that nice verdant carpet (next to Nature's), fittest arena for those courtly combatants to play their gallant jousts and tourneys in! Exchange those delicately turned ivory markers—(work of Chinese artists, unconscious of their symbol, or as profanely slighting their true application as the arrantest Ephesian journeyman that turned out those little shrines for the goddess)—exchange them for little bits of leather (our ancestors' money), or chalk and a slate!"

The old lady, with a smile, confessed the soundness of my logic; and to her approbation of my arguments on her favorite topic that evening, I have always fancied myself indebted for the legacy of a curious cribbage board, made of the finest Sienna marble, which her maternal uncle (old Walter Plumer, whom I have elsewhere celebrated) brought with him from Florence—this, and a trifle of five hundred pounds, came to me at her death.

The former bequest (which I do not least value) I have kept with religious care; though she herself, to confess a truth, was never greatly taken with cribbage. It was an essentially vulgar game, I have heard her say,—disputing with her uncle, who was very partial to it. She could never heartily bring her mouth to pronounce "*Go*"—or "*That's a go*." She called

it an ungrammatical game. The pegging teased her. I once knew her to forfeit a rubber (a five-dollar stake), because she would not take advantage of the turn-up knave, which would have given it her, but which she must have claimed by the disgraceful tenure of declaring "*two for his heels.*" There is something extremely genteel in this sort of self-denial. Sarah Battle was a gentlewoman born.

Piquet she held the best game at the cards for two persons, though she would ridicule the pedantry of the terms, — such as pique — repique — the capot, — they savored (she thought) of affectation. But games for two, or even three, she never greatly cared for. She loved the quadrate, or square. She would argue thus: Cards are warfare; the ends are gain, with glory. But cards are war, in disguise of a sport; when single adversaries encounter, the ends proposed are too palpable. By themselves, it is too close a fight; with spectators, it is not much bettered. No looker-on can be interested, except for a bet, and then it is a mere affair of money; he cares not for your luck *sympathetically*, or for your play. Three are still worse; a mere naked war of every man against every man, as in cribbage, without league or alliance; or a rotation of petty and contradictory interests, a succession of heartless leagues, and not much more hearty infractions of them, as in *tradrille*. But in square games (*she meant whist*), all that is possible to be attained in card playing is accomplished. There are the incentives of profit with honor, common to every species, — though the *latter* can be but very imperfectly enjoyed in those other games, where the spectator is only feebly a participator. But the parties in whist are spectators and principals too. They are a theater to themselves, and a looker-on is not wanted. He is rather worse than nothing, and an impertinence. Whist abhors neutrality, or interests beyond its sphere. You glory in some surprising stroke of skill or fortune, not because a cold — or even an interested — bystander witnesses it, but because your *partner* sympathizes in the contingency. You can win for two. You triumph for two. Two are exalted. Two again are mortified; which divides their disgrace, as the conjunction doubles (by taking off the invidiousness) your glories. Two losing to two are better reconciled, than one to one in that close butchery. The hostile feeling is weakened by multiplying the channels. War has become a civil game. By such reasonings as these the old lady was accustomed to defend her favorite pastime.

No inducement could ever prevail upon her to play at any game, where chance entered into the composition, *for nothing*. Chance, she would argue, — and here again, admire the subtlety of her conclusion, — chance is nothing, but where something else depends upon it. It is obvious that cannot be *glory*. What rational cause of exultation could it give to a man to turn up size ace a hundred times together by himself? or before spectators, where no stake was depending? Make a lottery of a hundred thousand tickets with but one fortunate number, and what possible principle of our nature, except stupid wonderment, could it gratify to gain that number as many times successively, without a prize? Therefore she disliked the mixture of chance in backgammon, where it was not played for money. She called it foolish, and those people idiots who were taken with a lucky hit under such circumstances. Games of pure skill were as little to her fancy. Played for a stake, they were a mere system of overreaching. Played for glory, they were a mere setting of one man's wit — his memory, or combination faculty rather — against another's! like a mock engagement at a review, bloodless and profitless. She could not conceive a *game* wanting the spritely infusion of chance, the handsome excuses of good fortune. Two people playing at chess in a corner of a room, whilst whist was stirring in the center, would inspire her with insufferable horror and *ennui*. Those well-cut similitudes of Castles, and Knights, the *imagery* of the board, she would argue (and I think in this case justly) were entirely misplaced and senseless. Those hard head contests can in no instance ally with the fancy. They reject form and color. A pencil and dry slate (she used to say) were the proper arena for such combatants.

To those puny objectors against cards, as nurturing the bad passions, she would retort, that man is a gaming animal. He must be always trying to get the better in something or other; that this passion can scarcely be more safely expended than upon a game at cards; that cards are a temporary illusion; in truth, a mere drama; for we do but *play* at being mightily concerned, where a few idle shillings are at stake, yet, during the illusion, we *are* as mightily concerned as those whose stake is crowns and kingdoms. They are a sort of dream-fighting; much ado; great battling and little bloodshed; mighty means for disproportioned ends; quite as diverting, and a great deal more innoxious, than many of those more serious *games* of life which men play, without esteeming them to be such.



The Silence Broken

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IL RINASCIMENTO IN ITALIA

PER PASQUALE VALLERI

IL Rinascimento è nella storia della letteratura italiana quel periodo che incominciò con le opere latine del Petrarca, e s'avvicinava alla sua fine, quando vennero alla luce le prime opere del Machiavelli e del Guicciardini. Esso abbraccia una gran parte del secolo XIV, tutto il secolo XV, ed ha una grandissima importanza, perchè allora il pensiero, la cultura italiana subirono una profonda trasformazione, esercitarono una grandissima influenza su tutta l' Europa.

A prima vista si vedono però in esso delle strane contraddizioni. Gl' Italiani che con la *Divina Commedia*, con la lirica di Dante e del Petrarca, col *Decamerone* avevano dato prova di grande originalità, raggiungendo un' altezza gloriosa davvero, sembrano a un tratto, come pentiti, mutare strada; sembrano disprezzare quella lingua che avevano con tanto onore adoperata. Vogliono scrivere in latino anche le lettere familiari; mutano perfino i loro nomi per prenderli dai Greci o dai Romani. Non fanno altro che leggere, imitare, tradurre Livio, Tacito, Cicerone, Platone, Aristotele. Leggendo la storia letteraria del Tiraboschi, noi vediamo sfilarci dinanzi una serie sterminata di scrittori eruditi, che sono tutti chiamati e si credono grandi; sono lodati e si lodano fra loro, quando non hanno dispute letterarie, perchè allora invece si lacerano sanguinosamente. Essi pare che facciano tutti più o meno la stessa cosa: traduzioni dal greco in latino, lunghe dissertazioni ed orazioni, sopra tutto orazioni funebri, nelle quali è un continuo citare, imitare autori greci o romani. Sembrano florilegi formati

ponendo insieme le schede su cui avevano preso appunti nel leggere i classici. Si credeva fare un grande elogio, quando d' uno di essi si diceva: Vera scimmia di Cicerone! Quando il loro biografo e libraio Vespasiano da Bisticci voleva esaltare al più alto grado uno di essi, e lodarne l' orazione che aveva sentita con suo grande compiacimento, soleva dire: aveva una memoria divina! Non c' è autore greco o romano che egli non abbia in quel giorno ricordato! Anche le loro epistole, scritte generalmente per essere stampate, erano compilate allo stesso modo. Pure si diceva che una lettera latina del segretario Coluccio Salutati giovava alla Repubblica fiorentina più d' uno squadrone di cavalleria. Intanto un solo vero, grande poeta e prosatore italiano di quel tempo noi non possiamo citarlo. Perfino la *Divina Commedia* era tenuta in poco conto, perchè non era scritta in latino. Sicchè noi finiamo col persuaderci che si tratti d' un periodo di pedanteria e di decadenza, quasi d' una strana aberrazione dello spirito italiano.

Ma allora perchè mai da ogni parte d' Europa si viene fra noi ad ammirare, ad imparare? Da Oxford, da Parigi, da Vienna vengono a Firenze, a Roma, a Padova a studiare presso i nostri eruditi, per portare a casa i germi fecondi della nostra erudizione, che vengono per tutto accolti con entusiasmo. E come mai, quando, verso la fine del secolo XV, cessa l' erudizione e si torna a scrivere in italiano, comincia a un tratto un altro periodo della letteratura nazionale, fecondo ed originale davvero? Lo spirito italiano apparisce allora come animato di nuova vita, ringiovanito e rinvigorito. Esso si è affatto emancipato dalle pastoie del Medio Evo, crea la prosa scientifica e la scienza politica. La storia moderna acquista la sua forma definitiva, abbandonando la forma materiale e meccanica della cronaca. Il metodo sperimentale è iniziato dal genio veramente portentoso di Leonardo da Vinci. Nasce la filosofia moderna. Si scrive l' *Orlando furioso* dell' Ariosto. È una schiera numerosa, crescente di prosatori e poeti, che destano l' ammirazione del mondo civile. Non parliamo qui delle arti belle, le quali, seguendo lo stesso cammino, progrediscono insieme colla letteratura, come manifestazione dello stesso spirito nazionale, e riempiono il mondo di un entusiasmo che continua anche oggi. Allora si

deve conchiudere che questo non fu un periodo di pedanteria e di decadenza, ma piuttosto di profonda trasformazione e di rinnovamento. Il vero è che l' erudizione italiana non cominciò punto in opposizione ai tre grandi scrittori del Trecento, Dante, Petrarca e Boccaccio, nè per abbandonare la strada da loro battuta. Furono anzi essi che la iniziarono. Dante è già pieno d' ammirazione per l' antichità; Virgilio è la sua fida scorta nell' Inferno. In questo, è ben vero, sono, come Pagani, condannati i grandi scrittori e pensatori dell' antichità; ma le pene crudeli che ivi tormentano i dannati sono per essi sospese, e l' Inferno si muta in un luogo d' onore. Nel *De Monarchia* Dante ci dice che non v' ha nella storia del mondo nulla che sia più grande della Repubblica e dell' Impero romano. La storia di Roma antica è per lui un miracolo continuo, direttamente operato dalla Divina Provvidenza. Il Petrarca poi è addirittura l' iniziatore, il fondatore della erudizione. Essa sembra in vero scaturire, come per spontanea e necessaria evoluzione, dal seno stesso della nostra letteratura nazionale. È come una nuova educazione, un mezzo adoperato per trasformare lo spirito italiano, e con esso quello di tutta l' Europa, emancipandoli dal Medio Evo. Per farcene un' idea chiara, noi non dobbiamo contentarci d' esaminare in massa tutti gli eruditi; ma dobbiamo scegliere fra di loro quelli che hanno veramente uno spirito originale, e non ripetono meccanicamente il lavoro comune; ma danno ad esso una propria impronta, ottenendo risultati inaspettati e nuovi.

La poesia italiana aveva, per una specie d' ispirazione divina, emancipato lo spirito umano dal misticismo medioevale, conducendolo all' osservazione della realtà; allo studio della natura, della società, dell' uomo; alla fedele riproduzione delle sue passioni. Ma la prosa non era anche interamente formata. Non si sapeva scrivere la storia propriamente detta. La filosofia e la scienza politica non si erano ancora potute emancipare dalla forma scolastica. Un vero linguaggio scientifico italiano non esisteva. Perfino le lettere familiari non avevano trovato la loro propria forma. Chi legge il Canto della Francesca da Rimini o del Conte Ugolino crede di leggere una poesia moderna, chi legge la *Monar-*

chia o il *Convito*, si sente continuamente ricondotto nel Medio Evo. Era quindi necessario compiere, generalizzare l'opera iniziata dalla poesia. Ma allora appunto si vide che ciò era stato già fatto dagli antichi. Una pagina di Cicerone accanto ad una di S. Tommaso pare in fatti moderna. L' Apollo di Belvedere accanto ad un Cristo di Margaritone o di Cimabue sembra la rivelazione della natura, illuminata dal sole, accanto a convenzioni e a combinazioni artificiali. Bastava dunque imitare gli antichi. Ed a questo perciò tutti gli spiriti culti si gettarono a un tratto, con un' avidità, con un impeto irresistibile. Così cominciò il periodo dell' erudizione o dell' Umanesimo, che fu chiamato anche del Rinascimento, perchè si cercò allora di far rinascere l' antichità.

La prima e più immediata conseguenza di questa imitazione degli antichi fu l' osservazione continua, lo studio generale della natura, della realtà, della società, dell' uomo. Lo sguardo si rivolse dal cielo alla terra. I Greci ed i Romani non disprezzavano le città di questo mondo per le città di Dio, la patria terrena per la celeste. La bellezza del corpo, della natura l' ammiravano, la divinizzavano. Non disprezzavano i piaceri dei sensi. Nelle opere latine del Petrarca apparisce in un modo veramente ammirabile come lo studio dell' antico conducesse allo studio della natura. Egli visita, osserva, descrive i dintorni di Napoli con Virgilio in mano, che li descriva anch' esso. È il primo che si dimostrò veramente rapito dalla bellezza del paesaggio. Rimane lungamente a contemplare il mare in tempesta; sale sui monti ed è rapito dalla bellezza di quella vista. Ovunque si ferma, osserva i costumi, i personaggi più singolari, che si presentano al suo sguardo, e li descrive con passione e precisione. Egli è non solo il primo erudito; ma in lui si trovano in germe tutte le qualità proprie dei migliori eruditi; tutte le varie, molteplici tendenze che, dopo di lui, avrà l' erudizione. Egli combatte il Medio Evo sotto tutte le sue forme. Combatte l' autorità assoluta di Aristotele, il metodo artificiale seguito dai medici e dai giuristi del suo tempo. Ma tutto questo non è ancora la conseguenza di un nuovo indirizzo, di un nuovo metodo scientifico. Ciò che egli biasima veramente è

la forma scolastica, perchè essa è barbara, ed egli vuole la forma classica, la sola bella, la sola vera.

Dopo di lui l' erudizione italiana, dallo studio della forma doveva passare all' emancipazione dello spirito umano, avviarsi alla ricerca di un metodo, di una scienza nuova. E prima di tutto, cominciò a formarsi, ad educarsi fra di noi lo spirito critico, che divenne spirito del secolo. La ricerca degli antichi codici, e la necessità di paragonarli tra loro, per decidere quale era la lezione da adottarsi nella pubblicazione dei testi, fu il primo avviamento alla critica. E questa critica diveniva anche più acuta quando si trattava di un' opera di Platone o di Aristotele, perchè era necessario a decidersi aver chiara conoscenza del sistema filosofico dell' autore. Gli eruditi poi studiavano, ammiravano tutti quanti gli antichi filosofi: Platone, Aristotele, Plotino, Porfirio, Confucio, Zoroastre. Questo portava alla necessità di paragonare i vari sistemi, per determinarne il relativo valore, e scegliere la soluzione preferibile dei grandi problemi che si presentavano alla mente umana. E portava la necessità di affidarsi alla propria ragione, che così acquistava finalmente la sua indipendenza. Fu questa allora la grande conquista intellettuale dell' Italia. Pel Medio Evo i problemi filosofici erano già risolti dalla rivelazione, formulata dalla teologia. La filosofia, ancella della teologia, non doveva fare altro che esporli, accettando la soluzione già data, spiegarli, dimostrarli col ragionamento o sia con la logica di Aristotele, il quale divenne perciò l' autorità incontestata. Il Rinascimento cominciò ad affrontarli la prima volta con la pura, libera ragione, che aveva acquistato la piena coscienza di se. Questo fu il principale fondamento della nuova cultura. Ed il processo col quale l' Italia lo trovò, col sussidio cioè e lo studio dell' antichità, fu imitato da tutta l' Europa. Solo per mezzo del passato l' umanità arrivò alla conquista del suo avvenire.

Il primo che dimostrò una vera indipendenza ed originalità filosofica, senza essere addirittura il fondatore di un nuovo sistema, fu Lorenzo Valla (1405-57). Ad una grande conoscenza del greco, da lui tradotto mirabilmente nel latino, che egli scriveva con una grande eleganza, univa un acume critico singolare. Le questioni

filosofiche, grammaticali e retoriche, di cui molto si occupò, sotto la sua penna si mutavano in questioni logiche, filosofiche. Le leggi del parlare e del comporre, egli diceva, non si possono trovare, nè comprendere, se non si riducono prima a leggi del pensiero. E così nelle sue opere noi assistiamo al processo con cui la filologia condusse allora alla filosofia. Il Valla era uno spirito acuto, originale e mordace, spesso anche paradossale. Per combattere il misticismo e l' ascetismo medioevale, per riconoscere il valore che hanno le leggi e la voce della natura, egli, nel suo libro *De Voluptate et vero bono*, esalta i piaceri dei sensi, arrivando fino all' oscenità. Nel combattere aspramente i giuristi del suo tempo, sollevando una vera tempesta, anch' egli, come il Petrarca, condanna la loro barbara forma. Per comprendere le leggi romane, egli diceva, bisogna innanzi tutto conoscere e sapere scrivere bene la lingua di Cicerone. È assurdo pretendere di esporle, comentarle, intenderle col vostro linguaggio. Ma egli non si fermava a ciò, ed aggiungeva ancora: è necessario saperle connettere e spiegare con la storia di Roma, di cui le leggi fanno parte, da cui esse scaturiscono. E così accennava già al metodo storico. Il suo acume critico si manifestò del pari nello scritto contro la pretesa donazione di Costantino. Egli la combattè non solo storicamente e giuridicamente, non riconoscendo nell' Imperatore il diritto d' alienare le terre dell' Impero; ma anche filologicamente, dimostrando che il latino del preteso documento non poteva essere del tempo in cui si voleva fare credere che esso fosse stato scritto.

Un altro dei filosofi che ebbero gran fama nel secolo XV fu Marsilio Ficino (1433-99), il fondatore dell' Accademia Platonica, il traduttore di tutte le opere di Platone, che esso, canonico di S. Lorenzo, ammirava a segno tale da tenere accesi i lumi innanzi al suo busto. Fu autore di molte opere filosofiche, la principale delle quali voleva prima intitolare *Theologia christiana*, ma poi intitolò invece *Theologia platonica*. Essa doveva contenere tutto il sistema del Ficino. Chi la legge, e pensa alla reputazione universale che l' autore allora godeva, al gran numero di dotti stranieri, che da ogni parte d' Europa accorrevano a sentire le sue lezioni nello Studio fiorentino, resta profondamente disilluso.

Non c'è in quest' opera nessuna vera originalità filosofica. L'autore in sostanza non fa altro che raffazzonare la filosofia neoplatonica di Plotino e di Porfirio. Il mondo gli appare popolato di "terze essenze," o sia "anime razionali," diverse però dall'anima immortale dell'uomo, che è in lui infusa direttamente da Dio. Queste anime sono fra di loro in mutua relazione; agiscono le une sulle altre, e su quella anche dell'uomo, il che rende, secondo il Ficino, ragione dell'astrologia, alla quale egli prestava gran fede. Tutte queste anime dell'acqua, dell'aria, della terra, degli astri si riuniscono poi in una sola, che è come l'anima ragionevole dell'universo. È una specie di panteismo, di cui il Ficino non si rendeva pienamente conto, giacchè egli restò sempre credente e cattolico. Con questo panteismo il concetto del Dio personale e creatore comincia lentamente a mutarsi nel concetto dell'Assoluto, che ben presto si trova diffuso nella letteratura italiana del tempo.

Ma un carattere assai singolare e proprio di questa filosofia e che in certo modo vale a spiegarne la grande popolarità, era la continua allegoria di cui essa faceva uso. Per mezzo dell'allegoria il Ficino pretendeva sostenere che fra le "terze essenze" degli astri, gli Dei pagani e gli Angeli v'era una grande somiglianza, tanto che potevano fra loro confondersi. Anzi tra i concetti fondamentali del Cristianesimo e del Paganesimo (per mezzo della filosofia bene intesa e spiegata) non v'era poi sostanziale differenza. In Platone, nell'Eneide di Virgilio, mediante l'allegoria, egli trovava chiaramente adombrati i dommi principali del Cristianesimo, che le Sibille avevano profetati. E nel ciò fare arrivava ad una esagerazione che qualche volte confina col ridicolo. Eppure questo appunto è ciò che allora destava grande ammirazione, e gli dette una vera importanza storica. Secondo il concetto teologico medioevale, il Paganesimo, con tutta la storia e la cultura greco-romana, restava come messo fuori di quel mondo che è veramente reale, cioè il mondo cristiano. Era qualche cosa di profano, quasi diabolico, niente altro che errore ed inganno. Tutto ciò riusciva supremamente desolante e tormentoso per coloro che nel secolo XV ammiravano sopra ogni cosa l'antichità. Ora il Ficino, per mezzo della sua allegoria neoplatonica, che egli riteneva parte integrante del suo sistema

filosofico, veniva a redimere l' antichità pagana, dandole un proprio posto nella storia dello spirito umano, riconoscendola parte sostanziale del nostro essere intellettuale e morale. E questo pareva allora una vera, una grande rivelazione, che veniva come a restituire la pace, a ristabilire nell' uomo l' armonia spirituale. Ciò spiega il grande successo che ebbe il sistema del Ficino, non ostante la sua povertà filosofica. Pico della Mirandola se ne fece uno dei più caldi propagatori e sostenitori, ottenendo anch' egli un grandissimo favore. Ed in vero se, come sistema filosofico, l' opera del Ficino è scomparso, senza lasciare di se alcuna traccia profonda, il suo concetto della relazione storica che c' è fra l' antichità e la società moderna, sopravvisse, perchè risponde alla realtà. Ed anche questo fu uno dei grandi servigi che l' erudizione italiana rese alla civiltà.

Tra gli scrittori che ebbero allora grande importanza, vanno ricordati Poggio Bracciolini (1380-1459) e Leonardo Aretino (1369-1444), ambedue segretari della Repubblica fiorentina. Così l' uno come l' altro sono i due storici più celebri fra gli eruditi. Il Bracciolini fu sopra tutto un letterato, un latinista elegante; percorse l' Europa intera cercando codici antichi, e ne scoprì molti. In questi suoi viaggi descrisse i costumi, i paesi che andò visitando. Da Costanza narrò minutamente il supplizio, di cui fu spettatore, di Girolomo da Praga; da Baden descrisse quei bagni anche allora assai celebrati, ed i costumi tedeschi. Altrove in Germania, descriveva la vita dei signori feudali, osservando come assai spesso la loro armeria e la loro cantina tenevano il luogo di ciò che era la biblioteca pei signori italiani. In Inghilterra ci parla dei lunghi, eterni desinari, finiti i quali si restava ancora a tavola continuando più ore a bere. Per non addormentarsi egli doveva di continuo lavarsi gli occhi con acqua fresca. Ma non si fermava solo a ciò, che qualche volte osservò acutamente anche le istituzioni. Il Bracciolini è forse il primo che abbia notato la grande differenza che passa fra l' aristocrazia inglese e quella del continente, sopra tutto la francese. L' aristocrazia inglese, egli osservò con sua gran meraviglia, non è una casta separata affatto dalla borghesia. Se un banchiere o un industriale, dopo aver fatto fortuna, si ritira dagli affari, compra una villa con un parco, e vive delle sue entrate

in campagna, esso è accolto fra i nobili inglesi come uno dei loro, e può facilmente imparentarsi con essi. Ciò pareva singolare a lui, che pur veniva da una repubblica democratica come Firenze, la quale aveva distrutto interamente il feudalismo. È l'osservazione stessa fatta ai nostri giorni dal Tocqueville nel suo *Ancien Régime et la Révolution*, dove con sì profondo acume, paragonando l'aristocrazia inglese alla francese, getta una così gran luce sulle origini vere della Rivoluzione. Questa facoltà descrittiva, questa avidità osservatrice eran proprie degli eruditi. Enea Silvio Piccolomini, colui che fu papa Pio II, non solo descrisse mirabilmente i paesaggi italiani; ma la sue descrizioni dei costumi di Vienna sono così vive e fedeli che anche oggi le Guide della città le ristampano come ritratti fedeli del carattere della popolazione.

L' Aretino invece, il cui nome era Leonardo Bruni, fu un gran traduttore dal greco, che rese popolari le opere di Platone e di Aristotele. Egli scrisse anche una storia di Firenze dalle origini sino al 1401, la quale fu continuata poi dal Bracciolini. L' uno e l' altro sono i primi che, imitando Tito Livio, passano dalla cronaca alla storia. L' opera dell' Aretino ha assai maggiore importanza, perchè egli comincia dalle origini della città, ed è il primo che mette da parte tutte le leggende favolose, che su quelle origini dettero il Villani, il Malespinie, gli altri cronisti. Egli cerca invece nei classici tutte le notizie che può trovare sugli Etruschi, e su Firenze colonia romana. Tanto egli come il Bracciolini cercano la connessione dei fatti, per dare unità e dignità storica allo loro narrazione; ma quella che essi vedono e ci danno è più una connessione letteraria che logica di cause ed effetti. Oltre di ciò vestivano i loro personaggi sempre alla romana, ponendo loro in bocca discorsi magniloquenti, imitati da Livio e da Sallustio. Dettero agli avvenimenti proporzioni sempre grandiose. La guerra di Firenze e Pisa doveva somigliare alle guerre puniche, altrimenti la narrazione non avrebbe avuto quella dignità storica che essi sempre cercavano.

Colui che, fra gli eruditi, unì davvero a molta erudizione storica un reale acume critico, fu Flavio Biondo. Nella storia sulla caduta dell' Impero romano, ed in altre di tempi più recenti,

egli esamina le fonti, le paragona e ne giudica la credibilità. Ma egli non conosceva il greco, non era uno scrittore elegante in latino. Questi erano allora peccati imperdonabili in un erudito italiano del secolo XV, e lo fecero perciò restare comparativamente oscuro.

Ma perchè la storia moderna potesse formarsi davvero era necessaria un' osservazione più diretta dei fatti, ed una più fedele riproduzione di essi, una ricerca della loro logica connessione; ed era necessario che si ritornasse a scrivere in italiano. A questo contribuirono grandemente gli ambasciatori, che ogni Stato della Penisola aveva allora in gran numero, che la percorrevano in ogni direzione, che percorrevano tutta l' Europa, osservando con acume indicibile gli uomini, le istituzioni, gli avvenimenti, le loro cause ed effetti. Le lettere, i dispacci che essi scrissero allora, sopra tutto gli ambasciatori veneziani e fiorentini, formano un monumento letterario, storico e politico di primissimo ordine. Essi, specialmente i Fiorentini, scrivevano con una eleganza ammirabile. La loro lingua conserva tutta la vivace spontaneità, l' atticità del linguaggio parlato in riva dell' Arno, linguaggio reso più corretto e grammaticale dal continuo studio che si faceva allora del latino, dal quale si era appreso un periodare più armonico, più elaborato. Queste qualità, unite alle altre che erano state in tutta Italia promosse, educate dalla erudizione, furon quelle che produssero la letteratura del secolo XVI, cui dettero un così grande splendore.

Il secolo XV ebbe anche i suoi poeti, che più di tutti affrettarono il ritorno allo scrivere italiano. Fra di essi il primo posto spetta ad Angelo Poliziano (1454-94), inarrivabile per la grande eleganza della forma. Nelle sue elegie latine il linguaggio parlato a Firenze sembra essersi fuso col latino in modo da far tornare anche questo a lingua vivente, riconducendolo alla primitiva spontaneità greca. E le medesime qualità si ritrovano nelle sue immortali "Stanze" italiane, che celebrano la Giostra di Giuliano dei Medici. Non sono che un frammento, e non si può in esse pretendere di trovare una grande creazione poetica. Il loro pregio sta nella descrizione ammirabile della natura, nella forma limpida, cristallina, d' una freschezza impareggiabile. L' ottava

ha con lui acquistato finalmente armonia, colore, varietà, quel carattere che non aveva mai pienamente raggiunto, e che serbò poi sempre nella letteratura posteriore, sopra tutto nell' Ariosto.

Ma non bisogna qui dimenticare Lorenzo dei Medici che fu il gran protettore del Poliziano, e che ebbe da natura le più svariate attitudini intellettuali. Egli in fatti non fu solo un grande uomo di Stato ed un gran Mecenate; ma esercitò nella letteratura un' azione personale coi suoi propri scritti. E ciò sopra tutto colle sue poesie italiane, nelle quali diè prova d' una gran forza descrittiva, specialmente quando parla della vita campestre, dimostrando sempre una singolare spontaneità ed eleganza. A lui si deve in parte il ritorno allo scrivere italiano, che col suo esempio egli rimise in onore fra i nostri poeti di quel secolo.

Ve n' è però un altro che visse anch' egli nella corte di Lorenzo di Medici, e col suo poema eroicomico, il *Morgante Maggiore*, fu l' iniziatore d' un genere nuovo di lavori poetici, il solo genere che possa dirsi un prodotto proprio del secolo XV, e che pur sembra in diretta contradizione con esso. Il poema eroicomico in fatti si occupa delle guerre religiose contro gl' infedeli, che avevano occupato i luoghi santi; e l' Italia del secolo XV, fra tanto fervore di studi classici, in mezzo a tanta ammirazione di scrittori pagani, era divenuta profondamente scettica in fatto di religione. La società che esso ci descrive è la società cavalleresca; e la cavalleria non fiorì mai in Italia, che aveva preso poca parte alle Crociate, e nel secolo XV aveva già interamente distrutto il feudalismo: non si pensava che ai Greci ed ai Romani. Come mai in mezzo a questa società potè sorgere un poema, i cui elementi costitutivi sono affatto estranei ad essa? Il fatto è che la materia di questo poema non è creazione italiana, ma francese. L' Italia lo accolse d' oltr' Alpe, e lo fece suo, dandogli una forma nuova, senza punto alterarne la sostanza. Ciò che v' aggiunse di suo fu un certo sorriso ironico, che sorgeva spontaneo nell' anima dello scrittore, in presenza d' un mondo poetico a lui affatto estraneo, troppo fantastico pel suo spirito scettico e positivo. Ma più di tutto v' aggiunse, e fu il suo merito, uno studio del vero, una descrizione della natura, delle passioni umane. E ciò risplendeva tanto più vivacemente in

mezzo a quel mondo fantastico, assai spesso incerto, nebuloso e mutabile. Quegli uomini così veri, quelle fisionomie così nettamente disegnate, quei combattimenti con tanta vita messi sotto i nostri occhi, quelle riproduzioni così mirabili della natura esteriore, che sembrano la prima volta sprigionarsi da un caos artificiale e confuso, si presentano a noi come una nuova rivelazione del vero e del bello. Questo fu nel poema eroicomico l'opera propria dell'Italia, e si trova in perfetta armonia con la cultura e la società di quel tempo.

Al *Morgante Maggiore* del Pulci tenne dietro l'*Orlando innamorato* di Matteo Maria Boiardo, nel quale è assai maggiore l'originalità poetica, la forza della fantasia, la fecondità della immaginazione. È minore però il gusto letterario, e quindi l'eleganza della forma, che nelle opere d'arte è sempre un elemento vitale. Il suo poema fu continuato dall'*Orlando furioso*, che rese immortale l'Ariosto, il quale è già entrato in un periodo nuovo della letteratura italiana, che alcuni continuano a chiamare Rinascimento, ma che è assai diverso dal periodo precedente.

Se noi raccogliamo insieme tutto ciò che abbiamo detto finora, troviamo che gli elementi i quali si possono dire un risultato proprio della erudizione italiana sono: l'indipendenza della ragione; uno studio sincero, spregiudicato della natura, della società, dell'uomo e delle sue passioni; uno spirito critico d'indagine; una febbre di sapere; una gran fede nella forza della ragione; una lingua chiara, spontanea e corretta, resa meglio connessa e più armonica dal lungo studio del latino. Questi sono gli elementi che l'Italia trovò, e che costituirono lo spirito della letteratura, della cultura moderna.

— P. V. Mari —

THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

BY PROF. PASQUALE VILLARI

THE history of Italian literature shows us that the Renaissance began with Petrarch's Latin writings, and was drawing to its end when the earliest works of Machiavelli and Guicciardini appeared. Altogether it covers the greater part of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It is a vastly important period, for it was then that Italian thought and culture underwent a radical transformation, and exercised an enormous influence throughout the whole of Europe.

At first sight, however, it reveals a strange state of things. In the *Divine Comedy*, in the lyrics of Dante and Petrarch, in Boccaccio's *Decameron*, Italians had given proof of genuine originality, and risen to a really glorious height. But now, with a sudden change of mood, and as though repenting these achievements, they pursue a different course. They seem to despise the tongue they had used to such excellent purpose. All compositions, including familiar letters, must now be written in Latin. They even discard their own names, adopting those of Greeks or Romans instead. Their whole time is spent in studying, imitating, and translating the works of Livy, Tacitus, Cicero, Plato, and Aristotle. If we open Tiraboschi's *History of Literature*, we behold an endless procession of learned writers, all praised to the skies, all convinced of their own greatness, and all exalting one another, save when engaged in literary disputes. Then, however, they tear one another to pieces in the most sanguinary fashion. All these scholars are more or less of the same stamp. Their works consist of Latin

translations from the Greek, of lengthy dissertations and orations, particularly funeral orations, crammed with citations and paraphrases from Grecian or Roman orators. All these productions have the air of elegant extracts compiled from collections of hasty notes taken while reading the classics. These scholars considered it a proud title of merit when one of their number was said to be "Cicero's true ape." When their biographer and bookseller, Vespasiano da Bisticci, wished to give the highest praise to the author of an oration which he had heard with vast pleasure, he said, "He has a divine memory. No Greek or Latin writer was left unmentioned that day." Even private letters were compiled in the same fashion, and generally with a view to publication. It was asserted that a letter penned by the Secretary of State, Coluccio Salutati, was worth more than a squadron of horse to the Florentine Republic. No Italian poem nor prose of real value appeared at that time; for the *Divine Comedy* itself was then held in slight esteem, merely because it was not written in Latin. So we are led to suppose that the period was one of pedantry and decadence, nay, almost of some strange aberration of the Italian mind. Only, if such was the case, why did admirers flock from all parts of Europe to learn from us? From Oxford, Paris, Vienna, men came to Florence, Rome and Padua to study under our scholars, and to depart enriched with the fertile seeds of our learning, which were everywhere enthusiastically welcomed. And how was it that when, towards the close of the fifteenth century this outflow of erudition ceased, and we again wrote in the vulgar tongue, our national literature suddenly entered on another phase of truly original fecundity? Rejuvenated and strengthened, the Italian intellect thereupon developed new life.

It now throws off all mediæval fetters. It creates scientific prose and the science of politics. Modern history assumes its definite shape, discarding the mechanical and arbitrary arrangements of chronicles. Soon the experimental method was initiated by the truly marvellous genius of Leonardo da Vinci. Modern philosophy sprang to life. Ariosto produced his *Orlando Furioso*. A numerous and ever-increasing band of poets and prose-writers

roused the admiration of the civilised world. Here, it were needless to speak of the Fine Arts which, following the same path, flourished side by side with literature, manifestations of the same national mind, and filled the world with a rapture that endures to this day. Therefore our final conclusion must be that this period, seemingly so pedantic and decadent, was really one of radical transformation and renewal.

The truth is, that the beginning of Italian erudition was nowise antagonistic to the three great fourteenth-century authors, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, nor intended to leave the road they had traced. For, in fact, those were the true pioneers of learning. Dante was a warm admirer of antiquity, and Virgil was his faithful guide through the mazes of Hell. It is true that, being Pagans, the great writers and thinkers of old are obliged to dwell in Inferno, but for them it is changed into an abode of honour, and they are exempt from every cruel torment allotted to the condemned.

In his treatise *De Monarchia*, Dante tells us that the Roman Republic and the Roman Empire are the grandest facts in the world's history. In his opinion, the story of Ancient Rome is a continuous miracle, the direct work of Divine Providence. We find in Petrarch the positive initiator and founder of learning. This indeed seems to gush from the fountain head of our national literature, as a spontaneous and necessary evolution of the same. It serves as a new instrument, a new means of education, in order to transform the mind of Italy and simultaneously that of all Europe, by emancipating it from the Middle Ages. To obtain a clear idea of this state of things, we must not confine ourselves to taking the learned men *en masse*; we must choose from their number those gifted with originality, who, instead of mechanically repeating ideas common to all, give their work an individual stamp and thus achieve altogether unexpected results.

Already, by divine inspiration, as it were, Italian poetry had freed the human mind from mediæval mysticism by training it to the observation of reality, the study of nature, society, and man, to the faithful delineation of human passions. Prose, however, still lacked definite form. Real historical writing was, as yet, undis-

covered. Philosophy and politics were still bound in the fetters of scholasticism and a scientific Italian style had still to be evolved. Even familiar letters bore no characteristic stamp. While the *Canto* of Francesca da Rimini, or of Count Ugolino, has the freshness of modern poetry, in reading the *Monarchia* or the *Convito* we are continually thrust back in the Middle Ages. Accordingly, it was necessary to complete and generalise the work begun by the masters of poetry. And then it was perceived that this task had been already accomplished by the ancients. For instance, a page of Cicero appears modern compared with one from St. Thomas Aquinas. Place the Apollo Belvedere next to a Christ of Margharitone or Cimabue, and it will appear as a revelation of sunlit nature beside artificial conventionalities and combinations. Therefore, since imitation of the antique was all that was needed, men of culture applied their talents to copying the classics with irresistible zeal and activity. This was the beginning of the period of learning and humanism that was entitled the Renaissance, precisely because it aimed at the revival of antiquity.

The first and most immediate consequence of this imitation of the antique was a persistent observation and study of nature in general, of reality, society, and mankind. Eyes were turned from Heaven back to earth. Greeks and Romans, in fact, had never despised the cities of this world in favour of the City of God, nor their earthly country for the land of Heaven. They equally admired and worshipped as divine, fleshly perfection and the beauty of nature. Neither did they reject sensual pleasures. Petrarch's Latin works furnish truly admirable proofs that study of the antique conduced to study of nature. He visits the environs of Naples, scrutinising, describing everything with his Virgil in hand, for the Latin poet had also described the same things. Petrarch was the first Italian showing real delight in beautiful landscapes. He is enchanted by the spectacle of a stormy sea; he climbs mountain summits and is ravished by the beauty of the view. At every halt in his travels he notes every strange custom or interesting person that comes in his way, and writes careful and enthusiastic descriptions. He was not only the first of the learned

men, but possessed the germs of all the special qualities of the best scholars, all the varied and manifold tendencies which were afterwards the attributes of scholarship. He denounces every aspect of the Middle Ages. He combats the Aristotelian principle of absolute authority, the artificial methods followed by the physicians and jurists of his time. But this attitude of his is not, so far, the result of new tendencies or of a new scientific method. What he assails is invariably the scholastic form, because he deems it barbarous, and wishes to see it replaced by the classical style, which alone is beautiful and true.

After Petrarch, Italian learning was bound to pass from the study of form to the liberation of the human mind, and proceed to the research of a new method and a new science. First of all there began in our midst the moulding and training of the critical spirit that was to become the spirit of the age. The study of ancient manuscripts, the necessity of collating them, in order to decide which reading of the text to select for publication, constituted our primary critical education. And our critical power was sharpened when a work of Plato or Aristotle was in question, since no decision could be arrived at without an accurate knowledge of the author's system of philosophy. Then, too, the learned men studied and admired all the philosophers of olden times; not only Plato and Aristotle, but Plotinus, Porphyrius, Confucius, and Zoroaster as well. Hence the necessity of comparing the various systems in order to determine their relative value and select the best solution of the weighty problems presented to the human mind. And the consequent necessity of trusting to their own acumen finally established the independence of reason. This was Italy's greatest intellectual triumph. For the men of the Middle Ages, revelation as formulated by theology supplied the solution of all philosophical questions. The *Ancilla* of theology had only to expound them and accept the answer given beforehand, explaining or demonstrating them by reason, or rather by Aristotelian logic, which was therefore held to be incontrovertable. The Renaissance began to study these questions for the first time by the light of free and pure reason, which had now attained to full knowledge of its power. This was

the chief basis of the new learning. And the process by which Italy discovered it, namely by the aid and study of antiquity, was adopted by all Europe. Only by means of the past could humanity rise to the conquest of the future.

The first scholar of true independence and originality in philosophy—although no founder of a new system—was Lorenzo Valla (1405-57). In addition to a sound knowledge of Greek, which he translated with marvellous ease into most elegant Latin, he had a critical penetration of singular subtlety. The philological, grammatical, and rhetorical questions to which he gave much attention were converted by his pen into problems of philosophy and logic. He maintained that it was impossible to understand the laws of speech and composition until they were reduced to laws of thought. Accordingly, his works exhibit the process by which philology was transmuted into philosophy. Valla's acutely original and pungent wit often indulged in paradox. In order to combat the mystic and ascetic notions of the Middle Ages, and demonstrate the value of the laws and the voice of nature, he wrote a book entitled *De Voluptate et vero bono*, in which praise of sensual delights was pushed to obscenity. In his harsh censures on the jurists of the period, which raised a storm about his ears, he followed Petrarch's example in condemning their barbarous style. To arrive at a comprehension of Roman law, we must first, he said, read and write Cicero's tongue with facility. With the language used by you (jurists) it is absurd to pretend to expound, comment, or understand it. And going still farther, he added, "It is necessary to be able to connect the language with the history of Rome—of which the laws are a part, and from which they are derived." This showed that he had a perception of the historic method. Equal critical acuteness was displayed in his essay denouncing the Donation of Constantine. Besides combating it on historical and juridical grounds, denying that an emperor had the right to alienate imperial territory, he also urged philological objections, showing that the Latin text of the pretended document could not have been written at the alleged date.

Another philosopher who enjoyed great renown in the fifteenth

century was Marsilio Ficino (1433-99), the founder of the Platonic Academy, and translator of all Plato's works. Although in holy orders, and Canon of St. Lorenzo, he admired Plato so intensely as to place burning tapers before his bust. The author of many philosophical writings, his principal work was originally intended to have the title of *Theologia Christiana*, but this was afterwards changed into *Theologia Platonica*. This book claimed to be a full exposition of the author's philosophy. But on reading it, and remembering the universal reputation enjoyed by Ficino in his own day, and the crowds of learned strangers from all parts of the earth who flocked to his lectures in the Florentine Studio, one receives a shock of disappointment. There is not a spark of genuine, original philosophic thought in the whole work. Nothing but a medley of the pro-Platonic philosophy of Plotinus and Porphyrius. Ficino believed the world to be peopled with "third essences," or rather "rational souls," which are different, however, from the immortal souls infused into men by direct emanation from God. These "rational souls" are intimately related, exercising a reciprocal action, one on the other, and likewise on the immortal souls of men. This fact, says Ficino, is the cause of the planetary influences expounded by astrology, a science in which he firmly believed. All these souls, or spirits, of water and air, the earth and the stars, are then united in a single soul constituting, so to say, the collective rational soul of the universe. This creed was a species of Pantheism, although evidently Ficino did not thoroughly realise its nature, since he always remained a faithful Catholic. But thanks to this pantheistic theory, the idea of a personal and creative God was gradually merged in that of the "Absolute" by which the literature of the time was soon to be permeated. This system of philosophy, however, had one curious characteristic explaining to some extent its enormous popularity, and this was its constant symbolism. Through the medium of allegory, Ficino sought to maintain that the "third essences" of planets, Pagan divinities, and angels, were all so much alike that it was hard to distinguish between them; and he added, that when philosophy was well understood and explained, no essential difference would be found between

the fundamental conceptions of Christianity and Paganism. By means of allegorical interpretation, Ficino discerned in Plato's *Discourses* and in Virgil's *Aeneid*, clear foreshadowings of the leading Christian dogmas, which he held to have been prophesied by the Sybilline oracles. And he exaggerated this theory to a degree that was almost absurd. Yet it was precisely this notion that evoked most admiration in his own day, and endowed him with historical importance. According to the mediæval conception of theology, Paganism, together with all Greco-Roman history and culture, had no place, as it were, in the real, *i.e.* Christian world. They were profane, diabolical, solely composed of error and fraud. This doctrine was highly painful and afflicting to those fifteenth-century scholars who admired antiquity more than all else. Ficino, therefore, with the neo-Platonic allegories, which he held to be integral parts of his system of philosophy, figured as a redeemer of antiquity, by giving it a proper place in the history of the human intelligence, and recognising it as an inherent and substantial part of our moral and mental existence. So, to our fifteenth-century scholars this seemed a great and genuine revelation, bringing back peace to the world, and restoring the spiritual harmony of mankind. Hence the huge success of Ficino's system, in spite of its weak philosophy.

Pico della Mirandola, as one of the more zealous of its propagators and champions, likewise obtained great success. It must be confessed that although Ficino's system of philosophy has vanished, leaving scarcely any trace, his theory of the historical connection between the ancient world and modern society has survived, thanks to its correspondence with reality. This, too, was another eminent service rendered to civilisation by Italian learning.

Among other writers of great contemporary importance, Poggio Bracciolini (1380-1459) and Leonardo Aretino (1369-1444) are worthy of mention. Both were Secretaries to the Florentine Republic, and were the most celebrated historians among the learned men. Bracciolini was chiefly a man of letters and an accomplished Latinist. He travelled all over Europe in search of ancient manuscripts, and brought many to light. During his

wanderings he described the countries he visited, their manners and customs. At Constance he witnessed the execution of Jerome of Prague, and gives a detailed account of it; at Baden, in Argau, he describes the already famous mineral springs, and enlarges on Teutonic customs. Elsewhere, in Germany, he depicts the life of feudal lords, remarking that with them the armoury and wine-cellar frequently hold the place accorded to the library by Italian nobles. In England, he descants on the endless length of the dinners, and how, when the meal is over, one has to remain drinking at table for many hours. In order to avoid falling asleep, he was obliged, he adds, to bathe his eyes continually with cold water. But besides observations of this nature, he sometimes makes shrewd remarks on national institutions. He seems to have been the first to notice the dissimilarity of the English aristocracy from that of the continent in general, and more especially of the French. He notes with much surprise that the English nobles do not form a caste entirely apart from that of the burghers. If a banker or merchant makes his fortune, retires from business, and, buying a house and land, settles in the country to live on his property, he is received by the nobles as one of themselves, and even allowed to become their relation by marriage. This seemed exceedingly strange to Bracciolini, although he belonged to the Democratic Republic of Florence where feudalism was extinct. In our own time we have seen De Tocqueville make the same remark in his *Ancien Régime et la Révolution*, where with profound acumen he draws a comparison between the English aristocracy and that of his own land, throwing much light on the origin of the French Revolution.

The descriptive faculty and power of keen observation were attributes of our learned men. Enea, Silvio Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius II., not only produced marvellous descriptions of Italian scenery, but wrote such exactly faithful accounts of Viennese customs that, to this day, they are reprinted in guide-books to the city, as giving the truest idea of the character of the people.

On the other hand, Aretino, whose real name was Leonardo Bruni, was an industrious translator from the Greek, and

popularised the works of Plato and Aristotle. He also wrote a history of Florence from its origin to 1401, and the work was afterwards continued by Bracciolini. These two authors, by their adoption of Livy's style, were the first to write history instead of chronicles. Aretino's work is far more important, inasmuch as he starts from the foundation of the city and is the first to discard all the fabulous legends regarding the origin of Florence given by Villani, Malaspini, and other chroniclers. Instead, he gleans from classic authorities all the information to be found concerning the Etruscans and the Roman colony of Florence. Both he and Bracciolini trace the connection of events in order to give historic unity to their narrative, but they chiefly succeed in supplying a literary rather than a logical connection of causes and effects. In addition to this, their personages always appear in Roman guise, and always speak in magniloquent language copied from Livy and Sallust. Every event was swelled by them to grandiose proportions. The wars of Florence and Pisa must perforce resemble the Punic Wars, for otherwise the narrative would have lacked the historic dignity that was always their aim.

A learned man, of really sound historical equipment and genuine critical acuteness, was Flavio Biondo. In his work on the Fall of the Roman Empire, and other histories on less remote times, he verifies authorities, compares them one with another, and judges their credibility. But he knew no Greek, and could only write unpolished Latin. These were considered unpardonable sins in a learned man of his day, and condemned him to comparative obscurity.

Before the science of modern history could be completely formed, a closer observation of facts, their more faithful reproduction and assiduous inquiry into their logical connection were required; and it was also indispensable to resume the employment of the spoken tongue. Valuable help towards the literary re-adoption of Italian was furnished by the numerous ambassadors in the service of different potentates who visited all parts of Italy and all the capitals of Europe, and wrote marvellously shrewd reports on political institutions, personages, and events with careful recognition of causes and effects.

Their epistles, or despatches, during this period, and more especially those of the Venetian and Florentine envoys, are literary, historical, and political documents of the very first rank. All these men wrote with admirable ease, and best of all the Florentines. Their style retains all the vivid spontaneity and movement of the language spoken on the banks of the Arno, which had not only acquired correctness and grammatical purity from the prevalence of Latin studies, but, also from the same source, had developed a more harmonious and elaborate construction. These and other qualities promoted throughout Italy, by the current state of learning, led to the production of the sixteenth-century literature, and contributed to its splendour.

But the restoration of Italian as a written tongue was mainly due to the poets of the fifteenth century. Among these, the foremost place must be assigned to Angelo Poliziano (1454-94), a writer of incomparable grace. Even in his Latin elegies, the speech of Florence is fused with that of Rome in suchwise that the latter seems again a living language and endued with the primitive freshness of ancient Greek. Similar qualities are to be found in the imperishable Italian "Stanze," celebrating a tournament held by Giuliano de' Medici. These "Stanze" are no more than a fragment, and cannot claim to be regarded as poetic creations. Their chief merits consist in their admirable description of nature, and incomparable freshness and lucidity of style. For in Poliziano's verse, the *ottava rima* acquires harmony, colour, and variety, characteristics which it had never before possessed, but which it continued to preserve in subsequent literature, and above all in the poems of Ariosto.

We must not forget to mention here the name of Politian's great protector, Lorenzo de' Medici, whom nature had endowed with the most versatile literary gifts. Besides being a great statesman and a magnificent patron of art and letters, he also exercised a direct influence on literature by his own writings—above all, by his Italian poems, which are full of descriptive power and—more particularly in themes of rustic life—of remarkable spontaneity and charm. By giving the example of writing poetry in

Italian he brought the language into new esteem, and the revival of the vulgar tongue is mainly owed to his co-operation.

Another Italian poet of the period, Luigi Pulci, also flourished at the Court of Lorenzo de' Medici, and invented a new species of poetry with the heroi-comic epic of "Il Morgante Maggiore." This may be said to be the only work of the kind that was a special product of the fifteenth century, and, nevertheless, in apparently direct contradiction with the age. In fact, the heroi-comic poem treats of crusades against the heathen; whereas fifteenth-century Italy, immersed in classical studies, and plunged in the deepest admiration of Pagan writers, had become thoroughly sceptical as regarded religion. The world Pulci depicts is the world of chivalry; yet chivalry had never really thriven in Italy, which had sent forth few crusaders, by the fifteenth century had already destroyed feudalism, and now cared only for Greeks and Romans. How was it, that, in the midst of a society devoted to classic lore, a poem of so heterogenous a nature should have suddenly appeared? This is easily explained by the fact that the material of the poems was not of Italian birth, but derived from the French. Italy had imported it from over the Alps, adopted it as her own, and given it a new dress, without altering its substance. Italy's contribution was the rather sarcastic amusement aroused in the author's mind by the spectacle of a poetic world so thoroughly alien to his own ideas, and so much too fantastic for his sceptical and positive soul. His best addition to this romance of chivalry, and his chief merit, consisted of studies from life, descriptions of human nature and human passion. The effect of these is all the more brilliant in the midst of an impossible world and against an uncertain, shadowy, ever-changing background. Pulci's *dramatis personæ* are so real, their characteristics so clearly defined, their encounters depicted with such living force, exterior accessories so marvellously reproduced, that all seem revelations of truth and beauty suddenly bursting forth from a chaos of artificial confusion. It was this part of the heroi-comic poem that was of Italian birth, and in perfect accord with the society and culture of the time.

The "Morgante Maggiore" was followed by the "Orlando

Inamorato" of Matteo Maria Boiardo, a work of far greater originality, wealth of fancy, and fertility of imagination. But it shows less literary taste, and is accordingly deficient in the grace of form that is a vital element of art. As a continuation to Boiardo's poem, Ariosto wrote the "Orlando Furioso" and gained enduring fame. But the latter poet belonged to a later period of Italian literature, which, although still included by some authorities in that of the Renaissance, was very different in character from the preceding time.

To sum up, we may say that the following are the positive results owed to Italian learning:—the emancipation of reason, sincere and unprejudiced study of nature, society, mankind, and human passion; a critical spirit of inquiry, ardour for knowledge, warm faith in the power of reason, clear, spontaneous, correct and lively language, together with a construction improved and made harmonious by long study of Latin. These were the elements that Italy gave to the world, and that constitute the spirit of modern literature and modern culture.

—P. Villari—

20th February 1899.

POEMS OF MRS. HEMANS.

[FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE, by marriage HEMANS, was born at Liverpool in 1793, died in Ireland, 1835. Besides her famous short lyrics, she wrote "The Vespers of Palermo" (1823), "The Siege of Valencia" and "The Lost Constantine" (1828), "The Forest Sanctuary" (1827), and others.]

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set — but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve, for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night, for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer —
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour —
Its feverish hour, of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears — but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee — but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set — but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain —
But who shall teach us when to look for thee!

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?

Is it when roses in our paths grow pale! —
They have *one* season — *all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth — and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest —
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set — but all —
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

THE LOST PLEIAD.

And is there glory from the heavens departed?
O void unmarked! — thy sisters of the sky
Still hold their place on high,
Though from its rank thine orb so long hath started,
Thou, that no more art seen of mortal eye!

Hath the night lost a gem, the regal night?
She wears her crown of old magnificence,
Though thou art exiled thence —
No desert seems to part those urns of light,
Midst the far depths of purple gloom intense.

They rise in joy, the starry myriads burning —
The shepherd greets them on his mountains free;
And from the silvery sea
To them the sailor's wakeful eye is turning —
Unchanged they rise, they have not mourned for thee.

Couldst thou be shaken from thy radiant place,
Even as a dewdrop from thy myrtle spray,
Swept by the wind away?
Wert thou not peopled by some glorious race,
And was there power to smite them with decay?

Why, who shall talk of thrones, of scepters riven?
Bowed be our hearts to think on what *we* are,
When from its height afar
A world sinks thus — and yon majestic heaven
Shines not the less for that one vanished star!

POEMS OF THOMAS MOORE.

[THOMAS MOORE, Irish poet and song writer, was born in Dublin, May 28, 1779, and educated at Dublin University. He began early to contribute to periodicals; in 1799 went to London, and published a translation of the "Anacreontics," and in 1802 the "Poems by the Late Thomas Little," which were frowned on for eroticism, but gave him repute and a government place in the Bermudas; he left a deputy to do the work, visited the United States, returned to England, and for many years was a lion of the best English society, his Irish odes to music sung by himself, his poetical epistles, and his "Twopenny Post Bag" setting him in high poetic place. In 1817 he began "Lalla Rookh"; tours through Europe produced "The Fudge Family in Paris," "The Fudges in England," "Rhymes on the Road," "Fables for the Holy Alliance," etc. His Bermuda deputy's defalcation forced him to stay abroad 1819-1822; returning, he wrote the "Loves of the Angels," "The Epicurean" and its supplement "Alciphron," the "Memoirs of Captain Rock," the "Life of Byron" (based on Byron's Memoirs, which he first sold to Murray, then bought back and destroyed), etc. He died February 25, 1852.]

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

OFT, in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me;
 The smiles, the tears,
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken!
 Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all
 The friends, so linked together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather;
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed!
 Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,

Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

NORA CREINA.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises.
O my Nora Creina, dear,
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But love in yours, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mold
Presumes to stay where Nature placed it.
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
Nature's dress
Is loveliness —
The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
But when its points are gleaming round us
Who can tell if they're designed
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillowed on my Nora's heart
In safer slumber Love reposes —
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
O my Nora Creina, dear,
My mild, my artless Nora Creina,
Wit, though bright,
Hath no such light
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
 The soul of music shed,
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
 As if that soul were fled.
 So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er;
 And hearts that once beat high for praise
 Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells:
 The chord alone, that breaks at night,
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
 Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
 Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
 Like fairy-gifts fading away, —
 Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
 And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
 Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
 And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
 That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
 To which time will but make thee more dear.
 No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close;
 As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
 The same look which she turned when he rose.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN.

Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own,
 In a blue summer ocean far off and alone,

Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
 And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers;
 Where the sun loves to pause
 With so fond a delay,
 That the night only draws
 A thin veil o'er the day;
 Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
 Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

There with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
 We should love as they loved in the first golden time;
 The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
 Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.
 With affection as free
 From decline as the bowers,
 And with hope, like the bee,
 Living always on flowers,
 Our life should resemble a long day of light,
 And our death come on holy and calm as the night:

FAREWELL! — BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

Farewell! — but whenever you welcome the hour
 That awakens the night song of mirth in your bower,
 Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
 And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
 His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
 Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain,
 But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
 Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
 To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
 Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
 My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
 Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
 And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles —
 Too blest, if it tells me, that 'mid the gay cheer,
 Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,
 Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy,
 Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
 And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled !
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled —
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone ;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem ;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh ! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorned the lore she brought me,

My only books
 Were woman's looks,
 And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
 I hung with gaze enchanted,
 Like him the Sprite
 Whom maids by night
 Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
 Like him, too, beauty won me,
 But while her eyes were on me,
 If once their ray
 Was turned away,
 Oh! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
 And is my proud heart growing
 Too cold or wise
 For brilliant eyes
 Again to set it glowing?
 No — vain, alas! th' endeavor
 From bonds so sweet to sever; —
 Poor Wisdom's chance:
 Against a glance
 Is now as weak as ever.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
 Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here
 Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
 And a heart and a hand all thine own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
 Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
 I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart —
 I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast called me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
 And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,
 Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
 And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too.

SACRED SONGS.

THOU ART, O GOD !

Thou art, O God ! the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see ;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from Thee,
 Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into Heaven ;
 Those hues, that make the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes ; —
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord ! are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
 And every flower the summer wreathes
 Is born beneath that kindling eye.
 Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

This world is all a fleeting show
 For man's illusion given ;
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow, —
 There's nothing true but Heaven !

And false the light on glory's plume,
 As fading hues of even ;
 And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom
 Are blossoms gathered for the tomb, —
 There's nothing bright but Heaven !

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave we're driven,
 And fancy's flash and reason's ray
 Serve but to light the troubled way, —
 There's nothing calm but Heaven!

MIRIAM'S SONG.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumphed — His people are free.
 Sing — for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,
 How vain was their boasting! — the Lord hath but spoken,
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumphed — his people are free.

Praise to our Conqueror, praise to the Lord,
 His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword! —
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
 For the Lord hath looked out from His pillar of glory,
 And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumphed — His people are free.

THE BIRD LET LOOSE.

The bird let loose in Eastern skies,
 When hastening fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
 Where idle warblers roam.
 But high she shoots through air and light,
 Above all low delay,
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
 And stain of passion free,
 Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
 To hold my course to Thee!
 No sin to cloud — no lure to stay
 My soul as home she springs; —
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom in her wings!

SILVIO PELLICO'S IMPRISONMENT.

(From "My Prisons.")

[SILVIO PELLICO, an Italian author, was born at Saluzzo, June 24, 1789. He studied in Turin and Lyons, and taught in a college in Milan, where "Francesca da Rimini," his finest tragedy, was acted (1819). Being suspected of belonging to the Carbonari, he was arrested in 1820, taken to Venice, and condemned to death. His sentence was commuted to fifteen years' imprisonment, but after nine years' detention he was pardoned. During his imprisonment he wrote three tragedies and his celebrated work, "Le Mie Prigioni" ("My Prisons," 1833), which was at once translated into all European languages, and contributed powerfully to the cause of Italian independence. He died at Turin, January 31, 1854.]

THE German captain called out to us to turn toward the palace and look up. We obeyed, and saw upon the open gallery an officer of the court with a paper in his hand. It was the sentence. He read it in a loud voice.

Profound silence reigned until he came to the words "*condemned to death.*" Silence again succeeded, that the reading might be finished. New murmurs arose at the words, "*condemned to severe imprisonment: Maroncelli for twenty years, and Pellico for fifteen.*" . . .

The commissary at last arrived from Germany, and came to tell us that we should set out in two days. "I have the pleasure," he added, "of being able to give you one consolation. Returning from Spielberg, I saw at Vienna his Majesty the Emperor, who told me that the days of your punishment, gentlemen, will be calculated of twelve hours' length instead of twenty-four. By this expression he intends to signify that the punishment is diminished one half." . . .

Yet I could not rejoice at this. Seven years and a half in chains were scarcely less horrible to my mind than fifteen. It appeared to me impossible I should live so long.

My health was again very miserable. I suffered severe pains in the breast, with a cough, and I believed that my lungs were affected. I ate but little, and even that I did not digest.

Our departure took place on the night of the 25th of March [1822]. We were permitted to take leave of our friend, Cesare Armari. A *sbirro* chained us in a transverse manner,—namely,

the right hand and the left foot,—so as to render it impossible for us to escape.

We went into a gondola, and the guards rowed towards Fusina. On our arrival, we found two carriages in readiness for us. Rezia and Canova were placed in one, and Maroncelli and myself in the other. The commissary was with two of the prisoners, and an under commissary with the other two. Six or seven guards of police, armed with swords and muskets, completed our convoy.

To be compelled by misfortune to leave one's country is always painful; but to be torn from it in chains, doomed to exile in a horrible climate, to linger days and hours and years in solitary dungeons, is a fate so appalling that no language can describe it.

As we approached the Alps, I felt that my country was becoming doubly dear to me: the sympathy we awakened on every side, from all ranks, formed an irresistible appeal to my affection and gratitude. In every city, in every village, in every group of meanest houses, the news of our condemnation had been known for some weeks; and we were expected. In several places, the commissaries and the guards had difficulty in dispersing the crowd that surrounded us. It was astonishing to witness the benevolent and humane feeling generally manifested in our behalf.

In Udine we met with a singular and touching incident. On arriving at the inn, the commissary caused the door of the courtyard to be closed, in order to keep back the people. A room was assigned us; and he ordered the waiters to bring supper, and make such accommodation as we required for repose. In a few moments, three men entered with mattresses upon their shoulders.

What was our surprise to see that only one of them was a servant of the inn! The others were two of our acquaintances. We pretended to assist them in placing the beds, and had time to recognize each other, and give the hand of fellowship and sympathy. It was too much: the tears started to our eyes. Ah! how trying it was to us all, not to be allowed the sad satisfaction of shedding them in each other's arms!

The commissaries were not aware of the circumstance; but I had reason to think that one of the guards saw into the affair, just as the good Dario grasped me by the hand. He was a Venetian. He fixed his eyes upon us both, turned pale, and

seemed on the point of making an alarm, but turned away his eyes, as if pretending not to see us. If he did not think that they were our friends, he must have believed them to be some servants with whom we were acquainted.

The next morning we left Udine by dawn of day. The affectionate Dario was already in the street, wrapped in his mantle: he beckoned to us, and followed us a long way. A coach also continued at some little distance from us for several miles. Some one waved a handkerchief from it, till it turned back: who could it have been? We had our own conjectures. May Heaven protect all those generous souls who thus express their love for the unfortunate! I had the more reason to prize them from the fact of having met with cowards, who, not content with denying me, thought to benefit themselves by calumniating their once fortunate *friend*. These cases, however, were rare; while those of the former, to the honor of the human character be it said, were numerous.

On the 10th of April we arrived at our place of destination.

The city of Brünn is the capital of Moravia, where the governor of the two provinces of Moravia and Silesia is accustomed to reside. Situated in a pleasant valley, it presents a rich and noble aspect. At one time, it was a great manufactory of cloth; but its prosperous days were now passed, and its population did not exceed thirty thousand.

Contiguous to the walls on the western side rises a mount, on which stands the dreaded fortress of Spielberg, once the royal seat of the lords of Moravia, and now the severest prison of the Austrian monarchy. It was a well-guarded citadel, but was bombarded and taken by the French after the celebrated battle of Austerlitz, a village at a little distance from it. It was not repaired for the purpose of a fortress; but a portion of the outworks, which had been wholly demolished, were rebuilt. Within it are imprisoned some three hundred wretches, for the most part robbers and assassins: some condemned to severe imprisonment (*carcere duro*); others, to that called *durissimo*, the severest of all. The "*severe imprisonment*" comprehends compulsory daily labor, wearing chains on the legs, sleeping on bare boards, and eating the worst imaginable food. The *very severe imprisonment* signifies being chained in a more horrible manner; one part of the iron being fixed in the wall, united to a hoop round the body of the prisoner, so as to pre-

vent his moving further than the board which serves for his couch. We, as state prisoners, were condemned to severe imprisonment. The food, however, is the same; though, in the words of the law, it is prescribed to be *bread and water*.

While mounting the acclivity, we turned our eyes as if to take a last look of the world we were leaving, and doubted if ever the portals of that living grave, which was about to receive us, would be again unclosed to us. I was calm in appearance; but rage and indignation burned within. It was in vain I had recourse to philosophy: it had no arguments to quiet or to support me.

I was in poor health on leaving Venice, and the journey had fatigued me exceedingly. I had a fever, and felt severe pains, both in my head and my limbs. Illness increased my irritation, and probably the last aggravated the disease.

We were consigned to the superintendent of Spielberg, and our names were registered in the same list as that of the robbers. On taking leave, the imperial commissary shook our hands, and was evidently affected. "Farewell," he said, "and let me recommend to you calmness and submission; for I assure you that the least infraction of discipline will be punished by the governor in the severest manner."

The consignment being made, my friend and myself were conducted into a subterranean gallery, where two dismal-looking dungeons were unlocked, at a distance from each other. In one of these I was entombed alive, and poor Maroncelli in the other.

After having bid adieu to so many beloved objects, and there remains only a single friend between yourself and utter solitude,—the solitude of chains and a living death,—how bitter it is to be separated even from that one! Maroncelli, on leaving me ill and dejected, shed tears over me as one whom, it was most probable, he would never more behold. In him, too, I lamented a noble-minded man, cut off in the splendor of his intellect and the vigor of his days, snatched from society, all its duties and its pleasures, and even from the "common air, the earth, the sky." Yet he survived the unheard-of afflictions heaped upon him; but in what a state did he leave his living tomb!

When I found myself alone in that horrid cavern; heard the closing of the iron doors, and the rattling of chains; and, by the gloomy light of a high window, saw the wooden bench destined for my couch, with an enormous chain fixed in the

wall,—I sat down in sullen rage on my hard resting place, and, taking up the chain, measured its length in the belief that it was destined for me.

In half an hour, I caught the sound of locks and keys: the door opened, and the head jailer handed me a jug of water.

"Here is something to drink," he said in a rough tone; "and you will have your loaf to-morrow."

"Thanks, my good man."

"I am not good," was the reply.

"The worse for you," I answered rather sharply. "And this great chain," I added,— "is it for me?"

"It is, sir, if you do not keep quiet,— if you get into a rage, or say impertinent things. But, if you are reasonable, we shall only chain you by the feet. The blacksmith is getting all ready."

He then walked sullenly up and down, shaking that horrid ring of enormous keys; while, with angry eye, I measured his gigantic, lean, and aged figure. His features, though not decidedly vulgar, bore the most repulsive expression of brutal severity that I ever beheld.

How unjust mankind are when they presume to judge by appearances, and according to their arrogant prejudices! The man whom I upbraided in my heart for shaking, as it were in triumph, those horrible keys, to make me more keenly sensible of his power, whom I set down as an insignificant tyrant inured to practices of cruelty, was then revolving thoughts of compassion, and had spoken in that harsh tone only to conceal his real feelings. Perhaps he was afraid to trust himself, or thought that I should prove unworthy of gentler treatment; perhaps, though willing to afford me relief, he felt doubtful whether I might not be more criminal than unhappy.

Annoyed by his presence, and by the sort of lordly air he assumed, I determined to try to humble him, and called out, as if speaking to a servant, "Give me something to drink!"

He looked at me with an expression which seemed to say, "Arrogant man! this is no place for you to show the airs of a master."

Still he was silent, bent his long back, took up the jug, and gave it to me. On taking it from him, I perceived that he trembled; and, believing it to proceed from age, I felt a mingled emotion of reverence and compassion. "How old are you?" I inquired in a kinder tone.

"Seventy-four, sir. I have lived to see great calamities, as regards both others and myself."

The tremulous motion I had observed increased as he said this and again took the jug from my hand. I now thought it might be owing to some nobler feeling than the effect of age; and the aversion I had conceived instantaneously left me.

"And what is your name?" I inquired.

"It pleased fortune, sir, to make a fool of me, by giving me the name of a great man. My name is Schiller." He then told me, in a few words, some particulars as to his native place, his family, the campaigns in which he had served, and the wounds he had received.

He was a Swiss, the son of peasants; had been in the wars against the Turks under Marshal Laudon, in the reign of Maria Theresa and Joseph II. He had subsequently served in the Austrian campaigns against France, up to the period of Napoleon's exile.

In beginning to form a better opinion of one against whom we had conceived a strong prejudice, we seem to discover in every feature, in his voice, and in his manners, fresh marks of a good disposition, to which we were before strangers. . . . In short, I won a little upon old Schiller: I looked at him more attentively, and he no longer appeared forbidding. To say the truth, there was something in his language which, spite of its rough tone, showed the genuine traits of a noble mind. And, in spite of our first looks of mutual distrust and defiance, we seemed to feel a certain respect for each other: he spoke boldly what he thought, and so did I.

"Captain as I am," he observed, "I have fallen into this wretched post of jailer as an easier duty; but God knows it is far more disagreeable for me to maintain it than it was to risk my life in battle."

I was now sorry I had asked him so haughtily to give me drink. "My dear Schiller," I said, grasping his hand, "it is in vain for you to deny it, I know you are a good fellow; and, since I have fallen into this calamity, I thank Heaven which has given me you for a keeper!"

He listened to me, shook his head, and then rubbed his forehead, like a man in some perplexity or trouble.

"No, sir, I am bad,—rank bad. They made me take an oath, which I must and will keep. I am bound to treat all the prisoners, without distinction, with equal severity; no indul-

gence, no permission to relent, or to soften the sternest orders, particularly as regards prisoners of state."

"You are a noble fellow: I respect you for making your duty a point of conscience. You may err, humanly speaking; but your motives are pure in the eyes of God."

"Poor gentleman, have patience, and pity me. I shall be hard as steel in my duty; but my heart bleeds at being unable to relieve the unfortunate. This is all I wished to say." We were both affected.

He then entreated that I would preserve my calmness, and not, as is too often the case with solitary prisoners, give way to passion, which calls for restraint, and even for severer punishment.

He afterwards resumed his gruff, affected tone, as if to conceal the compassion he felt for me; observing that it was high time for him to go.

He came back, however, and inquired how long a time I had been afflicted with that horrible cough, reflecting sharply upon the physician for not coming to see me that very evening. "You are ill of a fever," he added; "I see it well. You will need a straw bed; but we cannot give you one till the doctor has ordered it."

He retired, and locked the door; and I threw myself upon the hard boards with considerable fever and pain in my chest, but less irritable, less at enmity with mankind, and less alienated from God.

The inconvenience I experienced from the chain upon my legs, which prevented me from sleeping, destroyed my health. Schiller wished me to petition, and declared that it was the duty of the physician to order the chain to be taken off. For some time I refused to listen to him; then I yielded, and informed the doctor that, in order to obtain a little sleep, I should be thankful to have the chain removed, if only for a few days. He answered that my fever did not yet require the removal; and that it was necessary I should become accustomed to the chain. I was indignant at this reply, and at myself for having asked the favor.

"See what I have gained by following your advice," said I to Schiller; and I said it in a very sharp tone, not a little offensive to the old man.

"You are vexed," he exclaimed, "because you met with a

denial; and I am as much so with your arrogance! Could I help it?"

Then he began a long sermon. "The proud value themselves mightily in never exposing themselves to a refusal, in never accepting an offer, and in being ashamed of a thousand little matters. *Alle Eseleyen!* It is all nonsense! Vain pride, want of true dignity, which consists in being ashamed only of bad actions!" He went off, and made the door ring with a tremendous noise.

I was dismayed; yet his rough sincerity scarcely displeased me. Had he not spoken the truth? To how many weaknesses had I not given the name of dignity, while they were nothing but pride!

At the dinner hour, Schiller left my fare to the convict Kunda, who brought me some water, while Schiller stood outside. I called him. "I have no time," he replied very dryly.

I rose, and, going to him, said, "If you wish my dinner to agree with me, pray don't look so sour: it is worse than vinegar."

"And how ought I to look?" he asked, rather more appeased.

"Cheerful, and like a friend," was my reply.

"Let us be merry, then. *Viva l'allegria!*" cried the old man. "And, if it will make your dinner agree with you, I will dance you a hornpipe into the bargain." And, assuming a broad grin, he began to kick with his long, lean, spindle shanks, which he worked about like two huge stilts, till I thought I should have died with laughing. I laughed and almost cried at the same time.

One evening, Count Oroboni and I were standing at our windows, complaining of the mean diet to which we were subjected. Animated by the subject, we talked a little too loud; and the sentinels began to upbraid us. The superintendent also called in a loud voice to Schiller, as he happened to be passing, and inquired in a threatening voice why he did not keep a better watch, and teach us to be silent. Schiller came to me in a great rage to complain, and ordered me never more to think of speaking from the window. He wished me to promise that I would not.

"No," replied I; "I shall do no such thing."

"Oh, *der Teufel! der Teufel!*" exclaimed the old man; "do

you say that to me? Have I not had a horrible strapping on your account?"

"I am sorry, dear Schiller, if you have suffered on my account. But I cannot promise what I do not mean to perform."

"And why not perform it?"

"Because I cannot; because this continual solitude is such a torment to me. No: I will speak as long as I have breath, and invite my neighbor to talk to me. If he refuse, I will talk to my window bars, I will talk to the hills before me, I will talk to the birds as they fly about. I will talk."

"*Der Teufel!* you will! You had better promise."

"No, no, no! never!" I exclaimed.

He threw down his huge bunch of keys, and ran about, crying, "*Der Teufel! der Teufel!*" Then, all at once, he threw his long, bony arms about my neck, exclaiming with an oath, "You shall talk! Am I to cease to be a man because of this vile mob of keys? You are a gentleman, and I like your spirit. I know you will not promise. I would do the same in your place."

I picked up his keys and presented them to him. "These keys," said I, "are not so bad after all: they cannot turn an honest soldier, like you, into a villainous cutthroat."

"Why, if I thought they could, I would hand them back to my superiors and say, 'If you will give me no bread but the wages of a hangman, I will go, and beg alms from door to door.'"

He took out his handkerchief, dried his eyes, and then, raising them, seemed to pray inwardly for some time. I, too, offered up my secret prayers for this good old man. He saw it, and took my hand with a look of grateful respect.

Upon leaving me, he said in a low voice, "When you speak with Count Oroboli, speak as I do now. You will do me a double kindness. I shall hear no more threats from my lord superintendent; and, by not making it necessary for any remarks of yours to be repeated in his ear, you will avoid giving fresh irritation to one who knows how to punish."

I assured him that not a word should come from either of our lips, which could possibly give cause of offense. In fact, we required no further instructions to be cautious. Two prisoners, desirous of communication, are skillful enough to invent a language of their own, without the least danger of its being interpreted by any listener.

VENICE.

By SAMUEL ROGERS.

[SAMUEL ROGERS : an English poet, born at Newington Green, London, July 30, 1763 ; died in London, December 18, 1855. He was carefully educated by private tutors, and when about seventeen years old entered his father's bank, where he remained during the rest of his life, succeeding his father as proprietor in 1793. His best-known poem, "The Pleasures of Memory" (1792), passed through many editions. His other works include "The Voyage of Columbus" (1812), "Jacqueline" (1813), "Human Life" (1819), and "Italy" (1822).]

THERE is a glorious city in the sea ;
 The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
 Ebbing and flowing ; and the salt sea-weed
 Clings to the marble of her palaces.
 No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
 Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
 Invisible ; and to the land we went,
 As to a floating city, — steering in,
 And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
 So smoothly, silently, — by many a dome,
 Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
 The statues ranged along an azure sky ;
 By many a pile in more than Eastern pride,
 Of old the residence of merchant kings ;
 The fronts of some, though time had shattered them,
 Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
 As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

* * * * *

A few in fear,
 Flying away from him whose boast it was
 That the grass grew not where his horse had trod,
 Gave birth to Venice. Like the water-fowl,
 They built their nests among the ocean waves ;
 And where the sands were shifting, as the wind
 Blew from the north or south, — where they that came
 Had to make sure the ground they stood upon,
 Rose, like an exhalation from the deep,
 A vast metropolis, with glistening spires,
 With theaters, basilicas adorned ;
 A scene of light and glory, a dominion,
 That has endured the longest among men.

POEMS OF BÉRANGER.

[PIERRE JEAN DE BÉRANGER, French songwriter, was born at Paris, August 19, 1780. A printer's apprentice and then his father's clerk, he broke with his father and began literary life in the garret he has made illustrious. In 1804 he was given a clerkship in the Imperial University, which he kept till 1821. For many years he had been making songs, universally sung; he first collected them in 1815. A fresh collection in 1821 cost him five hundred francs' fine and three months' imprisonment; one in 1825, ten thousand francs' fine and nine months' imprisonment. He published "New Songs" in 1830, and his autobiography in 1840; in 1848 he was elected to the Assembly, but refused to serve. He died July 16, 1857.]

THE GADFLY.

(LA MOUCHE.)

(Translated by Walter Learned.)

In the midst of our laughter and singing,
 'Mid the clink of our glasses so gay,
 What gadfly is over us winging,
 That returns when we drive him away?
 'Tis some god. Yes, I have a suspicion
 Of our happiness jealous, he's come:
 Let us drive him away to perdition,
 That he bore us no more with his hum.

Transformed to a gadfly unseemly,
 I am certain that we must have here
 Old Reason, the grumbler, extremely
 Annoyed by our joy and our cheer.
 He tells us in tones of monition
 Of the clouds and the tempests to come:
 Let us drive him away to perdition,
 That he bore us no more with his hum.

It is Reason who comes to me, quaffing,
 And says, "It is time to retire:
 At your age one stops drinking and laughing,
 Stops loving, nor sings with such fire;" —
 An alarm that sounds ever its mission
 When the sweetest of flames overcome:
 Let us drive him away to perdition,
 That he bore us no more with his hum.

It is Reason! Look out there for Lizzie!
 His dart is a menace alway.

He has touched her, she swoons — she is dizzy :
 Come, Cupid, and drive him away.
 Pursue him ; compel his submission,
 Until under your strokes he succumb.
 Let us drive him away to perdition,
 That he bore us no more with his hum.

Hurrah, Victory ! See, he is drowning
 In the wine that Lizzetta has poured.
 Come, the head of Joy let us be crowning,
 That again he may reign at our board.
 He was threatened just now with dismissal,
 And a fly made us all rather glum :
 But we've sent him away to perdition ;
 He will bore us no more with his hum.

FIFTY YEARS.

(CINQUANTE ANS.)

Wherefore these flowers ? floral applause ?
 Ah, no, these blossoms came to say
 That I am growing old, because
 I number fifty years to-day.
 O rapid, ever-fleeting day !
 O moments lost, I know not how !
 O wrinkled cheek and hair grown gray !
 Alas, for I am fifty now !

Sad age, when we pursue no more —
 Fruit dies upon the withering tree :
 Hark ! some one rapped upon my door.
 Nay, open not. 'Tis not for me, —
 Or else the doctor calls. Not yet
 Must I expect his studious bow.
 Once I'd have called, "Come in, Lizzette" —
 Alas, for I am fifty now !

In age what aches and pains abound :
 The torturing gout racks us awhile ;
 Blindness, a prison dark, profound ;
 Or deafness that provokes a smile.
 Then Reason's lamp grows faint and dim
 With flickering ray. Children, allow
 Old Age the honor due to him —
 Alas, for I am fifty now !

Ah, heaven! the voice of Death I know,
 Who rubs his hands in joyous mood;
 The sexton knocks and I must go, —
 Farewell, my friends the human brood!
 Below are famine, plague, and strife;
 Above, new heavens my soul endow:
 Since God remains, begin, new life!
 Alas, for I am fifty now!

But no, 'tis you, sweetheart, whose youth,
 Tempting my soul with dainty ways,
 Shall hide from it the somber truth,
 This incubus of evil days.
 Springtime is yours, and flowers; come then,
 Scatter your roses on my brow,
 And let me dream of youth again —
 Alas, for I am fifty now!

THE OLD TRAMP.

(LE VIEUX VAGABOND.)

(Translated by F. M.)

Here in this gutter let me die;
 Weary and sick and old, I've done.
 "He's drunk," will say the passers-by;
 All right, I want no pity, — none.
 I see the heads that turn away,
 While others glance and toss me sous.
 "Off to your junket! go," I say:
 Old tramp — to die I need no help from you.

Yes, of old age I'm dying now —
 Of hunger people never die.
 I hoped some almshouse might allow
 A refuge when the end was nigh;
 But all retreats are overflowed,
 Such crowds are suffering and forlorn.
 My nurse, alas! has been the road:
 Old tramp — let me die here where I was born.

When young, it used to be my prayer
 To craftsmen, "Let me learn your trade:"
 "Clear out — we've got no work to spare;
 Go beg," was all reply they made.

POEMS OF BÉRANGER.

You rich, who bade me work, I've fed;
 With relish on the bones you threw;
 Made of your straw an easy bed:
 Old tramp — I have no curse to vent on you.

Poor wretch, how easy 'twas to steal!
 But no, I'd rather beg my bread.
 At most I've thieved a wayside meal
 Of apples ripening overhead.
 Yet twenty times have I been thrown
 In prison, — 'twas the King's decree;
 Robbed of the only thing I own:
 Old tramp — at least the sun belongs to me.

The poor — is any country his?
 What are to me your grain, your wine,
 Your glory and your industries,
 Your orators? They are not mine.
 And when a foreign foe waxed fat
 Within your undefended walls,
 I shed my tears, poor fool, at that:
 Old tramp — his hand was open to my calls.

Why, like the venomous bug you kill,
 Did you not crush me when you could?
 Or, better yet, have taught me skill
 To labor for the common good?
 The grub a useful ant may end
 If sheltered from the blast and fed;
 And so might I have been your friend:
 Old tramp — I die your enemy instead.

THE KING OF YVETOT.

(Free Version by Thackeray.)

There was a king of Yvetot,
 Of whom renown hath little said,
 Who let all thoughts of glory go,
 And dawdled half his days abed;
 And every night, as night came round,
 By Jenny with a nightcap crowned,
 Slept very sound:
 Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
 That's the kind of king for me.

And every day it came to pass
 That four lusty meals made he;
 And step by step, upon an ass,
 Rode abroad, his realms to see;
 And wherever he did stir,
 What think you was his escort, sir?
 Why, an old cur.
 Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
 That's the kind of king for me.

If e'er he went into excess,
 'Twas from a somewhat lively thirst;
 But he who would his subjects bless —
 Ods-fish! — must wet his whistle first;
 And so from every cask they got,
 Our king did to himself allot
 At least a pot.
 Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
 That's the kind of king for me.

To all the ladies of the land
 A courteous king, and kind, was he —
 The reason why, you'll understand,
 They named him Pater Patriæ.
 Each year he called his fighting men,
 And marched a league from home, and then
 Marched back again.
 Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
 That's the kind of king for me.

Neither by force nor false pretense,
 He sought to makè his kingdom great.
 And made (O princes, learn from hence)
 "Live and let live" his rule of state.
 'Twas only when he came to die,
 That his people who stood by
 Were known to cry.
 Sing ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
 That's the kind of king for me.

The portrait of this best of kings
 Is extant still, upon a sign
 That on a village tavern swings,
 Famed in the country for good wine.

The people in their Sunday trim,
 Filling their glasses to the brim,
 Look up to him,
 Singing "ha, ha, ha!" and "he, he, he!"
 That's the sort of king for me."

THE PEOPLE'S REMINISCENCES.

(LES SOUVENIRS DU PEUPLE.)

(Translated by William Young.)

Ah, many a day the straw-thatched cot
 Shall echo with his glory!
 The humblest shed, these fifty years,
 Shall know no other story.
 There shall the idle villagers
 To some old dame resort,
 And beg her with those good old tales
 To make their evenings short.
 "What though they say he did us harm?
 Our love this cannot dim:
 Come, granny, talk of him to us;
 Come, granny, talk of him."

"Well, children — with a train of kings
 Once he passed by this spot;
 'Twas long ago; I had but just
 Begun to boil the pot.
 On foot he climbed the hill, whereon
 I watched him on his way;
 He wore a small three-cornered hat;
 His overcoat was gray.
 I was half frightened till he said
 'Good-day, my dear!' to me." —
 "O granny, granny! did he speak?
 What, granny! you and he?"

"Next year, as I, poor soul, by chance
 Through Paris strolled one day,
 I saw him taking, with his Court,
 To Notre Dame his way.
 The crowd were charmed with such a show;
 Their hearts were filled with pride;

‘What splendid weather for the fête!
 Heaven favors him!’ they cried.
 Softly he smiled, for God had given
 To his fond arms a boy.”——
 “Oh, how much joy you must have felt!
 O granny, how much joy!”

“But when at length our poor Champagne
 By foes was overrun,
 He seemed alone to hold his ground;
 Nor dangers would he shun.
 One night—as might be now—I heard
 A knock—the door unbarred—
 And saw—good God!—’twas he, himself,
 With but a scanty guard.
 ‘Oh, what a war is this!’ he cried,
 Talking this very chair”——
 “What! granny, granny, there he sat?
 What! granny, he sat there?”

“‘I’m hungry,’ said he: quick I served
 Thin wine and hard brown bread;
 He dried his clothes, and by the fire
 In sleep dropped down his head.
 Waking, he saw my tears—‘Cheer up,
 Good dame,’ says he, ‘I go
 ’Neath Paris’ walls to strike for France
 One last avenging blow.’
 He went; but on the cup he used,
 Such value did I set
 It has been treasured——” “What! till now?
 You have it, granny, yet?”

“Here ’tis; but ’twas the hero’s fate
 To ruin to be led;
 He whom a Pope had crowned, alas!
 In a lone isle lies dead.
 ’Twas long denied: ‘No, no,’ said they,
 ‘Soon shall he reappear!
 O’er ocean comes he, and the foe
 Shall find his master here.’
 Ah, what a bitter pang I felt,
 When forced to own ’twas true!”——
 “Poor granny! Heaven for this will look—
 Will kindly look on you.”

THE PILOT.

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

[JAMES FENIMORE COOPER: An American novelist; born at Burlington, N.J., September 15, 1789; died September 14, 1851, at Cooperstown, N.Y., whither his father had removed about 1790, it being then a wild frontier region. Cooper attended Yale College for three years, when he was expelled; shipped as a common sailor, and became a lieutenant in the navy. Later in life he visited Europe, and was United States consul at Lyons (1826-1829). Among his most popular novels are: "The Spy" (1821), "The Pilot," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Prairie," "The Red Rover," "The Bravo," "The Pathfinder," "The Deerslayer," "Wing and Wing," "Wyandotté," and "Satanstoe." He also wrote a "Naval History of the United States" (1839), "Lives of Distinguished American Naval Officers" (1846).]

It has been already explained to the reader that there were threatening symptoms in the appearance of the weather to create serious forebodings of evil in the breast of a seaman. When removed from the shadows of the cliffs, the night was not so dark but objects could be discerned at some little distance, and in the eastern horizon there was a streak of fearful light impending over the gloomy waters, in which the swelling outline formed by the rising waves was becoming each moment more distinct, and consequently more alarming. Several dark clouds overhung the vessel, whose towering masts apparently propped the black vapor, while a few stars were seen twinkling, with a sickly flame, in the streak of clear sky that skirted the ocean. Still, light currents of air occasionally swept across the bay, bringing with them the fresh odor from the shore, but their flitting irregularity too surely foretold them to be the expiring breath of the land breeze. The roaring of the surf, as it rolled on the margin of the bay, produced a dull, monotonous sound, that was only interrupted, at times, by a hollow bellowing, as a larger wave than usual broke violently against some cavity in the rock. Everything, in short, united to render the scene gloomy and portentous, without creating instant terror, for the ship rose easily on the long billows, without even straightening the heavy cable that held her to her anchor.

The higher officers were collected around the capstan, engaged in earnest discourse about their situation and prospects, while some of the oldest and most favored seamen would extend their short walk to the hallowed precincts of the quarter-deck, to catch, with greedy ears, the opinions that fell from

their superiors. Numberless were the uneasy glances that were thrown from both officers and men at their commander and the pilot, who still continued their secret communion in a distant part of the vessel. Once, an ungovernable curiosity, or the heedlessness of his years, led one of the youthful midshipmen near them, but a stern rebuke from his captain sent the boy, abashed and cowering, to hide his mortification among his fellows. This reprimand was received by the elder officers as an intimation that the consultation which they beheld was to be strictly inviolate; and, though it by no means suppressed the repeated expressions of their impatience, it effectually prevented an interruption to the communications, which all, however, thought unreasonably protracted for the occasion.

"This is no time to be talking over bearings and distances," observed the officer next in rank to Griffith; "but we should call the hands up, and try to kedge her off while the sea will suffer a boat to live."

"'Twould be a tedious and bootless job to attempt warping a ship for miles against a head-beating sea," returned the first lieutenant; "but the land breeze yet flutters aloft, and if our light sails would draw, with the aid of this ebb tide we might be able to shove her from the shore."

"Hail the tops, Griffith," said the other, "and ask if they feel the air above; 'twill be a hint at least to set the old man and that lubberly pilot in motion."

Griffith laughed as he complied with the request, and when he received the customary reply to his call, he demanded in a loud voice:—

"Which way have you the wind aloft?"

"We feel a light cat's-paw, now and then, from the land, sir," returned the sturdy captain of the top; "but our topsail hangs in the clew lines, sir, without winking."

Captain Munson and his companion suspended their discourse while this question and answer were exchanged, and then resumed their dialogue as earnestly as if it had received no interruption.

"If it did wink, the hint would be lost on our betters," said the officer of the marines, whose ignorance of seamanship added greatly to his perception of the danger, but who, from pure idleness, made more jokes than any other man in the ship. "That pilot would not receive a delicate intimation through his ears, Mr. Griffith; suppose you try him by the nose."

"Faith, there was a flash of gunpowder between us in the barge," returned the first lieutenant, "and he does not seem a man to stomach such hints as you advise. Although he looks so meek and quiet, I doubt whether he has paid much attention to the Book of Job."

"Why should he?" exclaimed the chaplain, whose apprehensions at least equaled those of the marine, and with a much more disheartening effect; "I am sure it would have been a great waste of time; there are so many charts of the coast, and books on the navigation of these seas, for him to study, that I sincerely hope he has been much better employed."

A loud laugh was created at this speech among the listeners, and it apparently produced the effect that was so long anxiously desired, by putting an end to the mysterious conference between their captain and the pilot. As the former came forward toward his expecting crew, he said, in the composed, steady manner that formed the principal trait in his character:—

"Get the anchor, Mr. Griffith, and make sail on the ship; the hour has arrived when we must be moving."

The cheerful "Ay! ay! sir!" of the young lieutenant was hardly uttered, before the cries of half a dozen midshipmen were heard summoning the boatswain and his mates to their duty.

There was a general movement in the living masses that clustered around the mainmast, on the booms, and in the gangways, though their habits of discipline held the crew a moment longer in suspense. The silence was first broken by the sound of the boatswain's whistle, followed by the hoarse cry of "All hands, up anchor, ahoy!"—the former rising on the night air from its first low mellow notes to a piercing shrillness that gradually died away on the waters; and the latter bellowing through every cranny of the ship, like the hollow murmurs of distant thunder.

The change produced by the customary summons was magical. Human beings sprang out from between the guns, rushed up the hatches, threw themselves with careless activity from the booms, and gathered from every quarter so rapidly, that, in an instant, the deck of the frigate was alive with men. The profound silence, that had hitherto been only interrupted by the low dialogue of the officers, was now changed for the stern orders of the lieutenants, mingled with the shriller cries of the midshipmen, and the hoarse bawling of the boatswain's crew, rising above the tumult of preparation and general bustle.

The captain and pilot alone remained passive in this scene of general exertion, for apprehension had even stimulated that class of officers which is called "idlers" to unusual activity, though frequently reminded by their more experienced mess-mates that, instead of aiding, they retarded the duty of the vessel. The bustle, however, gradually ceased, and, in a few minutes, the same silence pervaded the ship as before.

"We are brought-to, sir," said Griffith, who stood overlooking the scene, holding in one hand a short speaking trumpet, and grasping with the other one of the shrouds of the ship, to steady himself in the position he had taken on a gun.

"Heave round, sir," was the calm reply.

"Heave round!" repeated Griffith, aloud.

"Heave round!" echoed a dozen eager voices at once, and the lively strains of a fife struck up a brisk air, to enliven the labor. The capstan was instantly set in motion, and the measured tread of the seamen was heard, as they stamped the deck in the circle of their march. For a few minutes no other sounds were heard, if we except the voice of an officer occasionally cheering the sailors, when it was announced that they "were short"; or, in other words, that the ship was nearly over her anchor.

"Heave and pull!" cried Griffith; when the quivering notes of the whistle were again succeeded by a general stillness in the vessel.

"What is to be done now, sir?" continued the lieutenant; "shall we trip the anchor? There seems not a breath of air; and, as the tide runs slack, I doubt whether the sea do not heave the ship ashore."

There was so much obvious truth in this conjecture, that all eyes turned from the light and animation afforded by the decks of the frigate, to look abroad on the waters, in a vain desire to pierce the darkness, as if to read the fate of their apparently devoted ship from the aspect of Nature.

"I leave all to the pilot," said the captain, after he had stood a short time by the side of Griffith, anxiously studying the heavens and the ocean. "What say you, Mr. Gray?"

The man who was thus first addressed by name was leaning over the bulwarks, with his eyes bent in the same direction as the others; but as he answered he turned his face toward the speaker, and the light from the deck fell full upon his quiet features, which exhibited a calmness bordering on the supernatural considering his station and responsibility.

"There is much to fear from this heavy ground swell," he said, in the same unmoved tones as before; "but there is certain destruction to us if the gale that is brewing in the east finds us waiting its fury in this wild anchorage. All the hemp that was ever spun into cordage would not hold a ship an hour, chafing on these rocks, with a northeaster pouring its fury on her. If the powers of man can compass it, gentlemen, we must get an offing, and that speedily."

"You say no more, sir, than the youngest boy in the ship can see for himself," said Griffith. "Ha! here comes the schooner!"

The dashing of the long sweeps in the water was now plainly audible, and the little "Ariel" was seen through the gloom, moving heavily under their feeble impulse. As she passed slowly under the stern of the frigate, the cheerful voice of Barnstable was first heard, opening the communications between them.

"Here's a night for spectacles, Captain Munson!" he cried; "but I thought I heard your fife, sir. I trust, in God, you do not mean to ride it out here till morning?"

"I like the berth as little as yourself, Mr. Barnstable," returned the veteran seaman, in his calm manner, in which anxiety was, however, beginning to grow evident. "We are short, but are afraid to let go our hold of the bottom, lest the sea cast us ashore. How make you out the wind?"

"Wind!" echoed the other; "there is not enough to blow a lady's curl aside. If you wait, sir, till the land breeze fills your sails, you will wait another moon. I believe I've got my eggshell out of that nest of gray caps; but how it has been done in the dark, a better man than myself must explain."

"Take your directions from the pilot, Mr. Barnstable," returned his commanding officer, "and follow them strictly and to the letter."

A deathlike silence, in both vessels, succeeded this order; for all seemed to listen eagerly to catch the words that fell from the man on whom even the boys now felt depended their only hopes for safety. A short time was suffered to elapse, before his voice was heard, in the the same low but distinct tones as before.

"Your sweeps will soon be of no use to you," he said, "against the sea that begins to heave in; but your light sails will help them to get you out. So long as you can head east-

and-by-north, you are doing well, and you can stand on until you open the light from that northern headland, when you can heave-to, and fire a gun ; but if, as I dread, you are struck aback before you open the light, you may trust to your lead on the larboard tack ; but beware, with your head to the southward, for no lead will serve you there."

"I can walk over the same ground on one tack as on the other," said Barnstable, "and make both legs of a length."

"It will not do," returned the pilot. "If you fall off a point to starboard from east-and-by-north, in going large, you will find both rocks and points of shoals to bring you up ; and beware as I tell you of the starboard tack."

"And how shall I find my way ? You will let me trust to neither time, lead, nor log."

"You must trust to a quick eye and a ready hand. The breakers will only show you the dangers when you are not able to make out the bearings of the land. Tack in season, sir, and don't spare the lead when you head to port."

"Ay, ay," returned Barnstable, in a low, muttering voice. "This is a sort of blind navigation, with a vengeance, and all for no purpose that I can see. See ! damme, eyesight is of about as much use now as a man's nose would be in reading the Bible."

"Softly, softly, Mr. Barnstable," interrupted his commander — for such was the anxious stillness in both vessels that even the rattling of the schooner's rigging was heard, as she rolled in the trough of the sea — "the duty on which Congress has sent us must be performed, at the hazard of our lives."

"I don't mind my life, Captain Munson," said Barnstable, "but there's a great want of conscience in trusting a vessel in such a place as this. However, it is a time to do, and not to talk. But if there be such danger to an easy draught of water, what will become of the frigate ? Had I not better play jackal, and try and feel the way for you ?"

"I thank you," said the pilot ; "the offer is generous, but would avail us nothing. I have the advantage of knowing the ground well, and must trust to my memory and God's good favor. Make sail, make sail, sir, and, if you succeed, we will venture to break ground."

The order was promptly obeyed, and in a very short time the "Ariel" was covered with canvas. Though no air was perceptible on the decks of the frigate, the little schooner was so light

that she succeeded in stemming her way over the rising waves, aided a little by the tide; and in a few minutes her low hull was just discernible in the streak of light along the horizon, with the dark outline of her sails rising above the sea, until their fanciful summits were lost in the shadows of the clouds.

Griffith had listened to the foregoing dialogue, like the rest of the junior officers, in profound silence; but when the "Ariel" began to grow indistinct to the eye, he jumped lightly from the gun to the deck, and cried:—

"She slips off like a vessel from the stocks! Shall I trip the anchor, sir, and follow?"

"We have no choice," replied his captain. "You hear the question, Mr. Gray? Shall we let go the bottom?"

"It must be done, Captain Munson; we may want more drift than the rest of this tide to get us to a place of safety," said the pilot. "I would give five years from a life that I know will be short if the ship lay one mile farther seaward."

This remark was unheard by all except the commander of the frigate, who again walked aside with the pilot, where they resumed their mysterious communications. The words of assent were no sooner uttered, however, than Griffith gave forth from his trumpet the command to "heave away!" Again the strains of the fife were followed by the tread of the men at the capstan. At the same time that the anchor was heaving up, the sails were loosened from the yards and opened to invite the breeze. In effecting this duty, orders were thundered through the trumpet of the first lieutenant, and executed with the rapidity of thought. Men were to be seen, like spots in the dim light from the heavens, lying on every yard, or hanging as in air, while strange cries were heard issuing from every part of the rigging and each spar of the vessel. "Ready the fore royal!" cried a shrill voice, as if from the clouds; "Ready the foreyard!" uttered the hoarser tones of a seaman beneath him; "All ready aft, sir!" cried a third from another quarter; and in a few moments the order was given to "let fall."

The little light which fell from the sky was now excluded by the falling canvas, and a deeper gloom was cast athwart the decks of the ship, that served to render the brilliancy of the lanterns even vivid, while it gave to objects outboard a more appalling and dreary appearance than before.

Every individual, excepting the commander and his associ-

ate, was now earnestly engaged in getting the ship under way. The sounds of "We're away" were repeated by a burst from fifty voices, and the rapid evolutions of the capstan announced that nothing but the weight of the anchor was to be lifted. The hauling of cordage, the rattling of blocks, blended with the shrill calls of the boatswain and his mates, succeeded; and though to a landsman all would have appeared confusion and hurry, long practice and strict discipline enabled the crew to exhibit their ship under a cloud of canvas, from her deck to the trucks, in less time than we have consumed in relating it.

For a few minutes the officers were not disappointed by the result, for, though the heavy sails flapped lazily against the masts, the light duck on the loftier spars swelled outwardly, and the ship began sensibly to yield to their influence.

"She travels! she travels!" exclaimed Griffith, joyously. "Ah, the hussy; she has as much antipathy to the land as any fish that swims! It blows a little gale aloft yet!"

"We feel its dying breath," said the pilot, in low, soothing tones, but in a manner so sudden as to startle Griffith, at whose elbow they were unexpectedly uttered. "Let us forget, young man, everything but the number of lives that depend this night on your exertions and my knowledge."

"If you be but half as able to exhibit the one as I am willing to make the other, we shall do well," returned the lieutenant, in the same tone. "Remember, whatever may be your feelings, that *we* are on the enemy's coast, and love it not enough to wish to lay our bones here."

With this brief explanation they separated, the vessel requiring the constant and close attention of the officers to her movements.

The exultation produced in the crew by the progress of their ship through the water was of short duration, for the breeze that had seemed to await their motions, after forcing the vessel for a quarter of a mile, fluttered for a few minutes amid their light canvas, and then left them entirely. The quartermaster, whose duty it was to superintend the helm, soon announced that he was losing the command of the vessel, as she was no longer obedient to her rudder. This ungrateful intelligence was promptly communicated to his commander by Griffith, who suggested the propriety of again dropping an anchor.

"I refer you to Mr. Gray," returned the captain; "he is the pilot, sir, and with him rests the safety of the vessel."

"Pilots sometimes lose ships as well as save them," said Griffith. "Know you the man well, Captain Munson, who holds all our lives in his keeping, and so coolly as if he cared but little for the venture?"

"Mr. Griffith, I do know him; he is, in my opinion, both competent and faithful. This much I tell you, to relieve your anxiety; more you must not ask. But is there not a shift of wind?"

"God forbid!" exclaimed the lieutenant; "if that north-easter catches us within the shoals, our case will be desperate indeed!"

The heavy rolling of the vessel caused an occasional expansion, and as sudden a reaction, in their sails, which left the oldest seaman in the ship in doubt which way the currents of air were passing, or whether there existed any that were not created by the flapping of their own canvas. The head of the ship, however, began to fall off from the sea, and notwithstanding the darkness, it soon became apparent that she was driving in bodily toward the shore.

During these few minutes of gloomy doubt, Griffith, by one of those sudden revulsions of the mind that connect the opposite extremes of feeling, lost his animated anxiety, and relapsed into the listless apathy that so often came over him, even in the most critical moments of trial and danger. He was standing with one elbow resting on his capstan, shading his eyes from the light of the battle lantern that stood near him with one hand, when he felt a gentle pressure of the other, that recalled his recollection. Looking affectionately, though still recklessly, at the boy who stood at his side, he said: —

"Dull music, Mr. Merry."

"So dull, sir, that I can't dance to it," returned the midshipman. "Nor do I believe there is a man in the ship who would not rather hear 'The girl I left behind me' than those execrable sounds."

"What sounds, boy? The ship is as quiet as the Quaker meeting in the Jerseys, before your good old grandfather used to break the charm of silence with his sonorous voice."

"Ah! laugh at my peaceable blood, if thou wilt, Mr. Griffith," said the arch youngster; "but remember, there is a mixture of it in all sorts of veins. I wish I could hear one of the old gentleman's chants now, sir; I could always sleep to them,

like a gull in the surf. But he that sleeps to-night, with that lullaby, will make a nap of it."

"Sounds! I hear no sounds, boy, but the flapping aloft: even that pilot, who struts the quarter-deck like an admiral, has nothing to say."

"Is not that a sound to open a seaman's ear?"

"It is, in truth, a heavy roll of the surf, lad, but the night air carries it heavily to our ears. Know you not the sounds of the surf yet, yonker?"

"I know it too well, Mr. Griffith, and do not wish to know it better. How fast are we tumbling in toward that surf, sir?"

"I think we hold our own," said Griffith, rousing again; "though we had better anchor. Luff, fellow, luff—you are broadside to the sea!"

The man at the wheel repeated his former intelligence, adding a suggestion that he thought the ship was "gathering sternway."

"Haul up your courses, Mr. Griffith," said Captain Munson, "and let us feel the wind."

The rattling of the blocks was soon heard, and the enormous sheets of canvas that hung from the lower yards were instantly suspended "in the brails." When this change was effected, all on board stood silent and breathless, as if expecting to learn their fate by the result. Several contradictory opinions were at length hazarded among the officers, when Griffith seized the candle from the lantern, and, springing on one of the guns, held it on high, exposed to the action of the air. The little flame waved, with uncertain glimmering, for a moment, and then burned steadily, in a line with the masts. Griffith was about to lower his extended arm, when, feeling a slight sensation of coolness on his hand, he paused, and the light turned slowly toward the land, flared, flickered, and finally deserted the wick.

"Lose not a moment, Mr. Griffith," cried the pilot aloud; "clew up and furl everything but your three topsails, and let them be double-reefed. Now is the time to fulfill your promise."

The young man paused one moment in astonishment as the clear, distinct tones of the stranger struck on his ears so unexpectedly; but, turning his eyes to seaward, he sprang on the deck, and proceeded to obey the order, as if life and death depended on his dispatch.

The extraordinary activity of Griffith, which communicated itself with promptitude to the crew, was produced by a sudden alteration in the weather. In place of the well-defined streak along the horizon, that has been already described, an immense body of misty light appeared to be moving in, with rapidity, from the ocean, while a distinct but distant roaring announced the sure approach of the tempest that had so long troubled the waters. Even Griffith, while thundering his orders through the trumpet, and urging the men, by his cries, to expedition, would pause for instants to cast anxious glances in the direction of the coming storm; and the faces of the sailors who lay on the yards were turned instinctively toward the same quarter of the heavens, while they knotted the reef points, or passed the gaskets that were to confine the unruly canvas to the prescribed limits.

The pilot alone, in that confused and busy throng, where voice rose above voice, and cry echoed cry, in quick succession, appeared as if he held no interest in the important stake. With his eyes steadily fixed on the approaching mist, and his arms folded together in composure, he stood calmly waiting the result.

The ship had fallen off, with her broadside to the sea, and was become unmanageable, and the sails were already brought into the folds necessary to her security, when the quick and heavy fluttering of canvas was thrown across the water, with all the gloomy and chilling sensations that such sounds produce where darkness and danger unite to appall the seaman.

"The schooner has it!" cried Griffith: "Barnstable has held on, like himself, to the last moment. God send that the squall leave him cloth enough to keep him from the shore!"

"His sails are easily handled," the commander observed, "and she must be over the principal danger. We are falling off before it, Mr. Gray; shall we try a cast of the lead?"

The pilot turned from his contemplative posture, and moved slowly across the deck before he returned any reply to this question—like a man who not only felt that everything depended on himself, but that he was equal to the emergency.

"'Tis unnecessary," he at length answered; "'twould be certain destruction to be taken aback; and it is difficult to say, within several points, how the wind may strike us."

"'Tis difficult no longer," cried Griffith; "for here it comes, and in right earnest!"

The rushing sounds of the wind were now, indeed, heard at hand, and the words were hardly past the lips of the young lieutenant, before the vessel bowed down heavily to one side, and then, as she began to move through the water, rose again majestically to her upright position, as if saluting, like a courteous champion, the powerful antagonist with which she was about to contend. Not another minute elapsed before the ship was throwing the waters aside, with a lively progress, and, obedient to her helm, was brought as near to the desired course as the direction of the wind would allow. The hurry and bustle on the yards gradually subsided, and the men slowly descended to the deck, all straining their eyes to pierce the gloom in which they were enveloped, and some shaking their heads in melancholy doubt, afraid to express the apprehensions they really entertained. All on board anxiously waited for the fury of the gale; for there were none so ignorant or inexperienced in that gallant frigate as not to know that as yet they only felt the infant effects of the wind. Each moment, however, it increased in power, though so gradual was the alteration that the relieved mariners began to believe that all their gloomy forebodings were not to be realized. During this short interval of uncertainty, no other sounds were heard than the whistling of the breeze, as it passed quickly through the mass of rigging that belonged to the vessel, and the dashing of the spray that began to fly from her bows, like the foam of a cataract.

"It blows fresh," cried Griffith, who was the first to speak in that moment of doubt and anxiety; "but it is no more than a capful of wind after all. Give us elbowroom, and the right canvas, Mr. Pilot, and I'll handle the ship like a gentleman's yacht, in this breeze."

"Will she stay, think ye, under this sail?" said the low voice of the stranger.

"She will do all that man, in reason, can ask of wood and iron," returned the lieutenant; "but the vessel don't float the ocean that will tack under double-reefed topsails alone, against a heavy sea. Help her with the courses, pilot, and you shall see her come round like a dancing master."

"Let us feel the strength of the gale first," returned the man who was called Mr. Gray, moving from the side of Griffith to the weather gangway of the vessel, where he stood in silence, looking ahead of the ship, with an air of singular coolness and abstraction.

All the lanterns had been extinguished on the deck of the frigate, when her anchor was secured, and, as the first mist of the gale had passed over, it was succeeded by a faint light that was a good deal aided by the glittering foam of the waters, which now broke in white curls around the vessel in every direction. The land could be faintly discerned, rising like a heavy bank of black fog above the margin of the waters, and was only distinguishable from the heavens by its deeper gloom and obscurity. The last rope was coiled, and deposited in its proper place by the seamen, and for several minutes the stillness of death pervaded the crowded decks. It was evident to every one that their ship was dashing at a prodigious rate through the waves; and as she was approaching, with such velocity, the quarter of the bay where the shoals and dangers were known to be situated, nothing but the habits of the most exact discipline could suppress the uneasiness of the officers and men within their own bosoms. At length the voice of Captain Munson was heard, calling to the pilot.

"Shall I send a hand into the chains, Mr. Gray," he said, "and try our water?"

Although this question was asked aloud, and the interest it excited drew many of the officers and men around him in eager impatience for his answer, it was unheeded by the man to whom it was addressed. His head rested on his hand as he leaned over the hammock cloths of the vessel, and his whole air was that of one whose thoughts wandered from the pressing necessity of their situation. Griffith was among those who had approached the pilot; and after waiting a moment, from respect, to hear the answer to his commander's question, he presumed on his own rank, and, leaving the circle that stood at a little distance, stepped to the side of the mysterious guardian of their lives.

"Captain Munson desires to know whether you wish a cast of the lead?" said the young officer, with a little impatience of manner. No immediate answer was made to this repetition of the question, and Griffith laid his hand unceremoniously on the shoulder of the other, with an intent to rouse him before he made another application for a reply, but the convulsive start of the pilot held him silent in amazement.

"Fall back there," said the lieutenant, sternly, to the men, who were closing around them in a compact circle; "away with you to your stations, and see all clear for stays!" The

dense mass of heads dissolved, at this order, like the water of one of the waves commingling with the ocean, and the lieutenant and his companions were left by themselves.

"This is not a time for musing, Mr. Gray," continued Griffith; "remember our compact, and look to your charge—is it not time to put the vessel in stays? Of what are you dreaming?"

The pilot laid his hand on the extended arm of the lieutenant, and grasped it with a convulsive pressure, as he answered:—

"'Tis a dream of reality. You are young, Mr. Griffith, nor am I past the noon of life; but, should you live fifty years longer, you can never see and experience what I have encountered in my little period of three and thirty years!"

A good deal astonished at this burst of feeling, so singular at such a moment, the young sailor was at a loss for a reply; but, as his duty was uppermost in his thoughts, he still dwelt on the theme that most interested him.

"I hope much of your experience has been on this coast, for the ship travels lively," he said, "and the daylight showed us so much to dread, that we do not feel overvaliant in the dark. How much longer shall we stand on, upon this tack?"

The pilot turned slowly from the side of the vessel, and walked toward the commander of the frigate, as he replied, in a tone that seemed deeply agitated by his melancholy reflections:

"You have your wish, then; much, very much of my early life was passed on this dreaded coast. What to you is all darkness and gloom, to me is as light as if a noonday sun shone upon it. But tack your ship, sir, tack your ship; I would see how she works before we reach the point where she *must* behave well, or we perish!"

Griffith gazed at him in wonder, while the pilot slowly paced the quarter-deck, and then, rousing from his trance, gave forth the cheering order that called each man to his station, to perform the desired evolution. The confident assurances which the young officer had given to the pilot respecting the qualities of his vessel, and his own ability to manage her, were fully realized by the result. The helm was no sooner put alee, than the huge ship bore up gallantly against the wind, and, dashing directly through the waves, threw the foam high into the air, as she looked boldly into the very eye of the wind: and then, yielding gracefully to its power, she

fell off on the other tack, with her head pointed from those dangerous shoals that she had so recently approached with such terrifying velocity. The heavy yards swung round, as if they had been vanes to indicate the currents of the air ; and in a few moments the frigate again moved, with stately progress, through the water, leaving the rocks and shoals behind her on one side of the bay, but advancing toward those that offered equal danger on the other.

During this time the sea was becoming more agitated, and the violence of the wind was gradually increasing. The latter no longer whistled amid the cordage of the vessel, but it seemed to howl, surlily, as it passed the complicated machinery that the frigate obtruded on its path. An endless succession of white surges rose above the heavy billows, and the very air was glittering with the light that was disengaged from the ocean. The ship yielded, each moment, more and more before the storm, and, in less than half an hour from the time that she had lifted her anchor, she was driven along with tremendous fury by the full power of the gale of wind. Still the hardy and experienced mariners who directed her movements held her to the course that was necessary to their preservation, and still Griffith gave forth, when directed by their unknown pilot, those orders that turned her in the narrow channel where alone safety was to be found.

So far, the performance of his duty appeared easy to the stranger, and he gave the required directions in those still, calm tones that formed so remarkable a contrast to the responsibility of his situation. But when the land was becoming dim, in distance as well as darkness, and the agitated sea alone was to be discovered as it swept by them in foam, he broke in upon the monotonous roaring of the tempest with the sounds of his voice, seeming to shake off his apathy, and rouse himself to the occasion.

"Now is the time to watch her closely, Mr. Griffith," he cried : "here we get the true tide and the real danger. Place the best quartermaster of your ship in those chains, and let an officer stand by him, and see that he gives us the right water."

"I will take that office on myself," said the captain ; "pass a light into the weather main-chains."

"Stand by your braces !" exclaimed the pilot, with startling quickness. "Heave away that lead !"

These preparations taught the crew to expect the crisis,

and every officer and man stood in fearful silence, at his assigned station, awaiting the issue of the trial. Even the quartermaster at the cun gave out his orders to the men at the wheel, in deeper and hoarser tones than usual, as if anxious not to disturb the quiet and order of the vessel.

While this deep expectation pervaded the frigate, the piercing cry of the leadsman, as he called, "By the mark, seven," rose above the tempest, crossed over the decks, and appeared to pass away to leeward, borne on the blast like the warnings of some water spirit.

"'Tis well," returned the pilot, calmly : "try it again."

The short pause was succeeded by another cry, "And a half five !"

"She shoals ! she shoals !" exclaimed Griffith ; "keep her a good full."

"Ay ! you must hold the vessel in command, now," said the pilot, with those cool tones that are most appalling in critical moments, because they seem to denote most preparation and care.

The third call, "By the deep four !" was followed by a prompt direction from the stranger to tack.

Griffith seemed to emulate the coolness of the pilot, in issuing the necessary orders to execute this maneuver.

The vessel rose slowly from the inclined position into which she had been forced by the tempest, and the sails were shaking violently, as if to release themselves from their confinement, while the ship stemmed the billows, when the well-known voice of the sailing master was heard shouting from the forecastle :—

"Breakers ! breakers, dead ahead !"

This appalling sound seemed yet to be lingering about the ship, when a second voice cried :—

"Breakers on our lee bow !"

"We are in a bight of the shoals, Mr. Gray," cried the commander. "She loses her way ; perhaps an anchor might hold her."

"Clear away that best bower !" shouted Griffith through his trumpet.

"Hold on !" cried the pilot, in a voice that reached the very hearts of all who heard him ; "hold on everything."

The young man turned fiercely to the daring stranger who thus defied the discipline of his vessel, and at once demanded :—

"Who is it that dares to countermand my orders ? Is it

not enough that you run the ship into danger, but you must interfere to keep her there? If another word——”

“Peace, Mr. Griffith,” interrupted the captain, bending from the rigging, his gray locks blowing about in the wind, and adding a look of wildness to the haggard care that he exhibited by the light of his lantern; “yield the trumpet to Mr. Gray, he alone can save us.”

Griffith threw his speaking trumpet on the deck, and, as he walked proudly away, muttered, in bitterness of feeling:—

“Then all is lost, indeed! and among the rest the foolish hopes with which I visited this coast.”

There was, however, no time for reply; the ship had been rapidly running into the wind, and as the efforts of the crew were paralyzed by the contradictory orders they had heard, she gradually lost her way, and in a few seconds all her sails were taken aback.

Before the crew understood their situation, the pilot had applied the trumpet to his mouth, and, in a voice that rose above the tempest, he thundered forth his orders. Each command was given distinctly and with a precision that showed him to be master of his profession. The helm was kept fast, the head-yards swung up heavily against the wind, and the vessel was soon whirling round on her heel, with a retrograde movement.

Griffith was too much of a seaman not to perceive that the pilot had seized, with a perception almost intuitive, the only method that promised to extricate the vessel from her situation. He was young, impetuous, and proud—but he was also generous. Forgetting his resentment and his mortification, he rushed forward among the men, and, by his presence and example, added certainty to the experiment. The ship fell off slowly before the gale, and bowed her yards nearly to the water, as she felt the blast pouring its fury on her broadside, while the surly waves beat violently against her stern, as if in reproach at departing from her usual manner of moving.

The voice of the pilot, however, was still heard, steady and calm, and yet so clear and high as to reach every ear; and the obedient seamen whirled the yards at his bidding, in despite of the tempest, as if they handled the toys of their childhood. When the ship had fallen off dead before the wind, her headsails were shaken, her after-yards trimmed, and her helm shifted, before she had time to run upon the danger that had threatened, as well to leeward as to windward. The beautiful fabric, obe-

dient to her government, threw her bows up gracefully toward the wind again, and, as her sails were trimmed, moved out from among the dangerous shoals in which she had been embayed, as steadily and swiftly as she had approached them.

A moment of breathless astonishment succeeded the accomplishment of this nice maneuver, but there was no time for the usual expressions of surprise. The stranger still held the trumpet, and continued to lift his voice amid the howlings of the blast, whenever prudence or skill required any change in the management of the ship. For an hour longer there was a fearful struggle for their preservation, the channel becoming at each step more complicated, and the shoals thickening around the mariners on every side. The lead was cast rapidly, and the quick eye of the pilot seemed to pierce the darkness with a keenness of vision that exceeded human power. It was apparent to all in the vessel that they were under the guidance of one who understood the navigation thoroughly, and their exertions kept pace with their reviving confidence. Again and again the frigate appeared to be rushing blindly on shoals where the sea was covered with foam, and where destruction would have been as sudden as it was certain, when the clear voice of the stranger was heard warning them of the danger, and inciting them to their duty. The vessel was implicitly yielded to his government; and during those anxious moments when she was dashing the waters aside, throwing the spray over her enormous yards, each ear would listen eagerly for those sounds that had obtained a command over the crew, that can only be acquired under such circumstances, by great steadiness and consummate skill. The ship was recovering from the inaction of changing her course, in one of those critical tacks that she had made so often, when the pilot, for the first time, addressed the commander of the frigate, who still continued to superintend the all-important duty of the leadsman.

"Now is the pinch," he said, "and if the ship behaves well, we are safe; but, if otherwise, all we have yet done will be useless."

The veteran seaman whom he addressed left the chains at this portentous notice, and, calling to his first lieutenant, required of the stranger an explanation of his warning.

"See you yon light on the southern headland?" returned the pilot; "you may know it from the star near it—by its sinking, at times, in the ocean. Now observe the hom-moc, a

little north of it, looking like a shadow in the horizon — 'tis a hill far inland. If we keep that light open from the hill, we shall do well ; but if not, we shall surely go to pieces."

"Let us tack again !" exclaimed the lieutenant.

The pilot shook his head, as he replied : —

"There is no more tacking or boxhauling to be done to-night. We have barely room to pass out of the shoals on this course ; and, if we can weather the 'Devil's Grip,' we clear their uttermost point ; but if not, as I said before, there is but an alternative."

"If we had beaten out the way we entered," exclaimed Griffith, "we should have done well."

"Say, also, if the tide would have let us do so," returned the pilot, calmly. "Gentlemen, we must be prompt ; we have but a mile to go, and the ship appears to fly. That topsail is not enough to keep her up to the wind ; we want both jib and mainsail."

"'Tis a perilous thing to loosen canvas in such a tempest !" observed the doubtful captain.

"It must be done," returned the collected stranger ; "we perish without it — see ! the light already touches the edge of the hom-moc ; the sea casts us to leeward !"

"It shall be done !" cried Griffith, seizing the trumpet from the hand of the pilot.

The orders of the lieutenant were executed almost as soon as issued ; and, everything being ready, the enormous folds of the mainsails were trusted loose to the blast. There was an instant when the result was doubtful ; the tremendous threshing of the heavy sail seemed to bid defiance to all restraint, shaking the ship to her center ; but art and strength prevailed, and gradually the canvas was distended, and, bellying as it filled, was drawn down to its usual place by the power of a hundred men. The vessel yielded to this immense addition of force, and bowed before it like a reed bending to a breeze. But the success of the measure was announced by a joyful cry from the stranger, that seemed to burst from his inmost soul.

"She feels it ! she springs her luff ! observe," he said, "the light opens from the hom-moc already : if she will only bear her canvas, we shall go clear !"

A report, like that of a cannon, interrupted his exclamation, and something resembling a white cloud was seen drifting

before the wind from the head of the ship, till it was driven into the gloom far to leeward.

"'Tis the jib, blown from the boltropes," said the commander of the frigate. "This is no time to spread light duck — but the mainsail may stand it yet."

"The sail would laugh at a tornado," returned the lieutenant; "but the mast springs like a piece of steel."

"Silence all!" cried the pilot. "Now, gentlemen, we shall soon know our fate. Let her luff — luff you can!"

This warning effectually closed all discourse; and the hardy mariners, knowing that they had already done all in the power of man to insure their safety, stood in breathless anxiety, awaiting the result. At a short distance ahead of them the whole ocean was white with foam, and the waves, instead of rolling on in regular succession, appeared to be tossing about in mad gambols. A single streak of dark billows, not half a cable's length in width, could be discerned running into this chaos of water; but it was soon lost to the eye amid the confusion of the disturbed element. Along this narrow path the vessel moved more heavily than before, being brought so near the wind as to keep her sails touching. The pilot silently proceeded to the wheel, and with his own hands, he undertook the steerage of the ship. No noise proceeded from the frigate to interrupt the horrid tumult of the ocean; and she entered the channel among the breakers, with the silence of a desperate calmness. Twenty times, as the foam rolled away to leeward, the crew were on the eve of uttering their joy, as they supposed the vessel past the danger; but breaker after breaker would still heave up before them, following each other into the general mass, to check their exultation. Occasionally the fluttering of the sails would be heard; and when the looks of the startled seamen were turned to the wheel, they beheld the stranger grasping the spokes, with his quick eye glancing from the water to the canvas. At length the ship reached a point where she appeared to be rushing directly into the jaws of destruction, when suddenly her course was changed, and her head receded rapidly from the wind. At the same instant the voice of the pilot was heard shouting:—

"Square away the yards! — in mainsail!"

A general burst from the crew echoed "Square away the yards!" and, quick as thought, the frigate was seen gliding along the channel before the wind. The eye had hardly time

to dwell on the foam, which seemed like clouds driving in the heavens, and directly the gallant vessel issued from her perils, and rose and fell on the heavy waves of the sea.

The seamen were yet drawing long breaths, and gazing behind them like men recovered from a trance, when Griffith approached the man who had so successfully conducted them through their perils. The lieutenant grasped the hand of the other, as he said:—

“You have this night proved yourself a faithful pilot, and such a seaman as the world cannot equal!”



COUNT ALARCOS AND THE INFANTA SOLISA.

By JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

[JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, Scotch man of letters, son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, was born in Glasgow, July 14, 1794; graduated at Balliol College, Oxford; gained early repute for his translations of Spanish ballads; joined the staff of *Blackwood's* in 1817; in 1819 published “Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk”; “Valerius” in 1821; “Adam Blair” in 1822; “Reginald Dalton” in 1823. In 1826 he succeeded Gifford as editor of the *Quarterly Review*. He wrote lives of Burns and Napoleon, and in 1837–1839 his great biography of Scott. He left the *Quarterly* in 1853, and died November 25, 1854.]

ALONE, as was her wont, she sate,—within her bower alone;—
Alone, and very desolate, Solisa made her moan,
Lamenting for her flower of life, that it should pass away,
And she be never wooed to wife, nor see a bridal day.

Thus said the sad Infanta — “I will not hide my grief,
I'll tell my father of my wrong, and he will yield relief.”
The King, when he beheld her near, “Alas! my child,” said he,
“What means this melancholy cheer? — reveal thy grief to me.”

“Good King,” she said, “my mother was buried long ago,
She left me to thy keeping, none else my griefs shall know.
I fain would have a husband, 'tis time that I should wed, —
Forgive the words I utter, with mickle shame they're said.”

'Twas thus the King made answer,—“This fault is none of mine,
You to the Prince of Hungary your ear would not incline;
Yet round us here where lives your peer? — nay, name him if you
can,—

Except the Count Alarcos, and he's a married man.”

"Ask Count Alarcos, if of yore his word he did not plight
To be my husband evermore, and love me day and night?
If he has bound him in new vows, old oaths he cannot break —
Alas! I've lost a loyal spouse, for a false lover's sake."

The good King sat confounded in silence for some space;
At length he made this answer with very troubled face —
"It was not thus your mother gave counsel you should do;
You've done much wrong, my daughter; we're shamed, both I and
you.

"If it be true that you have said, our honor's lost and gone;
And while the Countess is in life, remedied for us is none.
Though justice were upon our side, ill-talkers would not spare —
Speak, daughter, for your mother's dead, whose counsel eased my
care."

"How can I give you counsel? — but little wit have I;
But certes, Count Alarcos may make this Countess die:
Let it be noised that sickness cut short her tender life,
And then let Count Alarcos come and ask me for his wife.
What passed between us long ago, of that be nothing said;
Thus none shall our dishonor know, in honor I shall wed."

The Count was standing with his friends, thus in the midst he spake —
"What fools we be, what pains men dree, for a fair woman's sake!
I loved a fair one long ago; — though I'm a married man,
Sad memory I can ne'er forego, how life and love began."

While yet the Count was speaking, the good King came full near;
He made his salutation with very courteous cheer.
"Come hither, Count Alarcos, and dine with me this day,
For I have something secret I in your ear must say."

The King came from the chapel, when he had heard the mass;
With him the Count Alarcos did to his chamber pass;
Full nobly were they served there, by pages many a one;
When all were gone, and they alone, 'twas thus the King begun: —

"What news be these, Alarcos, that you your word did plight,
To be a husband to my child, and love her day and night?
If more between you there did pass, yourself may know the truth,
But shamed is my gray head — alas! — and scorned Solisa's youth.

"I have a heavy word to speak, — a lady fair doth lie
Within my daughter's rightful place, and certes! she must die.

Let it be noised that sickness cut short her tender life,
 Then come and woo my daughter, and she shall be your wife:
 What passed between you long ago, of that be nothing said,
 Thus, none shall my dishonor know — in honor you shall wed."

Thus spake the Count Alarcos — "The truth I'll no deny,
 I to the Infanta gave my troth, and broke it shamefully;
 I feared my King would ne'er consent to give me his fair daughter;
 But, oh! spare her that's innocent — avoid that sinful slaughter."

"She dies, she dies," the King replies; — "from thine own sin it
 springs,
 If guiltless blood must wash the blot which stains the blood of kings:
 Ere morning dawn her life must end, and thine must be the deed,
 Else thou on shameful block must bend: thereof is no remeed."

"Good King, my hand thou mayst command, else treason blots my
 name!

I'll take the life of my dear wife — (God! mine be not the blame!)
 Alas! that young and sinless heart for others' sins should bleed!
 Good King, in sorrow I depart." — "May God your errand speed!"

In sorrow he departed, dejectedly he rode
 The weary journey from that place, unto his own abode;
 He grieved for his fair Countess, dear as his life was she;
 Sore grieved he for that lady, and for his children three.

The one was yet an infant upon its mother's breast,
 For though it had three nurses, it liked her milk the best;
 The others were young children, that had but little wit,
 Hanging about their mother's knee while nursing she did sit.

"Alas!" he said, when he had come within a little space,
 "How shall I brook the cheerful look of my kind lady's face?
 To see her coming forth in glee to meet me in my hall,
 When she so soon a corpse must be, and I the cause of all!"

Just then he saw her at the door with all her babes appear —
 (The little page had run before to tell his lord was near) —
 "Now welcome home, my lord, my life! — Alas! you droop your head:
 Tell, Count Alarcos, tell your wife, what makes your eyes so red?"

"I'll tell you all — I'll tell you all: it is not yet the hour;
 We'll sup together in the hall — I'll tell you in your bower."
 The lady brought forth what she had, and down beside him sate;
 He sate beside her pale and sad, but neither drank nor ate.

The children to his side were led (he loved to have them so),
Then on the board he laid his head, and out his tears did flow:
"I fain would sleep—I fain would sleep,"—the Count Alarcos
said:—

Alas! be sure, that sleep was none that night within their bed.

They came together to the bower where they were used to rest,
None with them but the little babe that was upon the breast:
The Count had barred the chamber doors—they ne'er were barred
till then;

"Unhappy lady," he began, "and I most lost of men!"

"Now, speak not so, my noble lord, my husband and my life,
Unhappy never can she be that is Alarcos' wife."

"Alas! unhappy lady, 'tis but little that you know,
For in that very word you've said is gathered all your woe.

"Long since I loved a lady,—long since I oaths did plight,
To be that lady's husband, to love her day and night;
Her father is our lord the King, to him the thing is known,
And now, that I the news should bring! she claims me for her own.

"Alas! my love, alas! my life, the right is on their side;
Ere I had seen your face, sweet wife, she was betrothed my bride;
But, oh! that I should speak the word—since in her place you lie,
It is the bidding of our lord, that you this night must die."

"Are these the wages of my love, so lowly and so leal?
O, kill me not, thou noble Count, when at thy foot I kneel!
But send me to my father's house, where once I dwelt in glee,
There will I live a lone chaste life, and rear my children three."

"It may not be—mine oath is strong—ere dawn of day you die!"

"O! well 'tis seen how all alone upon the earth am I—
My father is an old frail man,—my mother's in her grave,—
And dead is stout Don Garcia—alas! my brother brave!

"'Twas at this coward King's command they slew my brother dear,
And now I'm helpless in the land.—It is not death I fear,
But loath, loath am I to depart, and leave my children so—
Now let me lay them to my heart, and kiss them ere I go."

"Kiss him that lies upon thy breast—the rest thou mayst not see."

"I fain would say an Ave." "Then say it speedily."

She knelt her down upon her knee: "O Lord! behold my case—
Judge not my deeds, but look on me in pity and great grace."

When she had made her orison, up from her knees she rose —
 “Be kind, Alarcos, to our babes, and pray for my repose,
 And now give me my boy once more upon my breast to hold,
 That he may drink one farewell drink, before my breast be cold.”

“Why would you waken the poor child? you see he is asleep —
 Prepare, dear wife, there is no time, the dawn begins to peep.”
 “Now hear me, Count Alarcos! I give thee pardon free,
 I pardon thee for the love’s sake wherewith I’ve loved thee.

“But *they* have not my pardon, the King and his proud daughter —
 The curse of God be on them, for this unchristian slaughter!
 I charge them with my dying breath, ere thirty days be gone,
 To meet me in the realm of death, and at God’s awful throne!”

He drew a kerchief round her neck, he drew it tight and strong,
 Until she lay quite stiff and cold her chamber floor along;
 He laid her then within the sheets, and, kneeling by her side,
 To God and Mary Mother in misery he cried.

Then called he for his esquires: — oh! deep was their dismay,
 When they into the chamber came, and saw her how she lay;
 Thus died she in her innocence, a lady void of wrong,
 But God took heed of their offense — his vengeance stayed not long.

Within twelve days, in pain and dole, the Infanta passed away,
 The cruel King gave up his soul upon the twentieth day;
 Alarcos followed ere the Moon had made her round complete,
 Three guilty spirits stood right soon before God’s judgment seat.



SCOTT AND THE BALLANTYNES.

By JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

A SERIOUS change was about to take place in his relations with the spirited publishing house which had hitherto been the most efficient supporters of that press; and his letters begin to be much occupied with differences and disputes which, uninteresting as the details would now be, must have cost him many

Tintern Abbey



anxious hours in the [apparently idle autumn of 1808. Mr. Constable had then for his partner Mr. Alexander Gibson Hunter, afterwards Laird of Blackness, to whose intemperate language, much more than to any part of Constable's own conduct, Scott ascribed this unfortunate alienation; which, however, as well as most of my friend's subsequent misadventures, I am inclined to trace, in no small degree, to the influence which a third person, hitherto unnamed, was about this time beginning to exercise over the concerns of James Ballantyne.

John Ballantyne, a younger brother of Scott's schoolfellow, had been originally bred to their father's trade of a merchant (that is to say, a dealer in everything from broadcloth to children's tops) at Kelso; but James's rise in the world was not observed by him without ambitious longings; for he too had a love, and he at least fancied that he had a talent, for literature. He left Kelso abruptly for the chances of the English metropolis. After a short residence in London, where among other things he officiated for a few months as clerk in a banking-house, the continued intelligence of the printer's prosperity determined him to return to Scotland. Not finding any opening at the moment in Edinburgh, he tried again the shop at Kelso; but his habits had not been improved by his brief sojourn in London, and the business soon melted to nothing in his hands. His goods were disposed of by auction for the benefit of his creditors—the paternal shop was finally closed; and John again quitted his birthplace, under circumstances which, as I shall show in the sequel, had left a deep and painful trace even upon that volatile mind.

He was a quick, active, intrepid little fellow; and in society so very lively and amusing, so full of fun and merriment, such a thoroughly light-hearted droll, all-over quaintness and humorous mimicry, and moreover such a keen and skillful devotee to all manner of field-sports, from fox-hunting to badger-baiting inclusive; that it is no wonder he should have made a favorable impression on Scott, when he appeared in Edinburgh in this destitute plight and offered to assist his brother in the management of a concern by which James's comparatively indolent habits were now very severely tried. The contrast between the two brothers was not the least of the amusement; indeed, that continued to amuse him to the last. The elder of these is painted to the life in an early letter of Leyden's, which, on the

doctor's death, he, though not (I fancy) without wincing, permitted Scott to print: "Methinks I see you with your confounded black beard, bull-neck, and upper lip turned up to your nose, while one of your eyebrows is cocked perpendicularly, and the other forms pretty well the base of a right-angled triangle, opening your great, gloating eyes, and crying, *But Leyden!!!*" James was a short, stout, well-made man, and would have been considered a handsome one, but for these grotesque frowns, starts, and twistings of his features, set off by a certain mock-majesty of walk and gesture, which he had perhaps contracted from his usual companions, the emperors and tyrants of the stage. His voice in talk was grave and sonorous, and he sung well (theatrically well) in a fine, rich bass. John's tone in singing was a sharp treble; in conversation, something between a croak and a squeak. Of *his* style of storytelling it is sufficient to say that the late Charles Matthews's "old Scotch lady" was but an imperfect copy of the original, which the inimitable comedian first heard in my presence from his lips. He was shorter than James, but lean as a scarecrow, and he rather hopped than walked; his features, too, were naturally good, and he twisted them about quite as much, but in a very different fashion. The elder brother was a gormand; the younger liked his bottle and his bowl, as well as, like Johnny Armstrong, "a hawk, a hound, and a fair woman." Scott used to call the one Aldiborontiphoscophornio, the other Rigdumfunnidos. They both entertained him; they both loved and revered him; and, I believe, would have shed their heart's blood in his service: but they both, as men of affairs, deeply injured him; and, above all, the day that brought John into pecuniary connection with him was the blackest in his calendar. A more reckless, thoughtless, improvident adventurer never rushed into the serious responsibilities of business; but his cleverness, his vivacity, his unaffected zeal, his gay fancy, always seeing the light side of everything, his imperturbable good humor and buoyant elasticity of spirits, made and kept him such a favorite that I believe Scott would have as soon ordered his dog to be hanged, as harbored, in the darkest hour of perplexity, the least thought of discarding "jocund Johnny."

The great bookseller of Edinburgh was a man of caliber infinitely beyond these Ballantynes. Though with a strong dash of the sanguine, without which, indeed, there can be no great projector in any walk of life, Archibald Constable was

one of the most sagacious persons that ever followed his profession. A brother poet of Scott's says to him, a year or two before this time, "Our butteraceous friend at the Cross turns out a deep draw-well;" and another eminent literator, still more closely connected with Constable, had already, I believe, christened him "The Crafty." Indeed, his fair and very handsome physiognomy carried a bland astuteness of expression not to be mistaken by any one who could read the plainest of nature's handwriting. He made no pretensions to literature, though he was in fact a tolerable judge of it generally, and particularly well skilled in the department of Scotch antiquities. He distrusted himself, however, in such matters, being conscious that his early education had been very imperfect; and moreover, he wisely considered the business of a critic as quite as much out of his "proper line" as authorship itself. But of that "proper line," and his own qualifications for it, his estimation was ample; and, often as I may have smiled at the lofty serenity of his self-complacence, I confess I now doubt whether he rated himself too highly as a master in the true science of the bookseller. He had indeed, in his mercantile character, one deep and fatal flaw, for he hated accounts, and systematically refused, during the most vigorous years of his life, to examine or sign a balance-sheet; but for casting a keen eye over the remotest indications of popular taste, for anticipating the chances of success and failure in any given variety of adventure, for the planning and invention of his calling, he was not, in his own day at least, surpassed; and among all his myriad of undertakings I question if any one that really originated with himself, and continued to be superintended by his own care, ever did fail. He was as bold as far-sighted, and his disposition was as liberal as his views were wide. Had he and Scott from the beginning trusted as thoroughly as they understood each other; had there been no third parties to step in, flattering an overweening vanity on the one hand into presumption, and on the other side spurring the enterprise that wanted nothing but a bridle, I have no doubt their joint career might have been one of unbroken prosperity. But the Ballantynes were jealous of the superior mind, bearing, and authority of Constable; and though he, too, had a liking for them both personally, esteemed James's literary tact, and was far too much of a humorist not to be very fond of the younger brother's company, he could never away with the feeling that they

intervened unnecessarily, and left him but the shadow where he ought to have the substantial lion's share of confidence. On his part, again, he was too proud a man to give entire confidence where that was withheld from himself; and, more especially, I can well believe that a frankness of communication as to the real amount of his capital and general engagements of business, which would have been the reverse of painful to him in habitually confidential intercourse with Scott, was out of the question when Scott's proposals and suggestions were to be met in conference, not with his own manly simplicity, but the buckram propensity of the one, or the burlesque levity of the other, of his plenipotentiaries.

James Ballantyne then lived in St. John Street, a row of good, old-fashioned, and spacious houses, adjoining the Canon-gate and Holyrood, and at no great distance from his printing establishment. He had married, a few years before, the daughter of a wealthy farmer in Berwickshire—a quiet, amiable woman, of simple manners and perfectly domestic habits. A group of fine young children were growing up about him; and he usually, if not constantly, had under his roof his aged mother, his and his wife's tender care of whom it was most pleasing to witness. As far as a stranger might judge, there could not be a more exemplary household, or a happier one; and I have occasionally met the poet in St. John Street when there were no other guests but Erskine, Terry, George Hogarth, and another intimate friend or two, and when James Ballantyne was content to appear in his own true and best colors, the kind head of his family, the respected but honest schoolfellow of Scott, the easy landlord of a plain, comfortable table. But when any great event was about to take place in the business, especially on the eve of a new novel, there were doings of a higher strain in St. John Street; and to be present at one of those scenes was truly a rich treat, even—if not especially—for persons who, like myself, had no more *knowledge* than the rest of the world as to the authorship of Waverley. Then were congregated about the printer all his own literary allies, of whom a considerable number were by no means personally familiar with "THE GREAT UNKNOWN," who, by the way, owed to him that widely adopted title; and he appeared among the rest with his usual open aspect of buoyant good humor, although it was

not difficult to trace, in the occasional play of his features, the diversion it afforded him to watch all the procedure of his swelling confidant, and the curious neophytes that surrounded the well-spread board,

The feast was, to use one of James's own favorite epithets, *gorgeous*; an aldermanic display of turtle and venison, with the suitable accompaniments of iced punch, potent ale, and generous Madeira. When the cloth was drawn the burly preses arose, with all he could muster of the port of John Kemble, and spouted with a sonorous voice the formula of Macbeth, —

“Fill full;

I drink to the general joy of the whole table!”

This was followed by “The King, God bless him!” and second came: “Gentlemen, there is another toast which never has been, nor shall be, omitted in this house of mine. I give you the health of Mr. Walter Scott, with three times three!” All honor having been done to this health, and Scott having briefly thanked the company with some expressions of warm affection to their host, Mrs. Ballantyne retired; the bottles passed round twice in the usual way, and then James rose once more, every vein on his brow distended, his eyes solemnly fixed upon vacancy, to propose, not as before in his stentorian key, but with “bated breath,” in the sort of whisper by which a stage conspirator thrills the gallery, “*Gentlemen, a bumper to the immortal Author of Waverley!*” The uproar of cheering, in which Scott made a fashion of joining, was succeeded by deep silence, and then Ballantyne proceeded, —

“In his Lord-Burleigh-look, serene and serious,
A something of imposing and mysterious,”

to lament the obscurity in which his illustrious, but too modest, correspondent still chose to conceal himself from the plaudits of the world, to thank the company for the manner in which the *nominis umbra* had been received, and to assure them that the Author of Waverley would, when informed of the circumstance, feel highly delighted, “the proudest hour of his life,” etc. The cool, demure fun of Scott's features during all this mummary was perfect; and Erskine's attempt at a gay *non-chalance* was still more ludicrously meritorious. Aldiborontiphoscophornio, however, bursting as he was, knew too well

to allow the new novel to be made the subject of discussion. Its name was announced, and success to it crowned another cup; but after that no more of Jedediah. To cut the thread, he rolled out unbidden some one of his many theatrical songs, in a style that would have done no dishonor to almost any orchestra, *The Maid of Lodi*, or perhaps *The Bay of Biscay, oh!* or *The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft*. Other toasts followed, interspersed with ditties from other performers; old George Thompson, the friend of Burns, was ready for one with *The Moorland Wedding*, or *Willie brew'd a peck o' maut*; and so it went on, until Scott and Erskine, with any clerical or very staid personage that had chanced to be admitted, saw fit to withdraw. Then the scene was changed. The claret and olives made way for broiled bones and a mighty bowl of punch; and when a few glasses of the hot beverage had restored his powers, James opened *ore rotundo* on the merits of the forthcoming romance. "One chapter — one chapter only," was the cry. After "*Nay, by'r Lady, nay!*" and a few more coy shifts, the proof sheets were at length produced, and James, with many a prefatory hem, read aloud what he considered as the most striking dialogue they contained.

The first I heard so read was the interview between Jeanie Deans, the Duke of Argyle, and Queen Caroline, in Richmond Park; and notwithstanding some spice of the pompous tricks to which he was addicted, I must say he did the inimitable scene great justice. At all events, the effect it produced was deep and memorable, and no wonder that the exulting typographer's *one bumper more to Jedediah Cleishbotham* preceded his parting stave, which was uniformly *The last word of Marmion*, executed certainly with no contemptible rivalry of Braham.

What a different affair was a dinner, although probably including many of the same guests, at the junior partner's. He, in those days, retained, I think, no private apartments attached to his auction-rooms in Hanover Street, over the door of which he still kept emblazoned, "John Ballantyne and Company, Booksellers." At any rate, such of his entertainments as I ever saw Scott partake of, were given at his villa near to the Firth of Forth, by Trinity; a retreat which the little man had named "Harmony Hall," and invested with an air of dainty, voluptuous finery, contrasting strikingly enough with the substantial citizenlike snugness of his elder brother's domestic

appointments. His house was surrounded by gardens so contrived as to seem of considerable extent, having many a shady tuft, trellised alley, and mysterious alcove, interspersed among their bright parterres. It was a fairylike labyrinth, and there was no want of pretty Armidas, such as they might be, to glide half-seen among its mazes. The sitting rooms opened upon gay and perfumed conservatories, and John's professional excursions to Paris and Brussels in quest of objects of *vertu* had supplied both the temptation and the means to set forth the interior in a fashion that might have satisfied the most fastidious *petite maitresse* of Norwood or St. Denis. John, too, was a married man; he had, however, erected for himself a private wing, the access to which, whether from the main building, or the bosquet, was so narrow that it was physically impossible for the handsome and portly lady who bore his name to force her person through any one of them. His dinners were, in all respects, Parisian, for his wasted palate disdained such John Bull luxuries as were all in all with James. The piquant pastry of Strasburg or Perigord was never to seek; and even the *pièce de résistance* was probably a boar's head from Colblentz or a turkey ready stuffed with truffles from the Palais Royal. The pictures scattered among John's innumerable mirrors were chiefly of theatrical subjects, many of them portraits of beautiful actresses, the same Peg Woffingtons, Bel-lamys, Kitty Clives, and so forth, that found their way in the sequel to Charles Matthews's gallery at Highgate. Here that exquisite comedian's own mimicries and parodies were the life and soul of many a festival, and here too he gathered from his facetious host not a few of the richest materials for his *at homes* and *monopolylogues*. But, indeed, whatever actor or singer of eminence visited Edinburgh, of the evenings when he did not perform, several were sure to be reserved for Trinity. Here Braham quavered, and here Liston drolled his best; here Johnstone and Murray and Yates mixed jest and stave; here Kean reveled and rioted, and here the Roman Kemble often played the Greek from sunset to dawn. Nor did the popular *cantatrice* or *danseuse* of the time disdain to freshen her roses, after a laborious week, amidst these Paphian arbors of Harmony Hall.

Johnny had other tastes that were equally expensive. He had a well-furnished stable, and followed the fox-hounds whenever the cover was within an easy distance. His horses were

all called after heroes in Scott's poems or novels ; and at this time he usually rode up to his auction on a tall, milk-white hunter, yeleft *Old Mortality*, attended by a leash or two of greyhounds, Die Vernon, Jenny Dennison, and so forth, by name. The featherweight himself appeared, uniformly, hammer in hand, in the half-dress of some sporting club, a light gray frock, with emblems of the chase on its silver buttons, white cord breeches, and jockey-boots, in Meltonian order. Yet he affected in the pulpit rather a grave address, and was really one of the most plausible and imposing of the Puff tribe. Probably Scott's presence overawed his ludicrous propensities ; for the poet was, when sales were going on, almost a daily attendant in Hanover Street, and himself not the least energetic of the numerous competitors for Johnny's uncut *fifteeners*, Venetian lamps, Milanese cuirasses, and old Dutch cabinets. Maida, by the way, was so well aware of his master's habits that, about the time when the Court of Session was likely to break up for the day, he might usually be seen couched in expectation among Johnny's own *tail* of greyhounds at the threshold of the mart.

It was at one of these Trinity dinners this summer that I first saw Constable. Being struck with his appearance, I asked Scott who he was, and he told me, expressing some surprise that anybody should have lived a winter or two in Edinburgh without knowing, by sight at least, a citizen whose name was so familiar to the world. I happened to say that I had not been prepared to find the great bookseller a man of such gentlemanlike and even distinguished bearing. Scott smiled, and answered : " Ay, Constable is indeed a grand-looking chield. He puts me in mind of Fielding's apology for Lady Booby, to wit, that Joseph Andrews had an air which, to those who had not seen many noblemen, would give an idea of nobility." I had not, in those days, been much initiated in the private jokes of what is called, by way of excellence, *the trade*, and was puzzled when Scott, in the course of the dinner, said to Constable, " Will your Czarish Majesty do me the honor to take a glass of Champagne ? " I asked the master of the feast for an explanation. " Oh ! " said he, " are you so green as not to know that Constable long since dubbed himself *The Czar of Muscovy*, John Murray *The Emperor of the West*, and Longman and his string of partners *The Divan* ? " " And what title," I asked, " has Mr. John Ballantyne himself found in this new

almanac imperial?" "Let that flee stick to the wa'," quoth Johnny, "when I set up for a bookseller. The Crafty christened me *The Dey of Algjeers*, but he now considers me as next-thing to dethroned." He added: "His Majesty, the autocrat, is too fond of these nicknames. One day a partner of the house of Longman was dining with him in the country, to settle an important piece of business, about which there occurred a good deal of difficulty. 'What fine swans you have in your pond there!' said the Londoner, by way of parenthesis. 'Swans!' cried Constable, 'they are only geese, man. There are just five of them, if you please to observe, and their names are Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown.' This skit cost The Crafty a good bargain."

It always appears to me that James Ballantyne felt his genius rebuke him in the presence of Constable; his manner was constrained, his smile servile, his hilarity elaborate. Not so with Johnny; the little fellow never seemed more airily frolicsome than when he capered for the amusement of the Czar. I never, however, saw those two together, where, I am told, the humors of them both were exhibited to the richest advantage—I mean at the Sunday dinners with which Constable regaled, among others, his own circle of literary serfs, and when "Jocund Johnny" was very commonly his croupier. There are stories enough of practical jokes upon such occasions, some of them near akin to those which the author of *Humphrey Clinker* has thought fit to record of his own suburban villa, in the most diverting of young Melford's letters to Sir Watkin Philips. I have heard, for example, a luculent description of poor *Elshender Campbell* and another drudge of the same class running a race after dinner, for a new pair of breeches, which Mr. David Bridges—tailor in ordinary to this northern potentate, himself a wit, a virtuoso, and the croupier, on that day, in lieu of Rigdum—had been instructed to bring with him, and display before the threadbare rivals. But I had these pictures from John Ballantyne, and I dare say they might be overcharged. That Constable was a most bountiful and generous patron to the ragged tenants of Grub Street, there can, however, be no doubt; and as little that John himself acted, on all occasions, by them in the same spirit, and this to an extent greatly beyond what prudence (if he had ever consulted that guide in anything) would have dictated.

When I visited Constable, as I often did at a period somewhat later than that of which I now speak, and for the most part in company with Scott, I found the bookseller established in a respectable country gentleman's seat, some six or seven miles out of Edinburgh, and doing the honors of it with all the ease that might have been looked for, had he been the long-descended owner of the place. There was no foppery, no show, no idle luxury, but to all appearance the plain abundance and simple enjoyment of hereditary wealth. His conversation was manly and vigorous, abounding in Scotch anecdotes of the old time, which he told with a degree of spirit and humor only second to his great author's. No man could more effectually control, when he had a mind, either the extravagant vanity which, on too many occasions, made him ridiculous, or the despotic temper, which habitually held in fear and trembling all such as were in any sort dependent on his Czarish Majesty's pleasure. In him I never saw (at this period) anything but the unobtrusive sense and calm courtesy of a well-bred gentleman. His very equipage kept up the series of contrasts between him and the two Ballantynes. Constable went back and forth between the town and Polton in a deep-hung and capacious green barouche, without any pretense at heraldic blazonry, drawn by a pair of sleek, black, long-tailed horses, and conducted by a grave old coachman in plain blue livery. The Printer of the Canongate drove himself and wife about the streets and suburbs in a snug machine which did not overburden one powerful and steady cob; while the gay auctioneer, whenever he left the saddle for the box, mounted a bright blue dog-cart, and rattled down the Newhaven road with two high-mettled steeds prancing *tandem* before him, and most probably, especially if he was on his way to the races at Musselburgh, with some "sweet singer of Israel" flaming, with all her feathers, beside him. On such occasions, by the by, Johnny sometimes had a French horn with him, and he played on it with good skill and with an energy by no means prudent in the state of his lungs.

The sheriff told with peculiar unction the following anecdote of this spark. The first time he went over to pick up curiosities at Paris, it happened that he met, in the course of his traffickings, a certain brother bookseller of Edinburgh, as unlike him as one man could well be to another—a grave, dry Presbyterian, as rigid in all his notions as the buckle of his wig. This precise worthy, having ascertained John's address, went

to call on him, a day or two afterwards, with the news of some richly illuminated missal, which he might possibly be glad to make a prize of. On asking for his friend, a smiling *laquais de place* informed him that *Monsieur* had gone out, but that *Madame* was at home. Not doubting that Mrs. Ballantyne had accompanied her husband on his trip, he desired to pay his respects to *Madame*, and was ushered in accordingly. "But oh, Mr. Scott!" said, or rather groaned, the austere elder, on his return from this modern Babylon—"oh, Mr. Scott, there was nae Mrs. John yonder, but a painted Jezebel sittin' up in her bed, wi' a when impudent French limmers like hersel', and twa or three whiskered blackguards, takin' their collation o' nicknacks and champagne wine! I ran out o' the house as if I had been shot. What judgment will this wicked warld come to? The Lord pity us!" Scott was a severe enough censor, in general, of such levities, but somehow, in the case of Rigdumfunnidos, he seemed to regard them with much the same toleration as the naughty tricks of a monkey in the "*Jardin des Plantes*."

Why did Scott persist in mixing up all his most important concerns with such people as I have been describing? I asked himself that question too uncereemoniously at a long subsequent period, and in due time the reader shall see the answer I received. But it left the main question, to my apprehension, as much in the dark as ever. I shall return to the sad subject hereafter more seriously; but in the meantime let it suffice to say, that he was the most patient, long-suffering, affectionate, and charitable of mankind; that in the case of both the Ballantynes he could count, after all, on a sincerely, nay, a passionately devoted attachment to his person; that, with the greatest of human beings, use is in all but unconquerable power; and that he who so loftily tossed aside the seemingly most dangerous assaults of flattery, the blandishment of dames, the condescension of princes, the enthusiasm of crowds—had still his weak point upon which two or three humble besiegers, and one unwearied though most frivolous underminer, well knew how to direct their approaches. It was a favorite saw of his own, that the wisest of our race often reserve the average stock of folly to be all expended upon some one flagrant absurdity.

THE OWL.

PROBABLY BY JOHN WILSON.

(From *Blackwood's Magazine*.)

[JOHN WILSON ("Christopher North"), the well-known Scotch poet and essayist, was the son of a wealthy manufacturer at Paisley, where he was born May 19, 1785. He attended the University of Glasgow and Magdalen College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself as a scholar and athlete. On leaving the university, he resided at his beautiful estate of Elleray, on Lake Windermere, and lived in intimate intercourse with Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and De Quincey. Losing most of his inherited fortune, he removed to Edinburgh and studied law. In 1820 he was called to the chair of moral philosophy in Edinburgh University, retiring in 1853. He died in 1854. His reputation is founded principally upon the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," essays and sketches originally contributed to *Blackwood's* (1822-1835). Other works are the poems "The Isle of Palms" and "The City of the Plague"; "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life"; "Trials of Margaret Lindsay," a novel; "Recreations of Christopher North."]

THERE sat an Owl in an old oak tree,
Whooping very merrily;
He was considering, as well he might,
Ways and means for a supper that night:
He looked about with a solemn scowl,
Yet very happy was the Owl,
For, in the hollow of that oak tree,
There sat his wife, and his children three!

She was singing one to rest,
Another, under her downy breast,
'Gan trying his voice to learn her song,
The third (a hungry Owl was he)
Peeped slyly out of the old oak tree,
And peered for his dad, and said "You're long;"
But he hooted for joy, when he presently saw
His sire, with a full-grown mouse at his claw.
Oh, what a supper they had that night!
All was feasting and delight;
Who most can chatter, or cram; they strive,
They were the merriest owls alive.

What then did the old Owl do?
Ah! Not so gay was his next to-who!
It was very sadly said,
For after his children had gone to bed,

He did not sleep with his children three,
For, truly a gentleman Owl was he,
Who would not on his wife intrude,
When she was nursing her infant brood;
So not to invade the nursery,
He slept outside the hollow tree.

So when he awoke at the fall of the dew,
He called his wife with a loud to-who;—
“Awake, dear wife, it is evening gray,
And our joys live from the death of day.”
He called once more, and he shuddered when
No voice replied to his again;
Yet still unwilling to believe,
That Evil’s raven wing was spread,
Hovering over his guiltless head,
And shutting out joy from his hollow tree,
“Ha—ha—they play me a trick,” quoth he,
“They will not speak,—well, well, at night
They’ll talk enough, I’ll take a flight.”
But still he went not in, nor out,
But hopped uneasily about.

What then did the father Owl?
He sat still, until below
He heard cries of pain and woe,
And saw his wife and children three,
In a young boy’s captivity.
He followed them with noiseless wing,
Not a cry once uttering.

They went to a mansion tall,
He sat in a window of the hall,
Where he could see
His bewildered family;
And he heard the hall with laughter ring,
When the boy said, “Blind, they’ll learn to sing;”
And he heard the shriek, when the hot steel pin
Through their eyeballs was thrust in!
He felt it all! Their agony
Was echoed by his frantic cry,
His scream rose up with a mighty swell,
And wild on the boy’s fierce heart it fell;
It quailed him, as he shuddering said,
“Lo! the little birds are dead.”

— But the father Owl!
He tore his breast in his despair,
And flew he knew not, recked not, where!

But whither went the father Owl,
With his wild stare and deathly scowl?
— He had got a strange wild stare,
For he thought he saw them ever there,
And he screamed, as they screamed when he saw them fall
Dead on the floor of the marble hall.

Many seasons traveled he,
With his load of misery,
Striving to forget the pain
Which was clinging to his brain,
Many seasons, many years,
Numbered by his burning tears;
Many nights his boding cry
Scared the traveler passing by;
But all in vain his wanderings were,
He could not from his memory tear
The things that had been, still were, there.

One night, very very weary,
He sat in a hollow tree,
With his thoughts — ah! all so dreary
For his only company —
He heard something like a sound
Of horse hoofs through the forest bound,
And full soon he was aware,
A stranger, and a lady fair,
Hid them, motionless and mute,
From a husband's swift pursuit.

The cheated husband passed them by,
The Owl shrieked out, he scarce knew why;
The spoiler looked, and, by the light,
Saw two wild eyes that, ghastly bright,
Threw an unnatural glare around
The spot where he had shelter found. —
Starting he woke from rapture's dream,
For again he heard that boding scream;
And "On — for danger and death are nigh,
When drinks mine ear yon dismal cry" —
He said — and fled through the forest fast;
The Owl has punished his foe at last —

For he knew, in the injured husband's foe,
Him who had laid his own hopes low.

Sick grew the heart of the bird of night,
And again and again he took to flight:
But ever on his wandering wing
He bore that load of suffering! —
Naught could cheer him! — the pale moon,
In whose soft beam he took delight,
He looked at now reproachfully,
That she could smile, and shine, while he
Had withered 'neath such cruel blight.
He hooted her — but still she shone —
And then away — alone! alone! —

The wheel of time went round once more,
And his weary wing him backward bore,
Urged by some strange destiny,
Again to the well-known forest tree,
Where the stranger he saw at night,
With the lovely lady bright.

The Owl was dozing — but a stroke,
Strong on the root of the sturdy oak,
Shook him from his reverie —
He looked down, and he might see
A stranger close to the hollow tree.
His looks were haggard, wild, and bad,
Yet the Owl knew in the man, the lad
Who had destroyed him! — he was glad!

And the lovely lady too was there,
But now no longer bright nor fair;
She was lying on the ground,
Mute and motionless, no sound
Came from her coral lips, for they
Were sealed in blood; and, as she lay,
Her locks, of the sun's most golden gleam,
Were dabbled in the crimson stream,
That from a wound on her bosom white —
(Ah! that man's hand could such impress
On that sweet seat of loveliness) —
Welled, a sad and ghastly sight,
And ran all wildly forth to meet
And cling around the murderer's feet.

He was digging a grave — the bird
 Shrieked aloud — the murderer heard
 Once again that boding scream,
 And saw again those wild eyes gleam —
 And "Curse on the fiend!" he cried, and flung
 His mattock up — it caught and hung —
 The felon stood awhile aghast —
 Then fled through the forest, fast, fast, fast!

The hardened murderer hath fled —
 But the Owl kept watch by the shroudless dead,
 Until came friends with the early day,
 And bore the mangled corse away —
 Then, cutting the air all silently,
 He fled away from his hollow tree.

Why is the crowd so great to-day,
 And why do the people shout "Huzza"?
 And why is yonder felon given
 Alone to feed the birds of heaven?
 Had he no friend, now all is done,
 To give his corse a grave? — Not one!

Night has fallen. What means that cry?
 It descends from the gibbet high —
 There sits on its top a lonely Owl,
 With a staring eye and a dismal scowl:
 And he screams aloud, "Revenge is sweet!"
 His mortal foe is at his feet!



MISS PRATT: A CHARACTER SKETCH.

By SUSAN FERRIER.

(From "The Inheritance.")

[SUSAN EDMONSTONE FERRIER: A Scotch novelist; born at Edinburgh, September 7, 1782; died there November 5, 1854. Her father was a writer to the signet, and held an appointment in the Court of Session as the colleague of Sir Walter Scott. Miss Ferrier was one of the leading lights in the literary society of her native city, and a frequent visitor at Abbotsford, the residence of Scott. Her principal novels are: "Marriage" (1818), "The Inheritance" (1824), and "Destiny" (1831).]

"MISS PRATT, by means of great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers (who, *par parenthèse*, may commonly be classed

under the head of great bores), is, somehow or other, cousin to all families of distinction, in general, throughout Scotland. I cannot pretend to show forth the various modifications of which cousinship is susceptible, first, second, and third degrees, as far as numbers and degrees can go. And, indeed, I have already committed a great error in my outset by having introduced Miss Pratt by herself Miss Pratt, when I ought to have presented her as Miss Pratt and Anthony Whyte. In fact, as Whittington without his cat would be nobody in the nursery, so neither would Miss Pratt be recognized in the world without Anthony Whyte. Not that there exists the same reciprocal attachment, or unity of fortune, between the aunt and the nephew which distinguished the master and his cat; for Anthony Whyte is rich, and Miss Pratt is poor;—Anthony Whyte lives in a castle, Miss Pratt in a cottage;—Anthony Whyte has horses and hounds, Miss Pratt has clogs and patens. There is something so uninteresting, if not unpromising, in the name that"—addressing himself to Miss St. Clair—"you, at present, will scarcely care whether it belongs to a man or a cat, and will be ready to exclaim, 'What's in a name?' But do not expect long to enjoy this happy state of indifference: by dint of hearing it repeated day after day, hour after hour, minute after minute, upon every possible and impossible occasion, it will at length take such hold of your imagination, that you will see the mystic letters which compose the name of Anthony Whyte wherever you turn your eyes—you will be ready to 'hollow out his name to the reverberate rocks, and teach the babbling gossips of the air to cry out'—Anthony Whyte!" [So said Lord Rossville.]

Miss Pratt appeared to be a person from whom nothing could be hid. Her eyes were not by any means fine eyes—they were not reflecting eyes; they were not soft eyes; they were not sparkling eyes; they were not melting eyes; they were not penetrating eyes; neither were they restless eyes, nor rolling eyes, nor squinting eyes, nor prominent eyes—but they were active, brisk, busy, vigilant, immovable eyes, that looked as if they could not be surprised by anything—not even by sleep. They never looked angry, or joyous, or perturbed, or melancholy, or heavy; but morning, noon, and night they shone the same, and conveyed the same impression to the beholder, viz. that they were eyes that had a look—not like the look of Sterne's monk, beyond this world—but a look into

all things on the face of this world. Her other features had nothing remarkable in them, but the ears might evidently be classed under the same head with the eyes; they were something resembling rabbits' — long, prominent, restless, vibrating ears, forever listening, and never shut by the powers of thought. Her voice had the tone and inflections of one accustomed to make frequent sharp interrogatories. She had rather a neat, compact figure, and the *tout ensemble* of her person and dress was that of smartness. Such, though not quite so strongly defined, was the sort of impression Miss Pratt generally made upon the beholder. . . .

Miss Pratt appeared, shaking the straw from her feet, and having alighted, it was expected that her next movement would be to enter the house; but they knew little of Miss Pratt who thought all was done when she had reached her destination. Much yet remained to be done, which she would not trust either to her companion or the servants. She had, in the first place, to speak in a very sharp manner to the driver, on the condition of his chaise and horses, and to throw out hints of having him severely punished, inasmuch as one of his windows would not let down, and she had almost sprained her wrist in attempting it — and another would not pull up, though the wind was going through her head like a spear; besides having taken two hours and a quarter to bring them nine miles, and her watch was held up in a triumphant manner in proof of her assertion. She next made it a point to see with her own eyes every article pertaining to her (and they were not a few) taken out of the chaise, and to give with her own voice innumerable directions as to the carrying, stowing, and placing of her bags, boxes, and bundles. All these matters being settled, Miss Pratt then accepted the arm of her companion, and was now fairly on her way to the drawing-room. But people who make use of their eyes have often much to see even between two doors, and in her progress from the hall door to the drawing-room door Miss Pratt met with much to attract her attention. True, all the objects were perfectly familiar to her, but a real *looker*, like a great genius, is never at a loss for subject; things are either better or worse since they saw them last; or if the things themselves should happen to be the same, they have seen other things either better or worse, and can, therefore, either improve or disprove them. Miss Pratt's head, then, turned from side to side a thousand times as she went along, and a

thousand observations and criticisms about stair carpets, patent lamps, hall chairs, slab tables, etc., etc., etc., passed through her crowded brain.

HOW MISS PRATT ARRIVED AT THE CASTLE OF THE EARL OF ROSSVILLE IN SCOTLAND.

The dreary monotony of a snowstorm now reigned in all its morbid solemnity. All nature was shrouded in one common covering; neither heavens nor earth offered any variety to the wearied sight, any sound to the listening ear. All was sameness and stillness, 'twas as the pulse of life stood still — of time congealed; or if a sound perchance broke the dreary silence that reigned, it fell with that dull muffled tone which only denoted the still burdened atmosphere.

Nothing can be more desolate and depressing than this exterior of nature to those who, assembled under one roof, are yet strangers to those fireside enjoyments, that home-born happiness, which springs from social intercourse. Here were no intimate delights, no play of fancy, no pleasures to deceive the hours and embellish existence. Here was nothing to palliate dullness, nothing to give time a zest, nothing to fill the void of an unfurnished brain. There was stupor of mind without tranquillity of soul, restlessness of body without animation of spirit. Gertrude felt her heart droop beneath the oppressive gloom which surrounded her, and thought even actual suffering must be preferable to this total stagnation of all enjoyment. But,

All human things a day
In darkness sinks — a day to light restores.

It was drawing towards the close of a day when the snow had fallen without intermission, but was now beginning to abate. Lord Rossville stood at his drawing-room window speculating on the aspect of the clouds, and predicting a change of weather, when he suddenly uttered an exclamation, which attracted the whole of the family to where he stood.

A huge black object was dimly discernible entering the avenue, and dragging its ponderous length towards the Castle; but what was its precise nature the still falling snow prevented their ascertaining. But suddenly the snow ceased, the clouds rolled away, and a red brassy glare of the setting sun fell

abruptly on this moving phenomena, and disclosed to view a stately full-plumed hearse. There was something so terrific, yet so picturesque, in its appearance, as it plowed its way through waves of snow—its sable plumes and gilded skulls nodding and grinning in the now livid glimmering of the fast-sinking sun—that all stood transfixed with alarm and amazement. At length the prodigy drew near, followed by two attendants on horseback; it drew up at the grand entrance; the servants gathered round; one of the men began to remove the end board, that threshold of death——

“This is—is——” gasped the Earl, as he tried to throw open the window and call to his servants; but the window was frozen, and ere his Lordship could adopt another expedient his fury was turned from the dead to the living, for there was lifted out—not “a slovenly unhandsome corpse, betwixt the wind and his nobility,” but the warm, sentient, though somewhat discomfited, figure of Miss Pratt. All uttered some characteristic exclamation; but Lord Rossville’s tongue clove to the very roof of his mouth, and he in vain labored to find words suited to the occasion.

Whether the contents of the hearse should be permitted to enter his castle walls from such a conveyance was a doubt in itself so weighty, as for the moment to overpower every faculty of mind and body. True, to refuse admission to one of the blood of Rossville—a cousin to himself, the cousin of many noble families, the aunt of Mr. Whyte of Whyte Hall—would be a strong measure. Yet to sanction such a violation of all propriety! to suffer such an example of disrespect to the living, of decorum to the dead! to receive into his presence a person just issued from a hearse! Who could tell what distempers she might not bring in her train? That thought decided the matter. His Lordship turned round to pull the bell, and, in doing so, found both hands locked in those of Miss Pratt. The shock of a mantrap is probably faint compared to that which he experienced at finding himself in the grasp of the fair, and all powers of resistance failed under the energy of her hearty shake.

“Well, my Lord, what do you think of my traveling equipage? My Jerusalem dilly, as Anthony Whyte calls it? ’Pon my word, you must make much of me, for a pretty business I’ve had to get here. I may well say I’ve come through thick and thin to get to you. At one time, I assure you, I thought

you would never have seen me but in my coffin, and a great mercy it is it's only in a hearse. I fancy I'm the first that ever thought themselves in luck to get into one; but, however, I think I am still luckier in having got well out of it—ha! ha! ha!”

“Miss Pratt!” heaved the Earl, as with a lever.

“Well, you shall hear all about it by and by. In the mean time, I must beg the favor of you to let the men put up their hearse and horses for the night, for it's perfectly impossible for them to go a step farther, and, indeed, I promised that if they would but bring me safe here, you would make them all welcome to a night's lodging, poor creatures!”

This was a pitch of assurance so far beyond anything Lord Rossville had ever contemplated that his words felt like stones in his throat, and he strove, but strove in vain, to get them up, and hurl them at Pratt's audacious jaws. Indeed, all ordinary words and known language would have been inadequate for his purpose. Only some mighty terror-compelling compound, or some magical anathema, something which would have caused her to sink into the ground, or have made her quit the form of a woman and take that of an insect, would have spoke the feelings of his breast. While his Lordship was thus struggling, like one under the influence of the nightmare, for utterance, Miss Pratt called to one of the servants who just then entered:—

“Jackson, you'll be so good as see these men well taken care of, and I hope Bishop will allow a good feed to the horses, poor beasts! and ——”

“Miss Pratt!” at length bolted the Earl—“Miss Pratt, this conduct of yours is of so extraordinary, so altogether unparalleled a nature, that ——”

“You may well say that, my Lord—unparalleled, indeed, if you knew all.”

“There's eight horses and four men,” said Lady Betty, who had been pleasing her fancy by counting them. “Whose burial is it?”

“It's Mr. M'Vitae's, the great distiller. I'm sure I'm much obliged to him, for if it hadn't been for him, poor man, I might have been stiff and stark by this time.” And Miss Pratt busied herself in taking off her snowshoes, and turning and chafing herself before the fire.

“Miss Pratt,” again began the Earl, mustering all his

energies — “Miss Pratt, it is altogether inconceivable and inexplicable to me, how you, or any one else, could possibly so far forget what was due to themselves and me, as to come to my house in a manner so wholly unprecedented, so altogether unwarrantable, so — so — so perfectly unjustifiable ; I say, how any person or persons could thus presume ——”

A burst of laughter from Miss Pratt here broke in upon the Earl's harangue.

“My dear Lord Rossville, I beg your pardon ; but really the notion of my *presuming* to come in a hearse is too good. 'Pon my word, it's a piece of presumption few people would be guilty of if they could help it. I assure you I felt humble enough when I was glad to creep into it.”

“I repeat *presume*, Miss Pratt,” cried his Lordship, now fairly kindled into eloquence, “to presume to bring to my house an equipage and attendants of — of — of the most luctiferous description ; and farther, to presume to expect that I am to permit the hearse of Mr. M'Vitae, the distiller, the — the democratic distiller, with eight horses and four men, to — to — to — to — to transform Rossville Castle into an inn, a — a caravansery of the very lowest description, a — a — a charnel house, a — a — a receptacle for vehicles employed for the foulest, the vilest, the — the most unseemly of all purposes ! Jackson, desire those people, with their carriage and horses, to quit my grounds without one moment's delay.”

“My dear Lord Rossville ! — (Stop, Jackson) — Bless my heart ! you're not going to turn away the people at this time of night ! Only look how it's snowing, and the sky as black as pitch ; there's neither man nor beast fit to travel afoot this night. Jackson, I'm sure you must be sensible that it's perfectly impossible for them to find their way now.”

Jackson, who had, like his betters, felt considerable ennui during the storm, and rather rejoiced at the thoughts of any visitors, however inferior to himself in rank and station, confirmed the assertion with all due respect — but to little purpose.

“At all events, and whatever may be the consequence,” said his master, “they certainly can, and, indeed, positively must, return by the road which they have recently traversed.”

“They may just as well attempt to fly as to go back the way they came — a pretty fight they had to get through ! I only wish you had seen it — the horses up to their shoulders more than once in the snow, even then, and it's now snowing

ten times worse than ever ; so I leave you to judge how they are to drag a hearse back nine miles at this time of night."

Here Jackson reëntered with a manifesto from the hearse drivers and company, stating that they had been brought two miles and a half out of their way under promise of being provided in quarters for the night, and that it was now impossible for them to proceed.

"It will be a pretty story if I'm landed in a lawsuit," cried Miss Pratt, in great alarm, as the Earl was about to reiterate his orders ; "and it will make a fine noise in the county, I can tell you."

Mr. Delmour, who had been out investigating matters, here struck in, and having remarked that it might be an unpopular measure, recommended that Mr. M'Vitae's suite should be accommodated for the night, with strict charges to depart by dawn the following morning ; and the Earl, though with great reluctance, was prevailed upon to agree to this arrangement.

Miss Pratt having carried her point, and dried, warmed, fed, and cherished her person in all possible ways, now commenced the narrative of what she called her unparalleled adventures. But as has been truly said, there are always two ways of telling a story, and Miss Pratt's biographer and herself are by no means at one as to the motives which led to this extraordinary expedition. Miss Pratt set forth that she had been living most comfortably at Skinflint Cottage, where she had been most kindly treated and much pressed to prolong her visit ; but she had taken an anxious fit about her good friends at Rossville ; she had had a great dreaming about them the night before last, and she could not rest till she had seen them all. She had, therefore, borrowed the Skinflint carriage, and set out at the risk of her life ; but the horses had stuck in the snow, etc., etc., etc.

Miss Pratt's biographer, on the other hand, asserts that Miss Pratt, in the course of circulation, had landed at Skinflint Cottage, which she sometimes used as a stepping stone, but never as a resting place. Here, however, she had been taken prisoner by the snowstorm, and confined for a week in a small house full of children, some in measles, some in scarlet fevers, some in whooping coughs—the only healthy individuals two strong unruly boys, just broke loose from school for the holidays. The fare was bad, her bed was hard, her blankets heavy, her pillows few, her curtains thin, and her room, which was next

to the nursery, to use her own expression, smoked like a killogie.

To sum up the whole, it was a retreat of Miss Becky Duguid's, and at this very time Miss Becky was in such requisition that it was resolved to send the carriage for her, in the double hope that, as Rossville Castle was in the way, their guest would avail herself of the opportunity of taking her departure. Accordingly, a pair of old, stiff, starved, superannuated horses were yoked to a large, heavy family coach, to which Miss Pratt joyfully betook herself even in the very teeth of the storm. But the case was a desperate one, for she had received several broad hints about one of the children in the whooping cough — Charles Fox by name — having taken a fancy to sleep with her, in consequence of her having, in an unwary fit of generosity, presented it with a peppermint drop. But all these minute particulars Miss Pratt passed over, which occasions some little discrepancy betwixt herself and her faithful biographer; but from this point they can now proceed hand in hand.

The old horses tugged their way through the snow most manfully till they came to Cocklestone-top Muir, and there it lay so deep as to baffle their utmost exertions. After every other alternative had been tried in vain, there remained no other than to leave the carriage, and for Miss Pratt, her green bag, and the coachman to mount the horses and proceed to the nearest habitation. But the snow fell thick and fast; Miss Pratt could not keep her seat on the bare back of a huge, stiff plow horse, whose every movement threatened dislocation if not dissolution, and even her dauntless spirit was sinking beneath the horrors of her situation, when, as she expressed it, by mere dint of good luck, up came Mr. M'Vitae's hearse, drawn by six stout horses, who had been living for the last two days at heck-and-manger in Mr. M'Vitae's well-filled stables. After a little parley, and many promises, they were induced — nothing loath, indeed — to turn out of the way and deposit Miss Pratt and her bag at Rossville Castle.

THOUGHTS FROM JOUBERT.

[JOSEPH JOUBERT, epigrammatist and thinker, was born 1754 at Montigny in Périgord, France; was a teacher in the college of Toulouse; went to Paris in 1778; was mayor of his native town 1790-1792; had his home from 1792 to his death in 1824 at Villeneuve in Brittany. Though living much of the time in Paris, was made a regent of the University by Napoleon. His rooms in Paris were the resort of the best intellectual society, among whom he was a leader. His "Thoughts," now ranked very high, were published posthumously.]

I PREFER even those who render vice lovable to those who render virtue unlovable.

Some people's morality is all in one piece: they never make it into a garment for themselves.

Heaven is for those who take thought of it.

We should do everything to let the good have their will.

Virtue is to be prayed for at any cost and with importunity; prosperity timidly and with resignation. With true riches, to ask is to receive.

Everything may be learned, even virtue.

There is in the soul a taste for the good, just as there is in the body an appetite for enjoyment.

Not only is there no virtue where there is no rule, but there is not even pleasure. Even children's plays cannot go on without laws, and the more strictly they are obeyed the greater is the sport.

Life without duty is without bones, and limp.

Men must be the slaves either of duty or of force.

Nature has made two kinds of excellent intellects: one to produce beautiful thoughts or actions, the other to admire them.

To be capable of respect is well-nigh as rare as to be worthy of it.

Obliquity of mind comes from obliquity of heart — from setting one's own opinion in the place of truth. A false mind is false in everything, just as a cross eye always looks askant.

There is a nucleus of error in some minds which attracts and assimilates everything to itself.

With enough good sense and right feeling one is never mediocre.

We should carry about with us the indulgence and attentiveness which make others' thoughts blossom.

We should pride ourselves on being rational, not on being right; sincere, not infallible.

Do not cut what you can untie. Imitate time. It destroys slowly. It undermines, wears out, loosens, disintegrates ; it does not uproot.

All the passions seek what nourishes them. Fear craves the idea of danger.

The drawback of sentiment is that it makes everything else seem insipid ; of pleasure, that it creates a distaste for reason.

Tenderness is the repose of passion.

Passions are only nature ; it is failure to repent that produces corruption.

A certain coldness of spirit makes part of every excess : it is a studied and deliberate abuse of pleasure.

Our worries always come from our weaknesses.

We should make ourselves beloved for the reason that men are just only to those they love.

Ambition is merciless : it holds in contempt any merit un-serviceable to it.

Unless we watch ourselves we shall find ourselves condemning those who are merely unfortunate.

The sight of a man to whom one has done a kindness is always agreeable : we love our own work in him.

Continence makes the soul strong no matter what the condition of the body ; it enables her to surmount with ease the obstacles that lie along the path of duty. When chastity is lost, the soul becomes emasculated and craven ; what virtues are left cost her nothing.

The punishment of loving women too much is the not being able to love anything else.

Two ages of life should be sexless : the child and the old man should be as modest as women.

Address yourselves to the young, for they know all.

Young feelings and old thoughts make up all the good in man.

A beautiful old age is a promise of delight to each beholder, for him and his.

It is good to die still lovable if one can.

Never show the reverse of a medal to those who have not seen its face. Do not set forth a good man's faults to those who do not know his face, his life, or his merits.

Never show warmth where it will not find a response.

Whoever laughs at any sort of evil has a defective moral sense. To find amusement in vice is to be glad of it.

Politeness is the blossom of humaneness. One who is not polite enough is not humane enough.

Gravity is only the rind of wisdom ; but it is a preservative rind.

Strength comes by nature ; but grace is the growth of habit, and requires practice.

The life of most men and women is made up of a little vanity and a little sensual gratification.

We may convince others by our arguments ; but we can only persuade them by their own.

We should be able to enter into other people's ideas and to withdraw from them again ; just as we should know how to relinquish our own ideas and again resume them.

What can one possibly introduce into a mind that is full, and full of itself ?

Treating men at the outset with esteem and confidence proves that one has lived in good society with others and with one's self.

Necessity may render a doubtful act innocent, but cannot make it praiseworthy.

Good maxims are the germs of all excellence : they nourish the will.

When we act we should conform to rules ; when we judge others' acts we should take account of exceptions.

Those who never retract their opinions love themselves more than they love truth.

How many weak shoulders have craved heavy burdens !

There are some acts of justice that corrupt those who perform them.

Public manners are a path which successive generations find ready beaten before them along the journey of life. Where there are no manners there is no road ; every one is then obliged to make his own, and instead of reaching his goal, exhausts himself in searching for a route.

None but the truly wise are willing to turn back even to regain the right road.

Children need models rather than critics.

The direction of a mind is of more importance than its progress.

Education does not consist merely in adorning the memory and enlightening the understanding : its chief function is to direct the will.

The word *good* said to a child is always understood, and is never explained to him.

Over-severity crystallizes and fixes our faults : indulgence often withers them. A good praiser is as necessary as a good corrector.

Education should be tender and rigorous, not cold and flabby.

Children should be rendered reasonable but not reasoners. The first thing to teach them is that it is reasonable for them to obey and unreasonable for them to dispute. Otherwise education would spend itself in bandying argument, and everything would be lost if the teacher were not a clever cavalier.

Place before children nothing but what is simple, lest you spoil their taste, and nothing that is not innocent, lest you spoil their heart.

Mathematics make the mind mathematically exact, while literature makes it morally exact. Mathematics will teach a man to build a bridge ; the humanities will teach him to live.

The poets have a hundred times more good sense than the philosophers. In seeking for the beautiful, they meet with more truths than the philosophers find in their researches after the true.

In a poem there should be not only the poetry of images, but also the poetry of ideas. In ordinary language, words serve to recall things ; but when language is really poetical, things always serve to recall words.

Poetry is only to be found within us.

Liquid, flowing words are the choicest and the best, if language is regarded as music. But when it is considered as a picture, then there are rough words which are very telling — they make their mark.

Words, like glass, darken whatever they do not help us to see. Before using a fine word in writing, find a place for it.

Ideas never lack words : it is words that lack ideas.

Beware of expatiating too much upon what is quite clear.

With some writers the style grows out of the thoughts ; with others the thoughts grow out of the style.

There are some styles that are pleasant to the eye, melodious to the ear, and smooth to the touch ; but scentless and tasteless.

Strength is not energy ; some writers have more muscle than talent.

Nothing is thoroughly well known until after it has been long learned.

In the minds of some authors, there is neither grouping nor drapery nor outline. Their books present a plane surface over which the words roll.

How many people have a good ear for literature but sing out of tune !

It is not the opinions of authors, and what in their teaching may be termed assertions, that instruct and nourish the mind. There is, in reading great authors, an invisible and hidden essence — a nameless something, a fluid, a salt, a subtle principle — which is more nourishing than all the rest.

A knowledge that excludes admiration is a bad knowledge : it substitutes memory for sight, and inverts everything.

Fully to understand a grand and beautiful thought requires, perhaps as much time as to conceive it.



THE PAMPHLET OF PAMPHLETS.

By PAUL LOUIS COURIER, VINE-DRESSEUR.

(Translated for this work by Ellen Watson.)

[PAUL LOUIS COURIER, French Hellenist, reformer, and pamphleteer, was born at Paris in 1772 ; son of a country gentleman, and imbibing from a quarrel of his father's a bitter hatred of the nobility. He was trained for the army, and served in the artillery till the battle of Wagram in 1809, becoming major ; but his insubordinate temper made the discipline hateful to him, and his venomous tongue made him dreaded by his superiors. Moreover, his passion was for Greek literature, and his critiques, translations, and editions won him repute. For some years he lived on his estate, giving his spare time to letters and to fighting the local magistracy over administrative abuses ; but in 1816, after the return of the Bourbons, he began the series of pamphlets which give him enduring fame as a master of French style, — condensed, vigorous, witty, and graceful, and exceedingly powerful in argument. They were in the interest of constitutional reform, and in 1819-1820 he published a paper, *The Censor*, as a vehicle for his ideas. The Bourbons found him one of their most formidable opponents, and took the occasion of his writing in opposition to a royal grant to fine and imprison him. The pamphlet below was his last : April 10, 1825, he was assassinated near his house.]

PARIS, 1824, 8.

I HAVE thought it all over, and remember that already M. de Broë, an eloquent man and zealous in the cause of public morality, had advised me in like manner, in less flattering terms, before the Court of Assizes. "Low pamphleteer !"

It was a most striking oratorical effect, his turning towards me,—and on my faith as a peasant I was thinking of anything rather than that at the time,—apostrophizing me in that way! “low pamphleteer!” et cetera. It was like a thunderbolt, nay rather a blow with a club, considering the orator’s style, with which he knocked me flat, beyond all hope of recovery. This one word, exciting against me judges, witnesses, jurymen, the audience,—even my own lawyer seemed shaken by it,—this one word decided the whole case. I was condemned from that moment in all eyes, as soon as the King’s man had called me pamphleteer, to which accusation I could find no answer. For in my secret soul I felt that I had written what is called a pamphlet,—I dared not deny it. I was a pamphleteer then, according to my own judgment, and seeing the horror that this name inspired in the entire audience, I was overcome with shame.

On leaving the court I met on the great stairway M. Arthus Bertrand, a bookseller, one of my jurymen who having declared me guilty, was going off to dine. I bowed, he greeted me kindly, for he is the best soul in the world, and on the way I begged him to tell me what he considered reprehensible in the simple discourse they had condemned. “I have not read it,” he answered, “but it is a pamphlet, and that is enough.” Whereupon I asked him what a pamphlet was, and the true meaning of this word, which without being entirely new to me, still seemed to require some sort of explanation. “A pamphlet,” he answered, “is a writing of some few pages, such as your own, of a page or two only.” “If of three pages,” I asked, “would that still be a pamphlet?” “Perhaps,” he said, “in the ordinary acceptation of the word, but correctly speaking, a pamphlet has but a single sheet; two or three form a brochure.” “And ten pages, fifteen—twenty pages?” “Make a volume,” he said, “a work.”

And I returned: “Sir, I rely on your decision, for you should know all about these things. But alack, I fear me I have really written a pamphlet, as the public prosecutor states. On your honor and conscience, M. Arthus Bertrand, since you are a jurymen, is my work of a page and a half a pamphlet or a brochure?”

“A pamphlet,” said he, “there’s no doubt about it.” “So I am really a pamphleteer?” “I would not have told you so, out of politeness, out of consideration for your feelings, for I

sympathize in your misfortunes, — but it is the truth.” And then he added: “Besides, if you repent, God will doubtless pardon you — so great is his mercy — in another world. Go, sir, and sin no more! Go to Sainte Pélagie!”

This, then, was his way of consoling me! “Sir,” I said to him, “I beg of you, one more question.” “Two,” said he, “and as many more as you like until half-past four, which will soon strike I believe.” “Well then, here is my question. If instead of this pamphlet on the subscription of Chambord I had written a volume, a real work, would you have condemned it?” “That depends.” “I understand. You would have read it first, to see if it were condemnable.” “Yes, I should have examined it.” “But you do not read pamphlets?” “No, because pamphlets can have no good in them. To call a thing a pamphlet is to condemn it as a writing full of poison.” “Of poison?” “Yes, sir, and of the most detestable kind. Were it not for this, no one would read it.” “No one would read it but for the poison?” “No, that is human nature. Men love to find poison in everything that’s printed. Your pamphlet, for instance, which we have just condemned, I know nothing about it. I really do not know, nor do I want to know, what is in it. But it is read, — there is poison in it. The public prosecutor has told us so, and I will take his word for it. It’s the poison that justice prosecutes, you see, in this sort of writing. For otherwise the press is free; — print, publish what you will, but no poison. It’s no use talking, sirs, you’ll not be allowed to distribute poison. That’s impossible, under proper police regulations, and the government is there to prevent.”

“O Lord,” I said to myself, in a low tone, — “O Lord, deliver us from all evil and from figurative language. Doctors have nearly killed me, in an attempt to ‘freshen up my blood!’ I am imprisoned lest I write ‘poison’; others let their fields ‘rest,’ and wheat grows rare in the Market! O Lord, save us from metaphor!”

After this brief mental prayer I began again: “Indeed sir, poison is a bad drug, and they do well to stop all sale of it. But I wonder that people, as you say they do, should be so fond of it. It must be that with the poison the pamphlets contain . . .” “Yes sir, there is nonsense, and poor jokes and puns . . . and what can you expect, my dear sir? How could anything of value be printed in one wretched sheet? What ideas could be developed in so short a space? In an

analytical work now, in the sixth volume one can scarcely see what the author is aiming at." "It is true," said I, "a single sheet cannot contain much." "Nothing of value," answered he, "and I never read one." "So you do not read the charges of Monseigneur the Bishop of Troyes for Lent and Advent?" "Ah, but really that is quite another thing." "Nor the Pastorals of Toulouse, on papal supremacy?" "Ah, that again is quite different. . . ." "So sometimes a brochure, a simple sheet. . . ." "Fie, fie, do not mention them! disgrace to literature, shame of the century and the nation that there should be found authors, printers and readers of such impertinence!" "Sir," I said, "Pascal's Provincial Letters. . . ." "Oh, admirable, divine work! the masterpiece of our language!" "Well, this divine masterpiece, what was it but a series of pamphlets, of sheets which came out. . . ." "No, no, with me it is a matter of principle, of conviction. Just as I honor great works, made to endure for all time, I despise and detest these little ephemeral writings, these papers passed from hand to hand, informing people of the present time of the deeds and events of the day." "And you admire 'Les Provinciales,' 'little letters' as they called them then, while they were passing from hand to hand." "Indeed," he continued without hearing me, "it is incomprehensible that you, sir, who appear to be of good birth and education, made to play a rôle in the world, should so lower yourself, should stoop to write pamphlets! — for why should you not be made baron as well as the next man? Honorably employed in the police force, in the customhouse, gaoler or policeman, you could take rank, cut a figure! No, I cannot get over it! Do you not blush for yourself?" "Blaise," I answered, "Blaise Pascal was neither gaoler, policeman nor employee of M. Franchet." "Hush! silence? speak lower, for he may hear you." "Who? the abbé Franchet? Can he be so near us?" "Sir, he is everywhere. Now it is half-past four, — your humble servant, sir." "The same to you, sir." So he hurries away, leaving me alone.

Now this, my dear friends, is worth thinking over; three such worthy persons as M. Arthus Bertrand, this gentleman on the police force, and M. de Broë, a man of note and distinguished in science, these three men are all inimical to pamphlets. You will find plenty more, and in the best society too, who would deceive a friend, seduce his wife or his daughter, or lend their own in order to obtain an honorable position, lie right and left,

betray and go back on their word of honor, and who would yet consider it a real disgrace to have told the truth in a writing of fifteen or sixteen pages! For therein lies all the evil! Sixteen pages, and you are a pamphleteer! look out for Sainte Pélagie! But make it sixteen hundred, and you will be presented to the King. Unhappily I could not do it. When in 1815 the mayor of our commune—he still occupies that position—sent his gendarmes to attack us at night, to drag from their beds to the prison unhappy people who were in no way responsible for the Revolution, and whose wives and children were left to perish, there was ample material furnished for writing volumes, and I could produce but a single page, such was my plentiful lack of eloquence. And even then I set about it wrongly. Instead of telling just who I was, and stating as I did at the very beginning: “My good sirs, I am from Touraine,” had I begun: “Christians, after the unexampled outrages of an infernal Revolution . . .” in the style of the abbé de la Mennais, once risen to this lofty tone it would have been easy to continue and finish my volume without vexing the public prosecutor. But I wrote sixteen pages in very much the style in which I am talking to you, and so became an arrant pamphleteer. Since then, being an old offender, when the Chambord subscription came, it would have been the part of true wisdom to say nothing; it was not a matter to be treated of in one page nor yet a hundred. Here was no subject for pamphlet, brochure nor volume, as it was difficult to add anything to what sycophants had already said, and dangerous to contradict them, as I found to my cost. For having attempted to express my ideas on the subject, clearly and without circumlocution, I am become pamphleteer again, with two months at Sainte Pélagie! Then à propos of the danse they forbade us, I gave my opinion independently, seriously, you will understand, because of the Church being concerned in it; but failing to write at length, I again fell back on the pamphlet form! Accused, prosecuted, my innocent language and my timid speech hardly found favor with the judges, and I was condemned. In all printed matter there is poison, more or less diluted, according to the extent of the work, more or less noxious, fatal. A grain of acetate of morphine is lost in a cask, and is not felt; in a cup it makes one sick; in a teaspoon it kills; and herein lies the danger of the pamphlet!

GASTRONOMY AS A FINE ART.

BY BRILLAT-SAVARIN.

(From "The Physiology of Taste.")

[ANTHELME BRILLAT-SAVARIN, remembered by his remarkable book, "The Physiology of Taste" (1825), — a treatise on gastronomy and the great social interests generated or subserved by the need and pleasure of eating, in which the subject is taken as seriously as music or art, — was nevertheless not a Sybarite, but an active and very estimable man of affairs and public official. Born 1755 at Belley, near Savoy, he was its mayor in 1793; forced to fly by the Revolution, he went first to Switzerland; then spent three years in the United States, teaching and playing in orchestras for a living; returned in 1796, settled in Paris, and held several offices, becoming finally a judge of the Court of Cassation. He died in 1826.]

ON THE SENSES, ESPECIALLY THAT OF TASTE.

THE stream of time, rolling over successive generations of men, has incessantly brought new improvements; and this tendency to perfection, so real though unobserved, is due to the action of the senses, and their constant demand for healthy exercise.

Thus, sight has given birth to painting, sculpture, and every kind of show or pageant; hearing, to melody, harmony, dancing, and all that is connected with music; smell, to the search and observation of perfumes, their use and culture; the sense of taste, to the production, selection, and preparation of every kind of food; the sense of touch, to all the arts, all the skillful trades, and all the industries; the genetic sense, to romantic love, flirtation, and fashion, to all that adorns the relations between man and woman or æsthetically improves their union.

Such, then, are the origin and growth of the arts and sciences, even the most abstract; they are produced directly by the natural demand of the senses to be kept in constant play and exercise.

In one respect, taste resembles the genetic sense. As two main factors in man's nature, their influence is seen throughout all the fine arts, and almost everywhere that delicacy and refinement come into play. The faculty of taste is, however, more under restraint, although quite as active, and has advanced so gradually, yet steadily, as to make certain that its success is lasting.

Elsewhere, we shall consider that advancement ; but meantime, we may observe that if any man has sat at a sumptuous dinner in a hall adorned with mirrors, paintings, sculptures, flowers, scented with perfumes, enriched with beautiful women, and filled with notes of gentle music, he will feel convinced, without any great mental effort, that, to enhance the pleasures of the sense of taste and give them their proper surroundings, all the arts have been laid under contribution.

Let us now cast a general glance over the senses, considered as one system, and we shall see that they are intended by the Creator for two ends, one the consequence of the other ; to wit, the preservation of the individual and the continuation of the species.

Such is the destiny of man, considered as a being endowed with senses ; everything he does has some reference to that twofold object of nature. The eye perceives outward objects, discovers the wonders with which man is surrounded, and teaches him that he is a part of a mighty whole. By hearing, we perceive not only those sounds which are agreeable to the sense, but others which warn us of danger. Touch is on the watch to inform us at once, by means of pain, of every hurt. The hand, like a faithful servant, never uncertain in his movements, instinctively chooses what is necessary to repair the losses caused by the maintenance of the vital functions. Smell is used as a test of wholesomeness, since poisonous bodies have almost invariably an unpleasant odor. Then the sense of taste is called into exercise, and the teeth, tongue, and palate being put to use, the stomach presently begins the work of assimilation. During that process, a vague languor is felt, objects are seen less vividly, the body takes an easy position, the eyes close, every sensation vanishes, and the senses are in a state of absolute repose.

Such are the general and philosophical views which I have thought right to lay before my readers, to prepare them for the more special examination of the organ of the sense of taste.

This sense seems to have two principal uses. First, it invites us, by the pleasure, to repair the losses which we constantly suffer from the action of life. Secondly, amongst the different substances presented to us by nature, taste assists us to choose those which are fit to serve for food.

Let us now cast a philosophic glance on the pleasures or annoyances caused by the sense of taste.

First of all, we find here an instance of that unhappily too general truth, that man's organization is more susceptible of pain than of pleasure. The introduction of anything extremely sour, acrid, or bitter can excite sensations painful in the highest degree; and it is even maintained that hydrocyanic acid only kills quickly because it causes an agony so keen that the vital forces cannot endure it without succumbing.

Agreeable sensations, on the contrary, run through only a limited scale; and if there is a difference perceptible enough between the insipid and the palatable, there is no very great interval between what is good and that which is considered excellent. As an illustration, take the following: positive, hard-boiled beef; comparative, a piece of veal; superlative, a roast pheasant, done to a turn.

Nevertheless, of all the senses in their natural state, taste procures us the greatest number of enjoyments:—

1. Because the pleasure of eating, taken in moderation, is the only one that is not followed by fatigue.
2. Because it is common to every time, age, and condition.
3. Because it must return at least once every day, and may, during that space of time, be easily repeated two or three times.
4. Because it can combine with all our other pleasures, and even console us for their absence.
5. Because its sensations are at once more lasting than others, and more subject to our will; and
6. Because we have a certain special but indefinable satisfaction, arising from the instinctive knowledge that, by the very act of eating, we are making good our losses and prolonging our existence.

This will be found more fully developed in a future chapter, where the "pleasures of the table" are treated from a modern point of view, especially as affected by the civilization of the nineteenth century.

Of all the animals that walk, swim, climb, or fly, man has the sense of taste the most perfect.

Another result of that organic perfection is that epicurism, or the art of Good Living, belongs to man exclusively. By a sort of contagion, however, it is transferred to those animals which are appropriated to man's use, and in a certain sense become his companions, such as the dog, the cat, the elephant, and even the parrot.

Thus, in the chapters about to follow, we shall show how, by dint of repetition and reflection, the sensations of taste have

perfected their organ, and extended the sphere of its powers; how the desire for food, at first a mere instinct, has become a prevailing passion which has a marked influence on all that relates to our social life. We shall trace the operations of chemistry up to the moment when, entering our laboratories underground, she throws light upon our food preparation, lays down principles, devises methods, and unveils the causes of what formerly lay hid in mystery.

In short, we shall see how, by the combined influence of time and experience, there has appeared all at once a new science, which nourishes, restores, and preserves man, advises and consoles him, and, not satisfied with strewing flowers along his path with an ample hand, also increases powerfully the might and prosperity of empires.

ON THE LOVE OF GOOD LIVING.

I have consulted the dictionaries under the word "*gourmandise*," and am by no means satisfied with what I find. The love of good living seems to be constantly confounded with gluttony and voracity: whence I infer that our lexicographers, however otherwise estimable, are not to be classed with those good fellows amongst learned men who can put away gracefully a wing of partridge and then, by raising the little finger, wash it down with a glass of Lafitte or Clos-Vougeot.

They have utterly forgot that social love of good eating which combines in one Athenian elegance, Roman luxury, and Parisian refinement. It implies discretion to arrange, skill to prepare: it appreciates energetically, and judges profoundly. It is a precious quality, almost deserving to rank as a virtue, and is very certainly the source of much unqualified enjoyment.

"*Gourmandise*," or the love of good living, is an impassioned, rational, and habitual preference for whatever flatters the sense of taste. It is opposed to excess; therefore every man who eats to indigestion, or makes himself drunk, runs the risk of being erased from the list of its votaries.

"*Gourmandise*" also comprises a love for dainties or titbits, which is merely an analogous preference, limited to light, delicate, or small dishes, to pastry and so forth. It is a modification allowed in favor of the women, or men of feminine tastes.

Regarded from any point of view, the love of good living deserves nothing but praise and encouragement. Physically, it is

the result and proof of the digestive organs being healthy and perfect. Morally it shows implicit resignation to the commands of Nature, who, in ordering man to eat that he may live, gives him appetite to invite, flavor to encourage, and pleasure to reward.

From the political economist's point of view, the love of good living is a tie between nations, uniting them by the interchange of various articles of food which are in constant use. Hence the voyage from Pole to Pole of wines, sugars, fruits, and so forth. What else sustains the hope and emulation of that crowd of fishermen, huntsmen, gardeners, and others, who daily stock the most sumptuous larders with the results of their skill and labor? What else supports the industrious army of cooks, pastry cooks, confectioners, and many other food preparers, with all their various assistants? These various branches of industry derive their support, in a great measure, from the largest incomes, but they also rely upon the daily wants of all classes.

As society is at present constituted, it is almost impossible to conceive of a race living solely on bread and vegetables. Such a nation would infallibly be conquered by the armies of some flesh-eating race (like the Hindoos, who have been the prey of all those, one after another, who cared to attack them); or else it would be converted by the cooking of the neighboring nations, as ancient history records of the Bœotians, who acquired a love for good living after the battle of Leuctra.

Good living opens out great resources for replenishing the public purse; it brings contributions to town-dues, to the custom-house, and other indirect contributions. Everything we eat is taxed, and there is no exchequer that is not substantially supported by lovers of good living.

Shall we speak of that swarm of cooks who have for ages been annually leaving France, to improve foreign nations in the art of good living? Most of them succeed; and, in obedience to an instinct which never dies in a Frenchman's heart, bring back to their country the fruits of their economy. The sum thus imported is greater than might be supposed, and therefore they, like the others, will be honored by posterity.

But if nations were grateful, then Frenchmen, above all races, ought to raise a temple and altars to "Gourmandise."

By the treaty of November, 1815, the allies imposed upon France the condition of paying thirty millions sterling in three

years, besides claims for compensation and various requisitions, amounting to nearly as much more. The apprehension, or rather certainty, became general that a national bankruptcy must ensue, more especially as the money was to be paid in specie.

"Alas!" said all who had anything to lose, as they saw the fatal tumbril pass to be filled in the Rue Vivienne, "there is our money emigrating in a lump; next year we shall fall on our knees before a crown-piece; we are about to fall into the condition of a ruined man; speculations of every kind will fail; it will be impossible to borrow; there will be nothing but weakness, exhaustion, civil death."

These terrors were proved false by the result; and to the great astonishment of all engaged in financial matters, the payments were made without difficulty, credit rose, loans were eagerly caught at, and during all the time this "superpurgation" lasted, the balance of exchange was in favor of France. In other words, more money came into the country than went out of it.

What is the power that came to our assistance? Who is the divinity that worked this miracle? The love of good living.

When the Britons, Germans, Teutons, Cimmerians, and Scythians made their irruption into France, they brought a rare voracity, and stomachs of no ordinary capacity. They did not long remain satisfied with the official cheer which a forced hospitality had to supply them with. They aspired to enjoyments of greater refinement; and soon the queen city was nothing but a huge refectory. Everywhere they were seen eating, those intruders — in the restaurants, the eating-houses, the inns, the taverns, the stalls, and even in the streets. They gorged themselves with flesh, fish, game, truffles, pastry, and especially with fruit. They drank with an avidity equal to their appetite, and always ordered the most expensive wines, in the hope of finding some enjoyment in them hitherto unknown, and seemed quite astonished when they were disappointed.

Superficial observers did not know what to think of this menagerie without bounds or limits; but your genuine Parisian laughed and rubbed his hands. "We have them now!" said he; "and to-night they'll have paid us back more than was counted out to them this morning from the public treasury!"

That was a lucky time for those who provide for the enjoyments of the sense of taste. Véry made his fortune; Archard

laid the foundation of his; Beauvilliers made a third; and Madame Sullot, whose shop in the Palais Royal was a mere box of a place, sold as many as twelve thousand tarts a day.

The effect still lasts. Foreigners flow in from all quarters of Europe to renew during peace the delightful habits which they contracted during the war. They must come to Paris, and when they are there, they must be regaled at any price. If our funds are in favor, it is due not so much to the higher interest they pay, as to the instinctive confidence which foreigners cannot help placing in a people amongst whom every lover of good living finds so much happiness.

Love of good living is by no means unbecoming in women. It agrees with the delicacy of their organization, and serves as a compensation for some pleasures which they are obliged to abstain from, and for some hardships to which nature seems to have condemned them.

There is no more pleasant sight than a pretty *gourmande* under arms. Her napkin is nicely adjusted; one of her hands rests on the table, the other carries to her mouth little morsels artistically carved, or the wing of a partridge which must be picked. Her eyes sparkle, her lips are glossy, her talk cheerful, all her movements graceful; nor is there lacking some spice of the coquetry which accompanies all that women do. With so many advantages, she is irresistible, and Cato the Censor himself could not help yielding to the influence.

The love of good living is in some sort instinctive in women, because it is favorable to beauty. It has been proved, by a series of rigorously exact observations, that by a succulent, delicate, and choice regimen, the external appearances of age are kept away for a long time. It gives more brilliancy to the eye, more freshness to the skin, more support to the muscles; and, as it is certain in physiology that wrinkles, those formidable enemies of beauty, are caused by the depression of muscle, it is equally true that, other things being equal, those who understand eating are comparatively four years younger than those ignorant of that science.

Painters and sculptors are deeply penetrated with this truth, for in representing those who practice abstinence by choice or duty, such as misers or anchorites, they always give them the pallor of disease, the leanness of misery, and the wrinkles of decrepitude.

Good living is one of the main links of society, by gradually

extending that spirit of conviviality by which different classes are daily brought closer together and welded into one whole, by animating the conversation, and rounding off the angles of conventional inequality.

To the same cause we can also ascribe all the efforts a host makes to receive his guests properly, as well as their gratitude for his pains so well bestowed. What disgrace should ever be heaped upon those senseless feeders who, with unpardonable indifference, swallow down morsels of the rarest quality, or gulp with unrighteous carelessness some fine-flavored and sparkling wine?

As a general maxim: Whoever shows a desire to please will be certain of having a delicate compliment paid him by every well-bred man.

Again, when shared, the love of good living has the most marked influence on the happiness of the conjugal state. A wedded pair, with this taste in common, have once a day, at least, a pleasant opportunity of meeting. For, even when they sleep apart (and a great many do so), they eat at least at the same table, they have a subject of conversation which is ever new, they speak not only of what they are eating, but also of what they have eaten or will eat, of dishes which are in vogue, of novelties, etc. Everybody knows that a familiar chat is delightful.

Music, no doubt, has powerful attractions for those who are fond of it, but one must set about it—it is an exertion. Besides, one sometimes has a cold, the music is mislaid, the instruments are out of tune, one has a fit of the blues, or it is a forbidden day. Whereas, in the other case, a common want summons the spouses to the table, the same inclination keeps them there; they naturally show each other these little attentions as a proof of their wish to oblige, and the mode of conducting their meals has a great share in the happiness of their lives.

All honor to the love of good living, so long as it does not come between men and their occupations or duties! For, as all the debaucheries of a Sardanapalus cannot bring disrespect upon womankind in general, so the excess of a Vitellius cannot make us turn our backs upon a well-appointed banquet. Should the love of good living pass into gluttony, voracity, intemperance, it then loses its name and advantages, escapes from our jurisdiction, and falls within that of the moralist to ply it with good counsel, or of the physician who will cure it by his remedies.

HISTORICAL ELEGY.

You, the first parents of the human race, who ruined yourselves for an apple, what would you have done for a turkey done with truffles? but in Eden there were neither cooks nor confectioners. — How I pity you!

Ye mighty kings who brought haughty Troy to ruins, your prowess will be handed down from age to age, but your table was scanty. With nothing but a joint of beef or a chine of pork, you knew not the charms of a *matelote*, or the delights of a chicken *fricassée* — How I pity you!

You, Aspasia, Chloë, and others whose forms the Grecian chisel has immortalized to the despair of modern belles, never did your charming mouths inhale the sweetness of a scented *meringue*; your ideas scarcely rose above gingerbread. — How I pity you!

You, gentle priestesses of Vesta, burdened at once with so many honors and with the dread of such dreadful punishments, if only you had tasted those delightful sirups, preserved fruits, and ice creams of various flavor, the marvels of our age! — How I pity you!

You, invincible Paladins, renowned by the minstrels, never — after vanquishing giants, delivering fair ladies, or exterminating armies — never did a black-eyed captive offer you the foaming champagne or a goblet of Madeira: you had to content yourselves with ale and some poor, herb-flavored wine. — How I pity you!

You, abbots and bishops, who dispensed the favors of heaven, and you, the dreaded Templars, who armed yourselves for the extermination of the Saracens, you knew nothing of the sweet, restoring influence of our modern chocolate, nor of the thought-inspiring bean of Arabia. — How I pity you!

You, too, gastronomes of the present day, who dream of some new dish to flatter your palled appetite, even you I pity, because you cannot enjoy the discoveries which science has in store for the year 1900, such as contributions drawn from the mineral kingdom, and liqueurs produced by the pressure of a hundred atmospheres; nor will you ever see the importations to be brought by voyagers yet unborn from distant lands still unknown or unexplored!

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

By THOMAS PRINGLE.

[THOMAS PRINGLE, Scotch writer and reform worker, was born in Teviotdale in 1789; permanently lamed in infancy, and used crutches through life; was delicate, dyspeptic, melancholy, and a Liberal amid dense Toryism. Graduating at Edinburgh University, he became a government clerk, then a professional man of letters; started the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine* for Blackwood, but dropped it in a few months from disagreement with him, and the latter replaced it with *Blackwood's*, while Pringle went back to the government office. He raised a colony and emigrated to South Africa; became librarian at Cape Town, conducted a private academy and founded a newspaper and magazine which were shortly suppressed by the government. He resigned his post and returned to Scotland; became secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society; and died in 1834.]

AFAR in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bushboy alone by my side,
 When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
 And, sick of the present, I cling to the past;
 When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
 From the fond recollections of former years;
 And shadows of things that have long since fled
 Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead:
 Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon;
 Daydreams, that departed ere manhood's noon;
 Attachments by fate or falsehood reft;
 Companions of early days lost or left —
 And my native land — whose magical name
 Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
 The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;
 All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
 When the feelings were young, and the world was new,
 Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;
 All — all now forsaken — forgotten — foregone!
 And I — a lone exile remembered of none —
 My high aims abandoned, — my good acts undone —
 Aweary of all that is under the sun —
 With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
 I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bushboy alone by my side,
 When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
 With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife —
 The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,
 The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,

And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
 Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
 When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
 And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh, —
 Oh, then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
 Afar in the desert alone to ride!
 There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
 And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
 With the death-fraught firelock in my hand, —
 The only law of the Desert Land!

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bushboy alone by my side,
 Away, away from the dwellings of men,
 By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;
 By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
 Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze,
 And the kudu and eland unhunted recline
 By the skirts of gray forest o'erhung with wild vine;
 Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
 And the river horse gambols unscared in the flood,
 And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
 In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bushboy alone by my side,
 O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
 Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
 And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
 Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray;
 Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane.
 With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
 And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
 Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
 Hieing away to the home of her rest,
 Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
 Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
 In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bushboy alone by my side,
 Away, away, in the wilderness vast
 Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
 And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
 Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan, —
 A region of emptiness, howling and drear,

Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
 Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
 With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
 Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
 Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
 And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
 Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink;
 A region of drought, where no river glides,
 Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
 Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
 Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
 Appears, to refresh the aching eye;
 But the barren earth and the burning sky,
 And the blank horizon, round and round,
 Spread, — void of living sight or sound.
 And here, while the night winds round me sigh,
 And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
 As I sit apart by the desert stone,
 Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,
 "A still small voice" comes through the wild
 (Like a father consoling his fretful child),
 Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
 Saying, — Man is distant, but God is near!



SILENCE.

By THOMAS HOOD.

[1798-1845.]

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound;
 There is a silence where no sound may be; —
 In the cold grave; under the deep, deep sea;
 Or in wide desert where no life is found,
 Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound —
 No voice is hushed, no life treads silently,
 But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
 That never spoke, over the idle ground.

But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
 Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
 Though the dun fox or wild hyena calls,
 And owls, that flit continually between,
 Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan, —
 There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

A HEALTH.

BY EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

[EDWARD COATE PINKNEY, son of William Pinkney the Maryland statesman, was born in London during his father's commissionership, in October 1802; was brought home in 1812; after some study was placed in the navy; resigned six years later from a quarrel with his commodore; studied law, and was admitted to the bar; gained national reputation by a volume of poems in 1825; went to Mexico to join the revolutionists, killed a native in a duel and had to flee the country; returned broken in health and spirits; became professor of *belles lettres* in the University of Maryland, and editor of the (National Republican) *Marylander*, but shortly died, April 1828.]

I FILL this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—
The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
 Of loveliness alone,
 A woman, of her gentle sex
 The seeming paragon, —
 Her health! and would on earth there stood
 Some more of such a frame,
 That life might be all poetry,
 And weariness a name.



THE BROCKENHAUS.

By HEINRICH HEINE.

(From "Pictures of Travel.")

[HEINRICH HEINE, one of the most celebrated of German lyric poets, was born of Jewish parents at Düsseldorf, December 13, 1799, and was sent to Hamburg to prepare for a commercial life, but preferred studying law. At Bonn he became a pupil and friend of August W. Schlegel, and at Berlin associated with Varnhagen von Ense, Chamisso, Grabbe, and other leading literary characters of the day. In 1825 he renounced Judaism, and after the French Revolution of July 1830, lived mostly in Paris. He died there February 17, 1856, after many years of suffering from spinal paralysis. His best works are: "The Book of Songs," "New Poems," "Romanzero," "Reisebilder" ("Pictures of Travel").]

MY ENTRANCE into the Brockenhaus produced on me a strange eerie sensation. After a long solitary scramble among rocks and pine trees, one finds himself suddenly transplanted to a house in the clouds; after leaving towns, mountains, and forests below, he meets above a mixed company of strangers, by whom, as is natural in such places, he is received almost like an expected acquaintance, with a mixture of curiosity and indifference. I found the house full, and, like a prudent traveler, I thought at once about night quarters and the discomfort of a shake-down in the straw. In a die-away voice I at once asked for tea, and the landlord had the sense to see that one so ill as I must have a proper bed. This he procured me in a room the size of a closet, where a young merchant, who looked like an emetic powder in a long brown wrapper, had already established himself.

In the coffee-room I found nothing but life and movement. Students of various universities, some just arrived and refresh-

ing themselves ; others just off again, strapping on their knapsacks, writing their names in the visitors' book, receiving Brocken nosegays from the chambermaids, chucking them under the chin, singing, jumping, jodeling, questioning, answering questions, "fine weather, short cut, your health, adieu!" Some of the departing students were more or less fuddled, and these, as drunken men see double, must have doubly enjoyed the view.

After recruiting myself, I ascended the observatory, where I found a short gentleman with two ladies, one young, the other oldish. The young lady was very beautiful. A splendid profile, curling hair confined by a black satin helmet-shaped hat, with a white feather, which waved in the wind ; a close-fitting black silk mantle which revealed the fine lines of her slim figure ; great open eyes looking calmly out on the great open world.

When I was a boy I thought of nothing but fairy tales and stories of magic, and every pretty woman I saw with ostrich feathers in her bonnet was for me an elfin queen : and if I did chance to notice that her skirts were wet, I thought her a water witch. Now that I have studied natural history, and know that those symbolic feathers are plucked from the stupidest of birds, and that the skirts of a lady's dress may get wet by a very natural process, I have lost my early faith. But if I could have seen with my boyish eyes the fair lady as and where I have described her on the Brocken, I should certainly have thought, This is the fairy of the mountain, and 'tis she that spoke the spell that cast such a wondrous glamour on the whole scene beneath. Yes, very wonderful is our first view from the Brocken ; each side of our nature receives new impressions, and these separate impressions, mostly distinct, nay contradictory, produce on us a powerful effect, though we cannot as yet analyze or understand it. If we succeed in grasping the conception which underlies this state of feeling, we recognize the character of the mountain. Its character is wholly German in its weakness no less than in its strength. The Brocken is a German. With German thoroughness he shows us clearly and plainly as in a giant panorama the hundreds of cities, towns, and villages (mostly to the north), and all around, the hills, forests, rivers, and plains, stretching away to the distant horizon. But this very distinctness gives everything the sharp definition and clear coloring of a local chart ; there is nowhere

a really beautiful landscape for the eye to rest on. This is just our way. Thanks to the conscientious exactitude with which we are bent on giving every single fact, we German compilers never think about the form that will best represent any particular fact. The mountain, too, has something of German calmness, intelligence, and tolerance, just because it can command such a wide, clear view of things. And when such a mountain opens its giant eyes, it may well happen that it sees more than we dwarfs, who clamber over him with purblind eyes. Many, indeed, declare that the Brocken is thoroughly *bourgeois*, and Claudius has sung of "The Blocksberg, that tall Philistine." But that is a mistake. It is true that owing to his bald pate, over which he sometimes draws his white cap of mist, he gives himself an air of *bourgeoisie*, but, as with many other great Germans, this is pure irony. Nay, it is notorious that the Brocken has his wild freshman days, *e.g.* the first of May. Then he tosses his cloud cap in the air and goes romantic mad, like a genuine German.

I tried at once to engage the pretty lady in a conversation, for one never properly enjoys the beauties of nature unless one can talk them over on the spot. She was no genius, but bright and intelligent. Really distinguished manners, not the common stiff and starched distinction, a negative quality which knows what *not* to do, but that rare positive quality, the ease of manner which tells us exactly how far we may go, and by setting us at our ease give us a perfect sense of social self-possession. I displayed an amount of geographical knowledge that astonished myself, satisfied the curiosity of my fair inquirer by telling her the names of all the towns that lay at our feet, looked them out and showed them to her on my pocket map, which I unrolled on the stone table in the middle of the observatory with the air of a regular professor. Several towns I failed to find, perhaps because I sought them with my finger rather than with my eyes, which were engaged in taking the bearings of the fair face and finding there more attractive regions than Schierke and Elend. The face was one of those that always please, though we are rarely enchanted and never fall in love with them. I like such faces because they smile to rest my too susceptible heart. The lady was not married, although she had reached the full flower of beauty which gives its possessor a claim to matrimony. But it's a matter of everyday experience that the prettiest girls find it hardest to get a

husband. Even in ancient times this was the case, and we know that the three Graces were all old maids.

In what relationship the short gentleman stood to the ladies he was escorting I could not make out. He was a spare, odd-looking figure. A small head, with a sprinkling of gray hairs straggling over his low forehead as far as his green dragon-fly eyes; a broad prominent nose; mouth and chin, on the other hand, receding almost to the ears. The face seemed made of that soft, yellowish clay that sculptors use for their first models; and when he pursed up his thin lips, some thousands of faint semicircular wrinkles spread over the cheeks. The little man never said a word; only now and then, when the elder lady made some pleasant remark to him in a whisper, he smiled like a lapdog with a cold in its head.

The elder lady was the mother of the younger, and had, like her, a most distinguished manner. Her eyes betrayed a sort of sickly mysticism, and the lips wore an expression of austere piety; yet I detected traces of past beauty, and it seemed to me as though they had laughed much, felt many a kiss, and given many a kiss in return. Her face was like a palimpsest, where beneath the black modern monkish manuscript of one of the Fathers you can trace the half-obliterated characters of an old Greek love song. Both ladies had this year been to Italy with their companion, and were full of the beauties of Rome, Florence, and Venice. The mother talked about the Raphaels in St. Peter's, the daughter of the opera in La Fenice theater. Both were enchanted with the improvisatori. Their native town was Nüremberg, but they could tell me little of its ancient glories. The divine art of the Meister-singers has grown dumb, and in Wagenseil's verse we hear its dying echoes. Now the dames of Nüremberg are edified by the silly extemporizations of Italians and the songs of castrati. Saint Sebaldus! thou art truly but an indifferent patron to-day.

Whilst we were conversing, twilight approached; the air grew cooler, the sun was sinking, and the platform of the watchtower began to fill — students, mechanics, and a few respectable citizens with their wives and daughters, all intent on seeing the sunset. It is a solemnizing spectacle, which frames the beholder's mind to prayer. For full a quarter of an hour we all stood in solemn silence, and gazed at the fiery orb sinking slowly to the west. The ruddy glow lit up our faces, and our hands instinctively were clasped as in prayer.

We seemed a silent congregation, standing in the nave of a giant cathedral, at the moment when the priest is elevating the Host, and the organ rolls forth Palestrina's immortal chorale.

While I was standing thus absorbed in devotion, I heard a voice near me exclaiming, "Generally speaking, how very beautiful Nature is!" These words proceeded from the sentimental breast of the young merchant who shared my bedroom. They restored me to my workaday frame of mind, and I was ready to address to the ladies any number of appropriate remarks about the sunset, and conduct them back to their rooms with perfect nonchalance; as if nothing had happened. They allowed me, moreover, to stay with them for an hour more. Our conversation, like the earth, revolved round the sun. The mother thought that the sun, as it sank in mist, looked like a glowing rose thrown down by her lover the heavens into the outspread white veil of his bride the earth. The daughter smiled and observed that a too frequent sight of such natural phenomena would weaken their impressiveness. The mother corrected her daughter's heresy by quoting a passage from Goethe's "*Reisebriefe*," and asked me whether I had read his "*Werther*." I believe we talked besides of Angora cats, Etruscan vases, Turkish shawls, macaroni, and Lord Byron, from whose poems the elder lady recited some sunset descriptions with a pretty lisp and sigh. The younger lady, who did not understand English, wanted to know something of the poems, so I recommended her the translation of my fair and accomplished countrywoman Baroness Elise von Hohenhausen, and I did not miss the opportunity of holding forth, as I make a point of doing to all young ladies I meet, on Byron's godlessness, lovelessness, hopelessness, and Heaven knows what besides.

This business over, I went for a turn on the Brocken, for it's never quite dark on the summit. There was only a slight mist, and I made out the outlines of the two mounds called the Witches' Altar and the Devil's Pulpit. I fired off my pistols, but there was not an echo. Suddenly, however, I heard voices that I recognized, and felt myself embraced and kissed. It was a party of my college friends who had left Göttingen four days later than I, and they were now considerably surprised to find me again alone on the Blocksberg. At once we set to—telling the news, expressing our astonishment, making plans, laughing at old college jokes; in the spirit we were back again

in our learned Siberia, where culture is carried to such a pitch that the bears in the public houses run up scores, and the pussies wish the hunter good evening.

In the dining room of the inn supper was laid—a long table with two rows of hungry students. At first we had nothing but the usual university shop,—duels, duels, and still duels. The company was composed mostly of Halle men, and so Halle was the chief topic. The broken windows of Councilor Schütz were exegetically illustrated. Then we heard that the last levée at the King of Cyprus' court had been very brilliant, that he had chosen as his successor a natural son, contracted a left-handed marriage with a Lichtenstein princess, and given the royal mistress her congé, and that the whole ministry, on hearing the sad news, had wept to order. I need hardly explain that all this gossip referred to the king and queen of the Halle drinking halls. The subject then changed to two Chinamen who exhibited themselves two years ago in Berlin, and now hold appointments as private teachers of Chinese æsthetics. Here was an opening for the wits. Suppose a German shown as a rarity in China; posters announcing the show, with certificates from mandarins Tsching-Tschang-Tschung and Hi-Ha-Ho attesting that he is a genuine German; announcing further his accomplishments, the principal being philosophy, smoking, and patience; finally warning visitors who come at twelve o'clock, when the beasts are fed, not to bring dogs with them, as dogs have a way of making off with the poor German's tidbits.

A young students-club man, who had lately kept his feast of Purification at Berlin, was very full of that city, though his information was one-sided and partial. He had been to the theater and Wisotzki's tea gardens, but his criticism of both was erroneous. "Rash youth is ever ready with his word." He talked about extravagant costumes, scandals of actors and actresses, etc. The young man did not know that in Berlin of all towns appearances are everything, as even the common expression, "the correct thing," testifies; that this worship of outside show must flourish most of all on the boards of a theater; that the chief concern of managers is the color of the beard in which a part is played, the fidelity of the costume, attested by historians on their oath, and executed by scientific tailors. And this is all-important. If, for instance, Maria Stuart wore an apron, as aprons did not come in till Queen

Anne's reign, Christian Gumpel the banker would have a right to complain that all illusion was dispelled by such a blunder. If, again, Lord Burleigh was dressed by mistake in Henry IV.'s hose, the wife of the minister for war Frau Dunderhead (*née* Lilidew) would not lose sight of the anachronism the whole evening. This anxiety for illusion, on the part of the managers, is not confined to aprons and breeches: it extends to the persons they envelop. Thus Othello in future must be played by a real Moor, whom Professor Lichtenstein has engaged in Africa for the part. In "Menschenhass und Reue" (Misanthropy and Repentance), the part of Eulalie is in future to be taken by a real runaway wife, Peter by a real blockhead, and the Stranger by a real wittol, though we need not send to Africa for any one of these three characters. In "Die Macht der Verhältnisse" (The Force of Circumstances), the hero is to be a real author, whose ears have really been boxed. In the "Ahnfrau" (The Ancestress), the artist who plays Jaromir must have really committed a robbery, or at least a theft. Lady Macbeth should be played by a lady naturally amiable, as Tieck will have her, but at the same time not unacquainted with the bloody aspect of a real assassination.

Lastly, for the representation of peculiarly shallow, empty-headed, vulgar dogs, the great Wurm should be permanently engaged — Wurm, who enchants all kindred spirits whenever he rises to his true greatness, and towers "every inch a clown." If my young friend misconceived the condition of the Berlin boards, he could hardly be expected to remark that the Spon-tini Janissary Opera Company, with their kettledrums, elephants, trumpets, and tomtoms, is an heroic cure for the un-warlike apathy in which our nation is sunk, a cure that shrewd politicians like Plato and Cicero have already recommended. Least of all could the young man grasp the diplomatic significance of the ballet. I had difficulty in proving to him that there was more policy in Huguet's feet than in Buchholz's head, that all his *pas* signified diplomatic negotiations, and each movement had some political import. For instance, when he leans forward with a languishing air and stretches out his hands, he means our Prussian cabinet; when he pirouettes round and round on one toe without advancing an inch, he means the German Diet; when he trips round as if his legs were tied together, he represents the petty German princes; when he sways backwards and forwards like a drunken man,

he signifies the balance of power; arms crossed and interlaced mean a congress; and, lastly, when he gradually straightens himself to his full height, rests some moments in this attitude, and then suddenly indulges in a series of tremendous bounds, he is figuring our too powerful friend in the East. To my young friend this was a revelation. He saw for the first time why dancers are better paid than great poets, why the ballet is an inexhaustible topic of conversation with the diplomatic corps, and why a minister so often has private interviews with a fair figurante — of course he spends days and nights in laboring to indoctrinate her with his political views. By Apis! how great is the number of the exoteric theater-goers, how small the number of the esoterics! Look at the mob of gobe-mouches gaping at the capers and twirls, studying anatomy in the poses of Lemièrre, clapping the *entrechats* of Röhnisch, and talking of grace, harmony, and legs, and not a soul has an inkling that he has before his eyes in terpsichorean cipher the fate of the German fatherland!

Such interchange of ideas did not make us lose sight of the practical, and the huge dishes liberally filled with meat, potatoes, etc., were done full justice to. But the quality was not equal to the quantity. I ventured to hint as much to my neighbor, who answered me rudely in an unmistakable Swiss accent, that we Germans knew as little of true contentment as of true liberty. I shrugged my shoulders, and remarked that royal lackeys and pastry cooks all the world over were Swiss, in fact as well as in name, and that the present Swiss champions of liberty, who deafen the public with their swaggering politics, reminded me of the hares you see shooting off pistols at fairs. Their boldness sets the rustics and children staring, and yet they are hares.

The son of the Alps had certainly meant no offense. "He was a fat man, and therefore a good man," as Cervantes says. But my neighbor on the other side, a Greifswald man, was nettled by his remark. He maintained that German vigor and simplicity had not degenerated, scowled, smote his breast, and emptied a monstrous glass of pale ale. "My good sir!" cried the Swiss, in a propitiatory tone; but the more he apologized the more the Greifswald man fumed and raved. He was a wild man, and seemed as if he belonged to the age when vermin had a good time of it, and hairdressers were in danger of starving. His hair streamed down his shoulders; he wore a

military berretta and an old-fashioned black coat; his linen was dirty, and served both for shirt and waistcoat; inside it was a medallion, with a tuft of hair from Blücher's white charger. He looked a consummate fool. I like some excitement at supper time, and was not sorry to break a lance with him on the subject of patriotism.

He maintained that Germany should be divided into thirty-three districts; I argued for forty-eight, to enable a systematic handbook on Germany to be written, and pleaded the necessity of correlating life and science. My Greifswald friend was besides a German bard, and confided to me he was at work on a national epic in commemoration of Hermann and the Hermann battle. I gave him some useful hints for his poem, and suggested that he might represent the swamps and trunk roads of the Teutoberg forest onomatopoeically by wishy-washy lines and jolting rhythms, and that it would be a delicate stroke of patriotism to make Varus and his legionaries talk sheer nonsense. I hope he will make as good use of this literary trick as other Berlin poets have, and succeed in sounds that are "echoes of the sense."

Our company meanwhile grew less stiff and more noisy; beer made way for wine, and wine for steaming punch bowls; we drank, we fraternized, we sang "The Old German Worthy," and other grand songs of W. Müller, Rückert, Uhland, etc., were trolled out; pretty airs of Methfessel; best of all, the words of our German Arndt, "God planted iron ore to show he'd have no slaves on earth." And out of doors it roared as if the old mountain was taking a part in the music, and some of our reeling toppers swore that he was nodding his bald head in approval, which accounted for the unsteadiness of the room. As bottles got lighter brains got heavier; one bawled, another sang falsetto, a third recited passages from "Die Schuld" (Guilt), a fourth spoke Latin, a fifth preached a sermon on temperance, and a sixth mounted a chair and began to lecture: "Gentlemen, the earth is a barrel, and men are pins stuck seemingly at random on its surface; but the barrel turns, and the pins strike and give a sound, a few frequently, the rest seldom, and this produces a curious, complicated music which is called history. My subject then divides itself into three heads: music, the world, and history; the last head, however, is subdivided into matters of fact and Spanish flies"—and so on, with a strange jumble of sense and nonsense.

A jovial Mecklenberger, who had buried his nose in his punch glass and was inhaling the fragrant steam with a silly smile, remarked that he felt as if he were again at the buffet of the Schwerin theater. Another student put his wine glass to his eye like a telescope, and gazed at the company through it, while the red wine trickled down his cheeks into his open mouth. The Greifswald man threw himself by a sudden inspiration on my breast, and shouted, "Sure you know me, a lover, a happy lover, his love returned — and I'm d——d if she's not accomplished — soft bosom, white frock, plays piano." But the Swiss wept, kissed my hand tenderly, and kept on whimpering, "O Bäbeli, Bäbeli!"

During all this mad carouse of dancing plates and flying glasses, I observed two youths sitting opposite me, pale as marble statues, the one like Adonis, the other more like an Apollo. The wine had tinged their cheeks with the faintest touch of pink. They gazed at one another with infinite passion, as though they could read in each other's eyes, and their eyes beamed as though they had caught the drops of light that fall from the love-lit lamp that the angels bear from one star to another. They whispered together, in a voice tremulous with emotion, sad stories, whose melancholy echo reached my ear. "Lory, too, is dead," said one, and sighed; and, after a pause, he told a tale of a Halle maiden who fell in love with a student, and when her lover left Halle, she shut herself up and starved herself, and wept day and night, and did nothing but gaze at the canary that her lover had once given her. "The bird died, and soon after Lory died too!" That was the end of the tale, and both youths ceased talking, and sighed as though their hearts would break. At last one said to the other: "My soul is sad! Come out with me into the darkness of night! I would drink in the breath of the clouds and the beams of the moon. Partner of my misery! I love thee; thy words are musical as whispering reeds; as rippling streams they find an echo in my breast, but my soul is sorrowful."

The two youths rose, one threw his arm round the other's neck, and they left the roisterers of the supper table. I followed, and observed them enter a dark room, where one of them opened a big wardrobe, mistaking it for the window. Both stood in front of it, and with sentimentally outstretched arms poured forth alternate strains. "Airs of the dusky night," cried the first,

“how refreshingly ye cool my cheeks ! how sweetly ye sport with my flowing locks ! I stand on the cloudy mountain top, beneath me lie the sleeping cities of men and the blinking blue waters ! Hark, below in the valley is the rustle of pine trees ! Above me in the mist flit the spirits of my fathers ! O ! that I might fly with you on your cloud steeds through the stormy night o’er the billowy sea, up, up to the stars. But, O ! I am laden with sorrow, and my soul is sad.” The other youth had also stretched out his arms, like a lover, to the clothespress. His eyes were streaming, and in a lovelorn strain he addressed a pair of yellow leather breeches, which he mistook for the moon. “Fair art thou, daughter of Heaven ! Benign is the peace of thy countenance ! Thy paths are paths of pleasantness, and the stars follow thy blue tracks in the East ! The clouds rejoice in the joy of thy countenance, and their dark forms are illumined. Who is like thee in Heaven, thou progeny of night ? The stars are abashed in thy presence, and turn away their green twinkling eyes. Whither, when at morn thy face pales, dost thou fly from thy path ? Hast thou, like me, thy Halle ? Dost thou live in the shadow of mourning ? Have thy sisters fallen from Heaven ? Thy fellow-pilgrims of the night, are they no more ? Yes, bright orb ! thy sisters fell from heaven, and thou hidest thyself to mourn them. Yes, the night will come, and then even thou wilt pass away, and thy blue paths know thee no more. Then will the stars lift their green heads, whom once thy presence shamed, and rejoice once more. But now thou art clad in radiant majesty, and lookest down from the gates of Heaven. Part the clouds, ye breezes, that the daughter of Night may shine forth, and the shaggy mountains shine forth, and the deep roll his billows in light !”

A well-known acquaintance of mine, a somewhat corpulent man, who had drunk more than he had eaten, though he had devoured for his supper as usual enough beef to have satisfied six life guardsmen and a boy, happened at this moment to pass by as merry as a grig (as a pig, I ought to have said), and shoved the two maudlin youths somewhat roughly into the press ; after which he blundered out of doors, and there swore at large. Indoors, too, the sounds of revelry grew more confused and less articulate. The two youths in the press kept whining and whimpering. They thought they were lying crushed at the bottom of the mountain, the red wine streamed from their throats, and each was deluged by the other. One youth said to

the other: "Farewell! I feel that I am bleeding to death. Why do ye awake me, O breezes of Spring? Ye woo me and whisper; 'We bedew thee with the dews of heaven;' but my days are in the yellow leaf, the storm will soon scatter my leafy honors. Soon will the wanderer come; to-day he beheld me in my beauty; to-morrow he will seek me and find me not—the flowers of the forest are a' wede away!" But high above the hubbub rose a well-known basso, bellowing and cursing and swearing outside, "Not a blessed lantern alight in the whole of the d——d dark Weenderstrasse, and how's a fellow to tell whose windows he's smashing."

Fortunately I can carry my liquor well,—the exact tale of bottles my modesty forbids me to tell,—and I reached my bedroom not much the worse for the carouse. The young merchant was already in bed, with his white nightcap and his yellow jacket of hygienic flannel, but not yet asleep, and ready to engage me in conversation. He was from Frankfort-on-the-Main, and consequently he began on the Jews, and complained that they were lost to all sense of the beautiful and noble, selling English wares twenty-five per cent. under cost price. I was tempted to try and mystify him a bit, so I told him that I was a somnambulist, and must beg his pardon by anticipation if I should chance to disturb him in his sleep. In consequence the wretched man, as he confided to me next day, did not get a wink, but lay the whole night in mortal terror that I might, in my sleepwalking, do him a mischief with my pistols, which I had placed at my bedside. . . .

The book which lay near me was the so-called "Brocken-book," in which all travelers write their names—many inscribing their thoughts, or in default thereof their "feelings." Many even express themselves in verse. In this book one may observe the horrors which result when the great Philistine Pegasus at convenient opportunities, such as this on the Brocken, becomes poetic. The palace of the Prince of Pallagonia never contained such absurdities and insipidities as are to be found in this book. Those who shine in it with especial splendor are Messrs. the excise collectors, with their moldy "high inspirations;" counter-jumpers, with their pathetic outgushings of the soul; old German revolution dilettanti with their Turner-Union phrases, and Berlin schoolmasters with their unsuccessful efforts at enthusiasm. Mr. Snobbs will also for once show himself as author. In one place the majestic splendor of the

sun is described; in another, complaints occur of bad weather, of disappointed hopes, and of the clouds which obstruct the view. A Caroline writes that in climbing the mountain his feet were wetted; to which a naïve Nanny, who was impressed by this, adds, "I too got wet in this thing." "Went up wet without and came down 'wet within,'" is a standing joke, repeated in the book hundreds of times. The whole volume smells of beer, tobacco, and cheese; we might fancy it one of Clauren's romances.

While I drank the coffee aforesaid and turned over the Brocken-book, the Swiss entered, his cheeks deeply glowing, and described with enthusiasm the sublime view which he had just enjoyed in the tower above, as the pure calm light of the Sun, that symbol of truth, fought with the night mists, and that it appeared like a battle of spirits, in which raging giants brandished their long swords, where harnessed knights on leaping steeds chased each other, and war chariots, fluttering banners, and extravagant monster forms sank in the wildest confusion, till all finally entwined in the maddest contortions, melted into dimness and vanished, leaving no trace. This demagogical natural phenomenon I had neglected; and should the curious affair be ever made the subject of investigation I am ready to declare on oath that all I know of the matter is the flavor of the good brown coffee I was then tasting.

Alas! this was the guilty cause of my neglecting my fair lady, and now, with mother or friend, she stood before the door, about to step into her carriage. I had scarcely time to hurry to her, and assure her that it was cold. She seemed piqued at my not coming sooner, but I soon drove the clouds from her fair brow by presenting to her a beautiful flower, which I had plucked the day before, at the risk of breaking my neck, from a steep precipice. The mother inquired the name of the flower, as if it seemed to her not altogether correct that her daughter should place a strange, unknown flower before her bosom — for this was in fact the enviable position which the flower attained, and of which it could never have dreamed the day before when on its lonely height. The silent friend here opened his mouth, and after counting the stamens of the flower, dryly remarked that it belonged to the eighth class.

It vexes me every time when I remember that even the dear flowers which God hath made have been, like us, divided into castes, and like us are distinguished by those external names

which indicate descent as in a family tree. If there *must* be such divisions, it were better to adopt those suggested by Theophrastus, who wished that flowers might be divided according to souls,—that is, their perfumes. As for myself, I have my own system of natural science, according to which all things are divided into those which may or may not be eaten!



POEMS OF HEINE.

THE LORELEI.

(Translated by Charles G. Leland.)

I KNOW not what sorrow is o'er me,
What spell is upon my heart;
But a tale of old times is before me —
A legend that will not depart.

Night falls as I linger, dreaming,
And calmly flows the Rhine;
The peaks of the mountains gleaming
In the golden sunset shine.

A wondrous lovely maiden
Sits high in glory there;
Her robe with gems is laden,
And she combs out her golden hair.

And she spreads out the golden treasure,
Still singing in harmony;
And the song has a mystical measure,
And a wonderful melody.

The boatman, when once she has bound him,
Is lost in a wild sad love:
He sees not the black rocks around him,
He sees but the beauty above.

I believe that the billows springing
The boat and the boatman drown;
And that this, with her magical singing,
The Lorelei has done.

THE PINE AND THE PALM.

In the north a pine-tree
Stands alone . . .
Dreaming of a palm-tree
Which afar

EVENING BY THE SEASIDE.

(Translated by Charles G. Leland.)

We sat by the fisher's cottage
And looked at the stormy tide;
The evening mist came rising
And floating far and wide.

One by one in the light-house
The lamps shone out on high,
And far on the dim horizon
A ship went sailing by.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck,
Of sailors who live on the deep,
And how between sky and water
And terror and joy they sweep.

We spoke of distant countries,
In regions strange and fair,
And of the wondrous beings
And curious customs there.

Of perfume and lights on the Ganges,
Where trees like giants tower,
And beautiful silent beings
Still worship the lotus flower.

Of the dirty dwarfs of Lapland,
Broad-headed, wide-mouthed, and small,
Who crouch round their oil-fires cooking,
And chatter and scream and bawl.

And the maidens earnestly listened,
Till at last we spoke no more;
The ship like a shadow had vanished,
And darkness fell deep on the shore.

THE JEWELS.

(Translated by Ernest Beard.)

Blue sapphires are those eyes of thine,
 Those eyes so sweet and tender :
 Oh, three times happy is the man
 Whom they shall happy render !

Thy heart's a diamond, pure and clear,
 With radiance overflowing :
 Oh, three times happy is the man
 Who sets that heart a-glowing !

Red rubies are those lips of thine —
 Love ne'er did fairer fashion :
 Oh, three times happy is the man
 Who hears their vows of passion !

Oh, could I know that fortunate man,
 And meet him unattended
 Beneath the forest trees so green —
 His luck would soon be ended !

COUNTESS-PALATINE JUTTA.

(Translated for this work.)

Countess-Palatine Jutta went over the Rhine,
 In a light canoe, by the pale moonshine.
 The maid rows, and thus speaks the Countess to her :
 "Do you notice those seven dead bodies, my dear,
 That drift and float
 In the wake of our boat ?
 So dolefully swim the dead !

"They were knights full of young desire —
 They sank on my breast in amorous fire
 And swore me true — For certainty's sake,
 That their oaths they might not be tempted to break,
 I had them bound
 Directly, and drowned —
 So dolefully swim the dead !"

The maid rows on, the Countess laughs shrill.
 So mocking it rings through the darkness still !
 Up to their haunches plunge as they lie
 The corpses, and nodding, their fingers on high
 Stretch as to swear,
 With a glassy glare —
 So dolefully swim the dead !

FRITHIOF'S SAGA.

By ESAIAS TEGNER.

[ESAIAS TEGNER, regarded as the chief of Swedish poets, was born at Kyrkernd in Wermland, November 13, 1782. He entered the University of Lund; held a Greek professorship in that institution for twelve years; and in 1824 was elected bishop of Wexiö, where he died November 2, 1846. In 1825 appeared in its complete form the cycle of romances, based upon the old Norse saga of the same name, "Frithiof's Saga," his masterpiece and one of the most famous works in Scandinavian literature. It has been repeatedly translated into English. Tegner also wrote "Axel," "Svea," and "The Children of the Lord's Supper," an idyll, translated by Longfellow.]

FRITHIOF AND INGEBORG.

IN HILDING'S manor, broad and fair,
Two graceful plants were fostered there;
There bloomed beneath the Northern shadow
No statelier buds on verdant meadow.

Straight as a lance, firm as a rock,
Upshot the one, a sapling oak,
Whose crown is in the mid air trembling,
Its archèd brow a helm resembling.

The other bloomed a tender rose,
By winter held in sweet repose,
Which, as the Spring dispels earth's sadness,
Awakes to beauty and to gladness.

When tempests on the earth appear,
The oak the combat does not fear;
When Spring sun glows, and sing the thrushes,
The rose then opes her lip and blushes.

Thus they grew up, in fresh fields free:
Young Frithiof was the strong young tree;
The rose, the valley's green adorning,
Was Ing'borg named, fair as the morning.

Didst see them in the sun's bright ray,
Thou'dst think thyself 'neath Freyâ's sway
Where couples dance in bridal dresses,
With rosy wings and golden tresses.

Didst see them trip, at moonlight's sheen,
Beneath the forest's fragrant green,

Thou'dst think the silver beams were glancing,
On Elfin king and queen there dancing.

With love of lore his heart throbbed fast,
When he his runes had learned at last,
And, all their mystic import gleaning,
To Ing'borg taught their hidden meaning.

How happy in his little boat,
They o'er the clear blue billows float !
How winsome when, in stormy weather,
Her wee white hands are clasped together !

No bird's nest was for him too high,
For *her* would he all risk defy ;
The eagle, who with clouds is wrestling,
Is robbed by him of eggs and nestling.

There was no stream however swift,
O'er which he did not Ing'borg lift ;
And where tumultuous it was ringing,
Her soft white arms were round him clinging.

The first sweet flower his garden yields,
The first red berry of the fields,
The first gold ear in ripened beauty,
He brought to *her*, in bounden duty.

But childhood passes swiftly on,
Soon to a youth the boy has grown,
His sparkling eye is love demanding —
The maid is full-blown beauty standing.

Young Frithiof now on hunting bent,
When others blanched, he boldly went
To darksome cave, with courage peerless,
To seek the bear, unarmed and fearless.

There, breast to breast, with hug and strain,
The savage monster strives in vain ;
Returned, with shaggy booty laden —
How happy then the blushing maiden !

Man's courage, woman e'er esteems ;
To beauty strength most worthy seems ;
The fair should to the strong be clinging,
As helm to brow, when swords are swinging.

But when at winter's eve there shed
The hearth its ruddy glow, he read
Songs with Walhalla's glories swelling,
Where gods and goddesses are dwelling.

Then sang he: "Frey's hair is gold,
A wavy field of sheaves untold;
My Ing'borg's hair, like hers, is shining,
Bright gold round rose and hly twining.

"Iduna's breast, like snowy down,
Heaves chaste beneath her silken gown;
I know a silk 'neath which are hiding
Two elfins gay, 'midst rosebuds gliding.

"And clear and blue is Frigga's eye,
Reflecting heaven's purest sky;
I know two eyes whose lustrous powers
Spring sky obscure at midday hours.

"Are Gerda's cheeks alone so white?
Like new-fallen snow 'neath northern light?
I know two cheeks with bloom, adorning,
Like roseate blush, the early morning.

"A heart I know as tender framed
As Nanna's, though not quite so famed,
Nanna, the theme of every Skalder,
In songs of praise, with thee, O Baldur.

"Ah! that, like thee, I could find death,
Bewailed by a true maiden's breath:
Like Nanna's, faithful, true, and tender,
To Hel' would gladly I surrender."

The royal maid wrought at her frame,
And sang of heroes and of fame;
Brave deeds the 'broidery is showing,
Round verdant groves blue waves are flowing.

And deftly in the woolly snow,
Gold-woven shields in splendor grow;
Red lances are in combat flying,
On fields of green the armor lying.

And more and more like Frithiof stands
The hero worked by nimble hands;

Her blushing cheek the truth confesses —
The pliant wood *his* deeds expresses.

And every birch within the grove,
With F and I told Frithiof's love;
The runes in joy and glee are meeting,
Like two young hearts together beating.

Soon as the Day King's fiery blaze
Tinges with gold the rising haze;
When life is stirring, men are moving,
They think but of each other, loving.

And when through clouds, hid in the night,
World Queen appears in silvery light;
When through the stillness stars are gleaming,
They of each other's love are dreaming.

"Thou emerald earth! in fresh array,
Decked is thy hair with flowers gay,
Give me the freshest, perfume breathing,
My Frithiof's hair shall they be wreathing!"

"Thou sea! beneath whose deep blue wave
A thousand pearls their beauty lave,
Of thee I am the rarest asking —
On Ing'borg's breast they shall lie basking!"

"Thou orb of Odin's kingly hall!
Eye of the day, thou flaming ball!
Wert mine, shouldst serve, thou burnished dial,
As Frithiof's shield, without denial!"

"Thou orb, high in Alfader's hall,
Thou clear pale moon, thou silvery ball!
Wert mine, thou shouldst adorn, oh, pleasure!
My lovely maid, my choicest treasure!"

But Hilding warned: "Set not thy heart
Upon this love, ye two must part;
Unequally the Norns are laden,
King Bela's daughter is thy maiden.

"To Odin e'en, his star-spread dome,
Does Bela's lineage heavenwards roam;
Thou, Thorsten's son, to fate surrender,
Thine ne'er can be the blossom tender."

But Frithiof laughs: "My line I sped
Down to the valley of the dead;
When I the forest king was taming,
My lineage with his fur was claiming.

"No freeborn man to fate will yield,
To him belongs the world's wide field;
Fortune succeeds where fate is frowning,
Hope is with victory courage crowning!

"Nobility is valor's claim,
On high to Thrudwang reaches fame;
For prowess only Thor is caring,—
The sword is suitor for the daring.

"For her I dare to combat fly,
And e'en with Thor my prowess try;
In joy bloom safe, my lily ever,
Woe him who dares us two to sever!

INGEBORG'S LAMENT.

Summer is past,
Storms on the sea the autumn has cast;
Yet, glad, with the storms would I stray,
Far, far away!

Long did I stand,
Watching the sails leave the Northern strand.
Ah! happy sails; o'er Frithiof ye wave,
Ye fly with the brave.

Thou, Ocean blue!
Storm not, but guard him, faithful and true.
Light him, ye stars, ye celestial bands,
To distant lands.

Thou, blooming Spring!
Frithiof's return, but not Ing'borg's, wilt bring;
Neither in vales nor halls will she meet him,
Nowhere will greet him.

Low in the ground,
Cold lies she, pale, and heav'nward bound;
A sacrifice was she bled to death,
By Helga's breath!

Falcon he left,
 Mine shalt thou be, of thy master bereft;
 I'll feed thee myself, thou huntsman rare,
 High in the air!

Thou, on his hand,
 With outspread wings, embroidered shalt stand.
 Wrought of silver thy pinions behold,
 Talons of gold.

Freya once took
 Wings of the hawk, for Odur to look;
 She roamed in infinite space above,
 Seeking her love.

Her wings to me
 Would bring no help, would not set me free;
 Death alone will bring me relief,
 From care and grief.

Huntsman, thou free!
 Fly on my shoulder, look on the sea.
 Ah! as far as our strained eyes may roam,
 He comes not home.

When laid to rest,
 Should he return, fulfill my behest;
 Greet me from his bride, then here sleeping,
 Frithiof, when weeping.

THE VIKING CODE.

[Frithiof, on his voyage as a sea rover, draws up the following code of conduct for himself and his party.]

Far and wide, like the falcon that hunts through the sky, flew he
 now o'er the desolate sea;
 And his Vikinga Code, for his champions on board, wrote he well;
 wilt thou hear what it be?

"On thy ship pitch no tent; in no house shalt thou sleep; in the
 hall who our friends ever knew?
 On his shield sleeps the Viking, his sword in his hand, and for tent
 has yon heaven the blue.

With a short-shafted hammer fights conquering Thor: Frey's own shaft but an ell long is made:

That's enough. — Hast thou courage? Strike close to thy foe: not too short for thee then is thy blade!

"When the storm roars on high, up aloft with the sail: oh, how pleasant's the sea in its wrath!

Let it blow, let it blow! He's a coward that furls; rather foundered than furl in thy path.

"On the shore, not on board, mayst thou toy with a maid: Freja's self would prove false to thy love,

For the dimple deceives on her cheek, and her tresses would net-like entrap thee above!

"Wine is Valfather's drink, — a carouse thou mayst have; but yet steady and upright appear:

He who staggers on shore may stand up, but will soon down to sleep-giving Ran stagger here.

"Sails the merchant ship forth, thou his bark mayst protect, if due tribute his weak hand has told:

On thy wave art thou king; he's a slave to his pelf, and thy steel is as good as his gold!

"With the dice and the lot shall the booty be shared; and complain not, however it goes:

But the sea-king himself throws no dice on the deck, — only glory he seeks from his foes.

"Heaves a Viking in sight — then come boarding and strife, and hot work is it under the shield;

But from us art thou banished — forget not the doom — if a step or a foot thou shalt yield!

"'Tis enough, shouldst thou conquer! Who prays thee for peace has no sword, and cannot be thy foe:

Prayer is Valhalla's child, hear the pale Virgin's voice; yes! a scoundrel is he who says no!

"Viking gains are deep wounds, and right well they adorn if they stand on the brow or the breast.

Let them bleed! Twice twelve hours first must circle ere binds them, who Vikinga comrade would rest!"

Thus his laws carved he out, and fresh exploits each day and fresh
fame to strange coastlands he brought;
And his like found he none on the blue-rolling sea, and his champions
right willing they fought.

But himself sat all darkly, with rudder in hand, and looked down on
the slow-rocking spray; —
“Deep thou art! Peace perchance in those depths still may bloom,
but above here all peace dies away.

“Is the White God enraged? Let him take his good sword, — I
will fall should it so be decreed:
But he sits in yon sky, gloomy thoughts sending down; ne’er my
soul from their sadness is freed!”

Yet when battle is near, like the fresh eagle flying, his spirit fierce
soars with delight;
Loudly thunders his voice, and with clear brow he stands, like the
lightener still foremost in fight.



TRICKED OUT OF HERSELF.

By ALESSANDRO MANZONI.

(From “The Betrothed.”)

[COUNT ALESSANDRO MANZONI, Italian novelist and poet, was born in Milan, March 8, 1784; graduated at the University of Pavia. His mother and grandfather were noted writers. He wrote religious hymns of high rank; but his first famous composition was an ode on the death of Napoleon. He also wrote dramas of great repute, as “Conte di Carmagnola” and “Adelchi”; but his most celebrated work, the classic novel of modern Italy, is “I Promessi Sposi” (The Betrothed Pair), a historical romance (1827). He was an ardent patriot, deeply interested in the reconstruction of Italy. He died May 22, 1873.]

THE Signora, who, in the presence of a Capuchin of advanced age, had studied her actions and words, now, when left *tête-à-tête* with an inexperienced country girl, no longer attempted to restrain herself; and her conversation became by degrees so strange, that, instead of relating it, we think it better briefly to narrate the previous history of this unhappy person: so much, that is, as will suffice to account for the unusual and mysterious conduct we have witnessed in her, and

to explain the motives of her behavior in the facts which we shall be obliged to relate.

She was the youngest daughter of the Prince —, a Milanese nobleman, who was esteemed one of the richest men of the city. But the unbounded idea he entertained of his title made his property appear scarcely sufficient, nay, even too limited to maintain a proper appearance ; and all his attention was turned towards keeping it, at least, such as it was, in one line, so far as it depended upon himself. How many children he had does not appear from history : it merely records that he had designed all the younger branches of both sexes for the cloister, that he might leave his property entire to the eldest son, destined to perpetuate the family : that is, bring up children that he might torment himself in tormenting them after his father's example. Our unhappy Signora was yet unborn when her condition was irrevocably determined upon. It only remained to decide whether she should be a monk or a nun, a decision, for which, not her assent, but her presence, was required. When she was born, the Prince, her father, wishing to give her a name that would always immediately suggest the idea of a cloister, and which had been born by a saint of high family, called her Gertrude. Dolls dressed like nuns were the first playthings put into her hands ; then images in nuns' habits, accompanying the gift with admonitions to prize them highly, as very precious things, and with that affirmative interrogation, " Beautiful, eh ? " When the Prince, or the Princess, or the young Prince, the only one of the sons brought up at home, would represent the happy prospects of the child, it seemed as if they could find no other way of expressing their ideas than by the words, " What a lady abbess ! " No one, however, directly said to her, " You must become a nun." It was an intention understood and touched upon incidentally in every conversation relating to her future destiny. If at any time the little Gertrude indulged in rebellious or imperious behavior, to which her natural disposition easily inclined her, " You are a naughty little girl," they would say to her : " this behavior is very unbecoming. When you are a lady abbess, you shall then command with the rod : you can then do as you please." On another occasion, the Prince reproving her for her too free and familiar manners, into which she easily fell : " Hey ! hey ! " he cried ; " they are not becoming to one of your rank. If you wish some day to engage the respect that is due to you, learn from henceforth to

be more reserved: remember you ought to be in everything the first in the monastery, because you carry your rank wherever you go."

Such language imbued the mind of the little girl with the implicit idea that she was to be a nun; but her father's words had more effect upon her than all the others put together. The manners of the Prince were habitually those of an austere master, but when treating of the future prospects of his children, there shone forth in every word and tone an immovability of resolution which inspired the idea of a fatal necessity.

At six years of age, Gertrude was placed for education, and still more as a preparatory step towards the vocation imposed upon her, in the monastery where we have seen her; and the selection of the place was not without design. The worthy guide of the two women has said that the father of the Signora was the first man in Monza; and, comparing this testimony, whatever it may be worth, with some other indications which our anonymous author unintentionally suffers to escape here and there, we may very easily assert that he was the feudal head of that country. However it may be, he enjoyed here very great authority, and thought that here, better than elsewhere, his daughter would be treated with that distinction and deference which might induce her to choose this monastery as her perpetual abode. Nor was he deceived: the then abbess and several intriguing nuns—who had the management of affairs, finding themselves entangled in some disputes with another monastery, and with a noble family of the country, were very glad of the acquisition of such a support—received with much gratitude the honor bestowed upon them, and fully entered into the intentions of the Prince concerning the permanent settlement of his daughter; intentions on every account entirely consonant with their interests. Immediately on Gertrude's entering the monastery, she was called by Antonomasia, the Signorina. A separate place was assigned her at table, and a private sleeping apartment; her conduct was proposed as an example to others; indulgences and caresses were bestowed upon her without end, accompanied with that respectful familiarity so attractive to children, when observed in those whom they see treating other children with an habitual air of superiority. Not that all the nuns had conspired to draw the poor child into the snare; many there were of simple and undesigning minds, who would have shrunk with horror from the

thought of sacrificing a child to interested views ; but all of them being intent on their several individual occupations, some did not notice all these maneuvers, others did not discern how dishonest they were ; some abstained from looking into the matter, and others were silent rather than give useless offense. There was one, too, who, remembering how she had been induced by similar arts to do what she afterwards repented of, felt a deep compassion for the poor little innocent, and showed that compassion by bestowing on her tender and melancholy caresses, which she was far from suspecting were tending towards the same result ; and thus the affair proceeded. Perhaps it might have gone on thus to the end, if Gertrude had been the only little girl in the monastery ; but, among her schoolfellows, there were some who knew they were designed for marriage.

The little Gertrude, brought up with high ideas of her superiority, talked very magnificently of her future destiny as abbess and principal of the monastery ; she wished to be an object of envy to the others on every account, and saw with astonishment and vexation that some of them paid no attention to all her boasting. To the majestic, but circumscribed and cold, images the headship of a monastery could furnish, they opposed the varied and bright pictures of a husband, guests, routs, towns, tournaments, retinues, dress, and equipages. Such glittering visions roused in Gertrude's mind that excitement and ardor which a large basketful of freshly gathered flowers would produce, if placed before a beehive. Her parents and teachers had cultivated and increased her natural vanity, to reconcile her to the cloisters ; but when this passion was excited by ideas so much calculated to stimulate it, she quickly entered into them with a more lively and spontaneous ardor. That she might not be below her companions, and influenced at the same time by her new turn of mind, she replied that, at the time of decision, no one could compel her to take the veil without her consent ; that she, too, could marry, live in a palace, enjoy the world, and that better than any of them ; that she *could* if she wished it ; that she *would* if she wished it ; and that, in fact, she *did* wish it. The idea of the necessity of her consent, which hitherto had been, as it were, unnoticed, and hidden in a corner of her mind, now unfolded and displayed itself in all its importance. On every occasion she called it to her aid, that she might enjoy in tranquillity the

images of a self-chosen future. Together with this idea, however, there invariably appeared another; that the refusal of this consent involved rebellion against her father, who already believed it, or pretended to believe it, a decided thing; and at this remembrance, the child's mind was very far from feeling the confidence which her words proclaimed. She would then compare herself with her companions, whose confidence was of a far different kind, and experienced lamentably that envy of their condition which, at first, she endeavored to awaken in them. From envy she changed to hatred; which she displayed in contempt, rudeness, and sarcastic speeches; while, sometimes, the conformity of her inclinations and hopes with theirs, suppressed her spite, and created in her an apparent and transient friendship. At times, longing to enjoy something real and present, she would feel a complacency in the distinctions accorded to her, and make others sensible of this superiority; and then, again, unable to tolerate the solitude of her fears and desires, she would go in search of her companions, her haughtiness appeased, almost, indeed, imploring of them kindness, counsel, and encouragement. In the midst of such pitiable warfare with herself and others, she passed her childhood, and entered upon that critical age at which an almost mysterious power seems to take possession of the soul, arousing, refreshing, invigorating all the inclinations and ideas, and sometimes transforming them, or turning them into some unlooked-for channel. That which, until now, Gertrude had most distinctly figured in these dreams of the future, was external splendor and pomp; a something soothing and kindly, which, from the first, was lightly, and, as it were, mistily, diffused over her mind, now began to spread itself and predominate in her imagination. It took possession of the most secret recesses of her heart, as of a gorgeous retreat; hither she retired from present objects; here she entertained various personages strangely compounded of the confused remembrances of childhood, the little she had seen of the external world, and what she had gathered in conversations with her companions; she entertained herself with them, talked to them, and replied in their name; here she gave commands, and here she received homage of every kind. At times, the thoughts of religion would come to disturb these brilliant and toilsome revels. But religion, such as it had been taught to this poor girl, and such as she had received it, did not prohibit pride, but rather sancti-

fied it, and proposed it as a means of obtaining earthly felicity. Robbed thus of its essence, it was no longer religion, but a phantom like the rest. In the intervals in which this phantom occupied the first place, and ruled in Gertrude's fancy, the unhappy girl, oppressed by confused terrors, and urged by an indefinite idea of duty, imagined that her repugnance to the cloister, and her resistance to the wishes of her superiors in the choice of her state of life, was a fault; and she resolved in her heart to expiate it, by voluntarily taking the veil.

It was a rule that, before a young person could be received as a nun, she should be examined by an ecclesiastic, called the vicar of the nuns, or by some one deputed by him; that it might be seen whether the lot were her deliberate choice or not; and this examination could not take place for a year after she had, by a written request, signified her desire to the vicar. Those nuns who had taken upon themselves the sad office of inducing Gertrude to bind herself forever with the least possible consciousness of what she was doing, seized one of the moments we have described to persuade her to write and sign such a memorial. And, in order the more easily to persuade her to such a course, they failed not to affirm and impress upon her, what, indeed, was quite true, that, after all, it was a mere formality, which could have no effect, without other and posterior steps, depending entirely upon her own will. Nevertheless the memorial had scarcely reached its destination, before Gertrude repented having written it. Then she repented of these repentances; and thus days and months were spent in an incessant alternation of wishes and regrets. For a long while she concealed this act from her companions; sometimes from fear of exposing her good resolution to opposition and contradiction, at others from shame at revealing her error; but, at last, the desire of unburdening her mind, and of seeking advice and encouragement, conquered.

Another rule was this; that a young girl was not to be admitted to this examination upon the course of life she had chosen, until she had resided for at least a month out of the convent where she had been educated. A year had almost passed since the presentation of this memorial; and it had been signified to Gertrude that she would shortly be taken from the monastery, and sent to her father's house, for this one month, there to take all the necessary steps towards the completion of the work she had really begun. The Prince, and

the rest of the family, considered it an assured thing, as if it had already taken place. Not so, however, his daughter; instead of taking fresh steps, she was engaged in considering how she could withdraw the first. In her perplexity, she resolved to open her mind to one of her companions, the most sincere and always the readiest to give spirited advice. She advised Gertrude to inform her father, by letter, that she had changed her mind, since she had not the courage to pronounce to his face, at the proper time, a bold *I will not*. And as gratuitous advice in this world is very rare, the counselor made Gertrude pay for this by abundance of raillery upon her want of spirit. The letter was agreed upon with three or four confidantes, written in private, and dispatched by means of many deeply studied artifices. Gertrude waited with great anxiety for a reply; but none came; excepting that, a few days afterwards, the Abbess, taking her aside, with an air of mystery, displeasure, and compassion, let fall some obscure hints about the great anger of her father, and a wrong step she must have been taking; leaving her to understand, however, that if she behaved well, she might still hope that all would be forgotten. The poor young girl understood it, and dared not venture to ask any further explanation.

At last, the day so much dreaded, and so ardently wished for, arrived. Although Gertrude knew well enough that she was going to a great struggle, yet to leave the monastery, to pass the bounds of those walls in which she had been for eight years immured, to traverse the open country in a carriage, to see once more the city and her home, filled her with sensations of tumultuous joy. As to the struggle, with the direction of her confidantes, she had already taken her measures, and concerted her plans. Either they will force me, thought she, and then I will be immovable—I will be humble and respectful, but will refuse; the chief point is not to pronounce another “*Yes*,” and I will not pronounce it. Or they will catch me with good words; and I will be better than they; I will weep, I will implore, I will move them to pity; at last, will only entreat that I may not be sacrificed. But, as it often happens in similar cases of foresight, neither one nor the other supposition was realized. Days passed, and neither her father, nor any one else, spoke to her about the petition, or the recantation; and no proposal was made to her, with either coaxing or threatening. Her parents were serious, sad, and morose,

towards her, without ever giving a reason for such behavior. It was only to be understood that they regarded her as faulty and unworthy; a mysterious anathema seemed to hang over her, and divide her from the rest of her family, merely suffering so much intercourse as was necessary to make her feel her subjection. Seldom, and only at certain fixed hours, was she admitted to the company of her parents and elder brother. In the conversations of these three there appeared to reign a great confidence, which rendered the exclusion of Gertrude doubly sensible and painful. No one addressed her; and if she ventured timidly to make a remark, unless very evidently called for, her words were either unnoticed, or were responded to by a careless, contemptuous, or severe look. If unable any longer to endure so bitter and humiliating a distinction, she sought and endeavored to mingle with the family, and implored a little affection; she soon heard some indirect but clear hint thrown out about her choice of a monastic life, and was given to understand that there was one way of regaining the affection of the family; and since she would not accept of it on these conditions, she was obliged to draw back, to refuse the first advances towards the kindness she so much desired, and to continue in her state of excommunication; continue in it, too, with a certain appearance of being to blame.

Such impressions from surrounding objects painfully contradicted the bright visions with which Gertrude had been so much occupied, and which she still secretly indulged in her heart. She had hoped that, in her splendid and much-frequented home, she should have enjoyed at least some real taste of the pleasures she had so long imagined; but she found herself woefully deceived. The confinement was as strict and close at home as in the convent; to walk out for recreation was never even spoken of; and a gallery that led from the house to an adjoining church, obviated the sole necessity there might have been to go into the street. The company was more uninteresting, more scarce, and less varied than in the monastery. At every announcement of a visitor, Gertrude was obliged to go upstairs, and remain with some old woman in the service of the family; and here she dined whenever there was company. The domestic servants concurred in behavior and language with the example and intentions of their master; and Gertrude, who by inclination would have treated them with ladylike unaffected familiarity; and who, in the rank in

which she was placed, would have esteemed it a favor if they had shown her any little mark of kindness as an equal, and even have stooped to ask it, was now humbled and annoyed at being treated with a manifest indifference, although accompanied by a slight obsequiousness of formality. She could not, however, but observe, that one of these servants, a page, appeared to bear her a respect very different to the others, and to feel a peculiar kind of compassion for her. The behavior of this youth approached more nearly than anything she had yet seen to the state of things that Gertrude had pictured to her imagination, and more resembled the doings of her ideal characters. By degrees, a strange transformation was discernible in the manners of the young girl; there appeared a new tranquillity, and at the same time a restlessness, differing from her usual disquietude; her conduct was that of one who had found a treasure which oppresses him, which he incessantly watches, and hides from the view of others. Gertrude kept her eyes on this page more closely than ever; and, however it came to pass, she was surprised one unlucky morning by a chambermaid, while secretly folding up a letter, in which it would have been better had she written nothing. After a brief altercation, the maid got possession of the letter, and carried it to her master. The terror of Gertrude at the sound of his footsteps, may be more easily imagined than described. It was *her* father; he was irritated, and she felt herself guilty. But when he stood before her with that frowning brow, and the ill-fated letter in his hand, she would gladly have been a hundred feet under ground, not to say in a cloister. His words were few, but terrible; the punishment named at the time was only to be confined in her own room under the charge of the maid who had made the discovery; but this was merely a foretaste, a temporary provision; he threatened, and left a vague promise of some other obscure, undefined, and therefore more dreadful punishment.

The page was, of course, immediately dismissed, and was menaced with something terrible, if ever he should breathe a syllable about the past. In giving him this intimation, the Prince seconded it with two solemn blows, to associate in his mind with this adventure a remembrance that would effectually remove every temptation to make a boast of it. Some kind of pretext to account for the dismissal of a page was not difficult to find; as to the young lady, it was reported that she was ill.

She was now left to her fears, her shame, her remorse, and her dread of the future ; with the sole company of this woman, whom she hated as the witness of her guilt, and the cause of her disgrace. She, in her turn, hated Gertrude, by whom she was reduced, she knew not for how long, to the wearisome life of a jailer, and had become forever the guardian of a dangerous secret.

The first confused tumult of these feelings subsided by degrees ; but each remembrance recurring by turns to her mind, was nourished there, and remained to torment her more distinctly, and at leisure. Whatever could the punishment be, so mysteriously threatened ? Many, various, and strange were the ideas that suggested themselves to the ardent and inexperienced imagination of Gertrude. The prospect that appeared most probable was, that she would be taken back to the monastery at Monza, no longer to appear as the Signorina, but as a guilty person, to be shut up there—who knew how long ! who knew with what kind of treatment ! Among the many annoyances of such a course, perhaps the most annoying was the dread of the shame she should feel. The expressions, the words, the very commas of the unfortunate letter, were turned over and over in her memory : she fancied them noticed and weighed by a reader so unexpected, so different from the one to whom they were destined in reply ; she imagined that they might have come under the view of her mother, her brother, or indeed any one else ; and by comparison, all the rest seemed to her a mere nothing. The image of him who had been the primary cause of all this offense failed not also frequently to beset the poor recluse ; and it is impossible to describe the strange contrast this phantasm presented to those around her ; so dissimilar, so serious, reserved, and threatening. But, since she could not separate his image from theirs, nor turn for a moment to those transient gratifications, without her present sorrows, as the consequence of them, suggesting themselves to her mind, she began, by degrees, to recall them less frequently, to repel the remembrance of them, and wean herself from such thoughts. She no longer willingly indulged in the bright and splendid fancies of her earlier days ; they were too much opposed to her real circumstances, and to every probability for the future. The only castle in which Gertrude could conceive a tranquil and honorable retreat, which was not in the air, was the monastery, if she could make up her mind to enter it for-

ever. Such a resolution, she could not doubt, would have repaired everything, atoned for every fault, and changed her condition in a moment. Opposed to this proposal, it is true, rose up the plans and hopes of her whole childhood : but times were changed ; and in the depths to which Gertrude had fallen, and in comparison of what, at times, she so much dreaded, the condition of a nun, respected, revered, and obeyed, appeared to her a bright prospect. Two sentiments of very different character, indeed, contributed, at intervals, to overcome her former aversion : sometimes remorse for a fault, and a capricious sensibility of devotion ; and at other times, her pride embittered and irritated by the manners of her jailer, who (often, it must be confessed, provoked to it) revenged herself now by terrifying her with the prospect of the threatened punishment, or taunting her with the disgrace of her fault. When, however, she chose to be benign, she would assume a tone of protection, still more odious than insult. On these different occasions, the wish that Gertrude felt to escape from her clutches, and to raise herself to a condition above either her anger or pity, became so vivid and urgent that it made everything which could lead to such an end appear pleasant and agreeable.

At the end of four or five long days of confinement, Gertrude, disgusted and exasperated beyond measure by one of these sallies of her guardian, went and sat down in a corner of the room, and covering her face with her hands, remained for some time secretly indulging her rage. She then felt an overbearing longing to see some other faces, to hear some other words, to be treated differently. She thought of her father, of her family ; and the idea made her shrink back in horror. But she remembered that it only depended upon her to make them her friends ; and this remembrance awakened a momentary joy. Then there followed a confused and unusual sorrow for her fault, and an equal desire to expiate it. Not that her will was already determined upon such a resolution, but she had never before approached it so near. She rose from her seat, went to the table, took up the fatal pen, and wrote a letter to her father, full of enthusiasm and humiliation, of affliction and hope, imploring his pardon, and showing herself indefinitely ready to do anything that would please him who alone could grant it.

There are times when the mind, of the young especially, is so disposed that any external influence, however slight, suffices

to call forth whatever has the appearance of virtuous self-sacrifice ; as a scarcely expanded flower abandons itself negligently to its fragile stem, ready to yield its fragrance to the first breath of the zephyrs that float around. These moments, which others should regard with reverential awe, are exactly those which the wily and interested eagerly watch for, and seize with avidity, to fetter an unguarded will.

On the perusal of this letter the Prince — instantly saw a door opened to the fulfillment of his early and still cherished views. He therefore sent to Gertrude to come to him, and prepared to strike the iron while it was hot. Gertrude had no sooner made her appearance, than, without raising her eyes towards her father, she threw herself upon her knees, scarcely able to articulate the word "Pardon." The Prince beckoned to her to rise, and then, in a voice little calculated to reassure her, replied, that it was not sufficient to desire and solicit forgiveness, for that was easy and natural enough to one who had been convicted of a fault, and dreaded its punishment ; that, in short, it was necessary she should deserve it. Gertrude, in a subdued and trembling voice, asked what she must do. To this question the Prince (for we cannot find in our heart at this moment to give him the title of father) made no direct reply, but proceeded to speak at some length on Gertrude's fault, in words which grated upon the feelings of the poor girl like the drawing of a rough hand over a wound. He then went on to say, that even if . . . supposing he ever . . . had had at the first any intention of settling her in the world, she herself had now opposed an insuperable obstacle to such a plan ; since a man of honor, as he was, could never bring himself to give to any gentleman a daughter who had shown such a specimen of her character. His wretched auditor was completely overwhelmed ; and then the Prince, gradually softening his voice and language, proceeded to say that for every fault there was a remedy and a hope of mercy ; that hers was one the remedy for which was very distinctly indicated ; that she ought to see in this sad event a warning, as it were, that a worldly life was too full of danger for her . . .

"Ah, yes !" exclaimed Gertrude, excited by fear, subdued by a sense of shame, and overcome at the instant by a momentary tenderness of spirit.

"Ah ; you see it too," replied the Prince, instantly taking up her words. "Well, let us say no more of what is past : all is

canceled. You have taken the only honorable and suitable course that remained for you ; but, since you have chosen it willingly and cheerfully, it rests with me to make it pleasant to you in every possible way. I have the power of turning it to your advantage, and giving all the merit of the action to yourself, and I'll engage to do it for you." So saying, he rang a little bell that stood on the table, and said to the servant who answered it,—"The Princess and the young Prince immediately." Then turning to Gertrude, he continued : "I wish them to share in my satisfaction at once ; and I wish you immediately to be treated by all as is fit and proper. You have experienced a little of the severe parent, but from henceforth you shall find me an affectionate father."

Gertrude stood thunderstruck at these words. One moment she wondered how that "yes," which had escaped her lips, could be made to mean so much : then she thought, was there no way of retracting—of restricting the sense ; but the Prince's conviction seemed so unshaken, his joy so sensitively jealous, and his benignity so conditional, that Gertrude dared not utter a word to disturb them in the slightest degree.

The parties summoned quickly made their appearance, and, on seeing Gertrude, regarded her with an expression of surprise and uncertainty. But the Prince, with a cheerful and loving countenance, which immediately met with an answering look from them, said,—“Behold the wandering sheep : and I intend this to be the last word that shall awaken sad remembrances. Behold the consolation of the family ! Gertrude no longer needs advisers, for she has voluntarily chosen what we desired for her good. She has determined—she has given me to understand that she has determined . . .” Here Gertrude raised towards her father a look between terror and supplication, as if imploring him to pause, but he continued boldly : “that she has determined to take the veil.”

“*Brava ! well done !*” exclaimed the mother and son, turning at the same time to embrace Gertrude, who received these congratulations with tears, which were interpreted as tears of satisfaction. The Prince then expatiated upon what he would do to render the situation of his daughter pleasant, and even splendid. He spoke of the distinction with which she would be regarded in the monastery and the surrounding country : that she would be like a princess, the representative of the family ; that, as soon as ever her age would allow of it, she

would be raised to the first dignity, and in the mean while would be under subjection only in name. The Princess and the young Prince renewed their congratulations and applauses, while poor Gertrude stood as if possessed by a dream.

"We had better fix the day for going to Monza to make our request of the Abbess," said the Prince. "How pleased she will be! I venture to say that all the monastery will know how to estimate the honor which Gertrude does them. Likewise . . . but why not go this very day? Gertrude will be glad to take an airing."

"Let us go, then," said the Princess.

"I will go and give orders," said the young Prince.

"But . . ." suggested Gertrude, submissively.

"Softly, softly," replied the Prince, "let her decide: perhaps she does not feel inclined to-day, and would rather delay till to-morrow. Tell me, would you prefer to-day or to-morrow?"

"To-morrow," answered Gertrude, in a faint voice, thinking it something that she could get a little longer respite.

"To-morrow," pronounced the Prince, solemnly; "she has decided that we go to-morrow. In the mean while I will go and ask the vicar of the nuns to name a day for the examination."

No sooner said than done; the Prince took his departure, and absolutely went himself (no little act of condescension) to the vicar, and obtained a promise that he would attend her the day after to-morrow.

During the remainder of this day Gertrude had not two moments of quiet. She wished to have calmed her mind after so many scenes of excitement, to clear and arrange her thoughts, to render an account to herself of what she had done, and of what she was about to do, determine what she wished, and, for a moment at least, retard that machine, which, once started, was proceeding so precipitously; but there was no opening. Occupations succeeded one another without interruption — one treading, as it were, upon the heels of another. Immediately after this solemn interview, she was conducted to her mother's dressing room, there, under her superintendence, to be dressed and adorned by her own waiting maid. Scarcely was this business completed when dinner was announced. Gertrude was greeted on her way by the bows of the servants, who expressed their congratulations for her recovery; and, on reaching the

dining room, she found a few of their nearest friends, who had been hastily invited to do her honor, and to share in the general joy for the two happy events, — her restored health, and her choice of a vocation.

The young bride — (as the novices were usually distinguished, and Gertrude was saluted on all sides by this title on her first appearance) — the young bride had enough to do to reply to all the compliments that were addressed to her. She was fully sensible that every one of these answers was, as it were, an assent and confirmation ; yet how could she reply otherwise ? Shortly after dinner came the driving hour, and Gertrude accompanied her mother in a carriage, with two uncles who had been among the guests. After the usual tour, they entered the Strada Marina, which crossed the space now occupied by the public gardens, and was the rendezvous of the gentry who drove out for recreation after the labors of the day. The uncles addressed much of their conversation to Gertrude, as was to be expected on such a day ; and one of them, who seemed to be acquainted with everybody, every carriage, every livery, and had every moment something to say about Signor this and Lady that, suddenly checked himself, and turning to his niece — “ Ah, you young rogue ! ” exclaimed he ; “ you are turning your back on all these follies, — you are one of the saints ; we poor worldly fellows are caught in the snare, but you are going to lead a religious life, and go to heaven in your carriage.”

As evening approached they returned home, and the servants, hastily descending to meet them with lights, announced several visitors who were awaiting their return. The rumor had spread, and friends and relations crowded to pay their respects. On entering the drawing-room the young bride became the idol — the sole object of attention — the victim. Every one wished to have her to himself ; one promised her pleasures, — another visits, one spoke of *Madre* this, her relation, — another of *Madre* that, an acquaintance ; one extolled the climate of Monza, — another enlarged with great eloquence upon the distinctions she would there enjoy. Others, who had not yet succeeded in approaching Gertrude while thus besieged, stood watching their opportunity to address her, and felt a kind of regret until they had discharged their duty in this matter. By degrees the party dispersed, and Gertrude remained alone with the family.

"At last," said the Prince, "I have had the pleasure of seeing my daughter treated as becomes her rank. I must confess that she has conducted herself very well, and has shown that she will not be prevented making the first figure, and maintaining the dignity of the family." They then went to supper, so as to retire early, that they might be ready in good time in the morning.

Gertrude, annoyed, piqued, and at the same time a little puffed up by the compliments and ceremonies of the day, at this moment remembered all she had suffered from her jailer; and, seeing her father so ready to gratify her in everything but one, she resolved to make use of this disposition for the indulgence of at least one of the passions which tormented her. She displayed a great unwillingness again to be left alone with her maid, and complained bitterly of her treatment.

"What!" said the Prince; "did she not treat you with respect? To-morrow I will reward her as she deserves. Leave it to me, and I will get you entire satisfaction. In the mean while, a child with whom I am so well pleased must not be attended by a person she dislikes." So saying, he called another servant, and gave her orders to wait upon Gertrude, who, though certainly enjoying the satisfaction she received, was astonished at finding it so trifling, in comparison with the earnest wishes she had felt beforehand. The thought that, in spite of her unwillingness, predominated in her imagination, was the remembrance of the fearful progress she had this day made towards her cloistral life, and the consciousness that to draw back now would require a far, far greater degree of courage and resolution than would have sufficed a few days before, and which, even *then*, she felt she did not possess.

The woman appointed to attend her was an old servant of the family, who had formerly been the young Prince's governess, having received him from the arms of his nurse, and brought him up until he was almost a young man. In him she had centered all her pleasures, all her hopes, all her pride. She was delighted at this day's decision, as if it had been her own good fortune; and Gertrude, at the close of the day, was obliged to listen to the congratulations, praises, and advice of this old woman. She told her of some of her aunts and near relations who had been very happy as nuns, because, being of so high a family, they had always enjoyed the first honors, and had been able to have a good deal of influence beyond the

walls of the convent ; so that, from their parlor, they had come off victorious in undertakings in which the first ladies of the land had been quite foiled. She talked to her about the visits she would receive ; she would some day be seeing the Signor Prince with his bride, who must certainly be some noble lady ; and then not only the monastery, but the whole country would be in excitement. The old woman talked while undressing Gertrude ; she talked after she had lain down, and even continued talking after Gertrude was asleep. Youth and fatigue had been more powerful than cares. Her sleep was troubled, disturbed, and full of tormenting dreams, but was unbroken, until the shrill voice of the old woman aroused her to prepare for her journey to Monza.

“Up, up, Signora bride ; it is broad daylight, and you will want at least an hour to dress and arrange yourself. The Signora Princess is getting up ; they awoke her four hours earlier than usual. The young Prince has already been down to the stables and come back, and is ready to start whenever you are. The creature is as brisk as a hare ! but he was always so from a child : I have a right to say so who have nursed him in my arms. But when he’s once set a going, it won’t do to oppose him ; for, though he is the best-tempered creature in the world, he sometimes gets impatient and storms. Poor fellow ! one must pity him ; it is all the effect of his temperament ; and besides, this time there is some reason in it, because he is going to all this trouble for you. People must take care how they touch him at such times ! he minds no one except the Signor Prince. But some day he will be the Prince himself ; may it be as long as possible first, however. Quick, quick, Signorina, why do you look at me as if you were bewitched ? You ought to be out of your nest at this hour.”

At the idea of the impatient Prince, all the other thoughts which had crowded into Gertrude’s mind on awaking, vanished before it, like a flock of sparrows on the sudden appearance of a scarecrow. She instantly obeyed, dressed herself in haste, and, after submitting to the decoration of her hair and person, went down to the saloon, where her parents and brother were assembled. She was then led to an armchair, and a cup of chocolate was brought to her, which in those days was a ceremony similar to that formerly in use among the Romans, of presenting the *toga virilis*.

When the carriage was at the door, the Prince drew his

daughter aside, and said : "Come, Gertrude, yesterday you had every attention paid you ; to-day you must overcome yourself. The point is now to make a proper appearance in the monastery and the surrounding country, where you are destined to take the first place. They are expecting you." (It is unnecessary to say that the Prince had dispatched a message the preceding day to the Lady Abbess.) "They are expecting you, and all eyes will be upon you. You must maintain dignity and an easy manner. The Abbess will ask you what you wish, according to the usual form. You must reply that you request to be allowed to take the veil in the monastery where you have been so lovingly educated, and have received so many kindnesses, which is the simple truth. You will pronounce these words with an unembarrassed air ; for I would not have it said that you have been drawn in, and that you don't know how to answer for yourself. These good mothers know nothing of the past : it is a secret which must remain forever buried in the family. Take care you don't put on a sorrowful or dubious countenance, which might excite any suspicion. Show of what blood you are : be courteous and modest ; but remember that there, away from the family, there will be nobody above you."

Without waiting for a reply, the Prince led the way, Gertrude, the Princess, and the young Prince, following ; and, going downstairs, they seated themselves in the carriage. The snares and vexations of the world, and the happy, blessed life of the cloister, more especially for young people of noble birth, were the subjects of conversation during the drive. On approaching their destination the Prince renewed his instructions to his daughter, and repeated over to her several times the prescribed form of reply. On entering this neighborhood, Gertrude felt her heart beat violently ; but her attention was suddenly arrested by several gentlemen, who stopped the carriage and addressed numberless compliments to her. Then continuing their way, they drove slowly up to the monastery, amongst the inquisitive gazes of the crowds who had collected upon the road. When the carriage stopped before these well-known walls, and that dreaded door, Gertrude's heart beat still more violently. They alighted between two wings of bystanders, whom the servants were endeavoring to keep back, and the consciousness that the eyes of all were upon her, compelled the unfortunate girl closely to study her behavior ; but, above all, those of her father kept her in awe ; for, spite of the

dread she had of them, she could not help every moment raising her eyes to his, and, like invisible reins, they regulated every movement and expression of her countenance. After traversing the first court, they entered the second, where the door of the interior cloister was held open, and completely blockaded by nuns. In the first row stood the Abbess, surrounded by the eldest of the sisterhood; behind them the younger nuns promiscuously arranged, and some on tiptoe; and, last of all, the lay sisters mounted on stools. Here and there among them were seen the glancing of certain bright eyes and some little faces peeping out from between the cowls: they were the most active and daring of the pupils, who, creeping in and pushing their way between nun and nun, had succeeded in making an opening where *they* might also see something. Many were the acclamations of this crowd, and many the hands held up in token of welcome and exultation. They reached the door, and Gertrude found herself standing before the Lady Abbess. After the first compliments, the superior, with an air between cheerfulness and solemnity, asked her what she wanted in that place, where there was no one who would deny her anything.

"I am here . . ." began Gertrude; but, on the point of pronouncing the words which would almost irrevocably decide her fate, she hesitated a moment, and remained with her eyes fixed on the crowd before her. At this moment she caught the eye of one of her old companions, who looked at her with a mixed air of compassion and malice which seemed to say: ah! the boaster is caught. This sight, awakening more vividly in her mind her old feelings, restored to her also a little of her former courage; and she was on the point of framing a reply far different to the one which had been dictated to her, when, raising her eyes to her father's face, almost, as it were, to try her strength, she encountered there such a deep disquietude, such a threatening impatience, that, urged by fear, she continued with great precipitation, as if flying from some terrible object: "I am here to request permission to take the religious habit in this monastery, where I have been so lovingly educated." The Abbess quickly answered that she was very sorry in this instance that the regulations forbade her giving an immediate reply, which must come from the general votes of the sisters, and for which she must obtain permission from her superiors; that, nevertheless, Gertrude knew well enough the feelings

entertained towards her in that place, to foresee what the answer would be ; and that, in the mean while, no regulation prevented the Abbess and the sisterhood from manifesting the great satisfaction they felt in hearing her make such a request. There then burst forth a confused murmur of congratulations and acclamations. Presently, large dishes were brought filled with sweetmeats, and were offered first to the bride, and afterwards to her parents. While some of the nuns approached to greet Gertrude, others complimenting her mother, and others the young Prince, the Abbess requested the Prince to repair to the grate of the parlor of conference, where she would wait upon him. She was accompanied by two elders, and on his appearing, "Signor Prince," said she ; "to obey the regulations . . . to perform an indispensable formality, though in this case . . . nevertheless I must tell you . . . that whenever a young person asks to be admitted to take the veil, . . . the superior, which I am unworthily . . . is obliged to warn the parents . . . that if by any chance . . . they should have constrained the will of their daughter, they are liable to excommunication. You will excuse me . . ."

"Oh ! certainly, certainly, reverend mother. I admire your exactness ; it is only right. . . . But you need not doubt . . ."

"Oh ! think Signor Prince . . . I only spoke from absolute duty . . . for the rest . . ."

"Certainly, certainly, Lady Abbess."

Having exchanged these few words, the two interlocutors reciprocally bowed and departed, as if neither of them felt very willing to prolong the interview, each retiring to his own party, the one outside, the other within the threshold of the cloister. "Now then let us go," said the Prince: "Gertrude will soon have plenty of opportunity of enjoying as much as she pleases the society of these good mothers. For the present, we have put them to enough inconvenience." And, making a low bow, he signified his wish to return : the party broke up, exchanged salutations, and departed.

During the drive home Gertrude felt little inclination to speak. Alarmed at the step she had taken, ashamed at her want of spirit, and vexed with others as well as herself, she tried to enumerate the opportunities which still remained of saying no, and languidly and confusedly resolved in her own mind that in this, or that, or the other instance she *would* be

more open and courageous. Yet, in the midst of these thoughts, her dread of her father's frown still held its full sway ; so that once, when, by a stealthy glance at his face, she was fully assured that not a vestige of anger remained, when she even saw that he was perfectly satisfied with her, she felt quite cheered, and experienced a real but transient joy.

On their arrival, a long toilet, dinner, visits, walks, a *conversazione* and supper, followed each other in rapid succession. After supper the Prince introduced another subject — the choice of a godmother. This was the title of the person who, being solicited by the parents, became the guardian and escort of the young novice, in the interval between the request and the admission ; an interval frequently spent in visiting churches, public palaces, *conversazioni*, villas, and temples ; in short, everything of note in the city and its environs ; so that the young people, before pronouncing the irrevocable vow, might be fully aware of what they were giving up.

"We must think of a godmother," said the Prince ; "for to-morrow the vicar of the nuns will be here for the usual formality of an examination, and shortly afterwards Gertrude will be proposed in council for the acceptance of the nuns."

In saying this he turned towards the Princess, and she, thinking he intended it as an invitation to her to make some proposal, was beginning : "There should be . . ." But the Prince interrupted her.

"No, no, Signora Princess ; the godmother should be acceptable above all to the bride ; and though universal custom gives the selection to the parents, yet Gertrude has so much judgment, and such excellent discernment, that she richly deserves to be made an exception." And here, turning to Gertrude, with the air of one who was bestowing a singular favor, he continued : "Any one of the ladies who were at the *conversazioni* this evening possesses all the necessary qualifications for the office of godmother to a person of your family ; and any one of them, I am willing to believe, will think it an honor to be made choice of. Do you choose for yourself."

Gertrude was fully sensible that to make a choice was but to renew her consent ; yet the proposition was made with so much dignity that a refusal would have borne the appearance of contempt, and an excuse, of ignorance or fastidiousness. She therefore took this step also, and named a lady who had chiefly taken her fancy that evening ; that is to say, one who

had paid her the most attention, who had most applauded her, and who had treated her with those familiar, affectionate, and engaging manners, which, on the first acquaintanceship, counterfeited a friendship of long standing. "An excellent choice," exclaimed the Prince, who had exactly wished and expected it. Whether by art or chance, it happened just as when a card player, holding up to view a pack of cards, bids the spectator think of one, and then will tell him which it is, having previously disposed them in such a way that but one of them can be seen. This lady had been so much with Gertrude all the evening, and had so entirely engaged her attention, that it would have required an effort of imagination to think of another. These attentions, however, had not been paid without a motive; the lady had for some time fixed her eyes upon the young Prince as a desirable son-in-law; hence she regarded everything belonging to the family as her own; and therefore it was natural enough that she should interest herself for her dear Gertrude, no less than for her nearest relatives.

On the morrow, Gertrude awoke with the image of the approaching examination before her eyes; and, while she was considering if and how she could seize this most decisive opportunity to draw back, she was summoned by the Prince. "Courage, my child," said he: "until now you have behaved admirably, and it only remains to-day to crown the work. All that has been done hitherto has been done with your consent. If, in this interval, any doubts had arisen in your mind, any misgivings, or youthful regrets, you ought to have expressed them; but at the point at which we have now arrived, it is no longer the time to play the child. The worthy man who is coming to you this morning, will ask you a hundred questions about your election, and whether you go of your own good will, and why, and how, and what not besides. If you tantalize him in your replies, he will keep you under examination I don't know how long. It would be an annoyance and a weariness to you; and it might produce a still more serious effect. After all the public demonstrations that have been made, every little hesitation you may display will risk my honor, and may make people think that I have taken a momentary fancy of yours for a settled resolution—that I have rushed headlong into the business—that I have . . . what not? In this case, I shall be reduced to the necessity of choosing between two painful alternatives; either to let the world

form a derogatory judgment of my conduct — a course which I absolutely cannot take in justice to myself — or to reveal the true motive of your resolution, and . . .” But here, observing that Gertrude colored crimson, that her eyes became inflamed, and her face contracted like the petals of a flower in the sultry heat that precedes a storm, he broke off this strain, and continued with a serene face: “Come, come, all depends upon yourself — upon your judgment. I know that you are not deficient in it, and that you are not a child, to go spoil a good undertaking just at the conclusion; but I must foresee and provide for all contingencies. Let us say no more about it; only let me feel assured that you will reply with frankness so as not to excite suspicion in the mind of this worthy man. Thus you, also, will be set at liberty the sooner.” Then, after suggesting a few answers to the probable interrogations that would be put, he entered upon the usual topic of the pleasures and enjoyments prepared for Gertrude at the monastery, and contrived to detain her on this subject till a servant announced the arrival of the examiner. After a hasty repetition of the most important hints, he left his daughter alone with him, according to the usual custom.

The good man came with a slight preconceived opinion that Gertrude had a strong desire for a cloistral life, because the Prince had told him so, when he went to request his attendance. It is true that the good priest, who knew well enough that mistrust was one of the most necessary virtues of his office, held as a maxim that he should be very slow in believing such protestations, and should be on his guard against preconceptions; but it seldom happens that the positive affirmations of a person of such authority, in whatever matter, do not give a bias to the mind of those who hear them. After the usual salutations: “Signorina,” said he, “I am coming to act the part of the tempter; I have come to excite doubts where your request expresses certainty, to place difficulties before your eyes, and to assure myself whether you have well considered them. Will you allow me to ask you some questions?”

“Proceed,” replied Gertrude.

The worthy priest then began to question her in the usual prescribed forms. “Do you feel in your heart a free, voluntary resolution to become a nun? Have no threatenings, no flatteries, been resorted to? Has no authority been made use of to persuade you to this step? Speak without reserve and with

perfect sincerity to a man whose duty it is to ascertain your unbiased will, that he may prevent your being compelled by any exercise of force to take such a course."

The true answer to such a demand rose up before Gertrude's mind with fearful distinctness. But to make that reply, she must come to an explanation; she must disclose what she had been threatened with, and relate a story. . . . The unhappy girl shrank back in horror from such an idea, and tried to find some other reply, which would more speedily release her from this unpleasant interview. "I wish to take the veil," said she, concealing her agitation — "I wish to take the veil at my own desire, voluntarily."

"How long have you had this desire?" again demanded the good priest.

"I have always felt it," replied Gertrude, rendered after this first step more unscrupulous about speaking the truth.

"But what is the principal motive that induces you to become a nun?"

The good priest little knew what a terrible chord he was touching; and Gertrude had to make a great effort not to betray in her countenance the effect which these words produced on her mind, as she replied: "My motive is to serve God, and to fly the perils of the world."

"May there not have been some disgust? Some . . . excuse me . . . some caprice? There are times when a passing cause may make an impression that seems at the moment sure to be lasting; but afterwards, when the cause is removed, and the mind calmed, then . . ."

"No, no," replied Gertrude, precipitately, "the reason is exactly what I have told you."

The vicar, rather to discharge his duty faithfully than because he thought it necessary, persisted in his inquiries; but Gertrude was resolved to deceive him. Besides the horror she felt at the thought of making him acquainted with her weakness, when he seemed so far from suspecting her of anything of the kind, the poor girl thought that though he could certainly easily prevent her taking the veil, yet that there was the end of his authority over her, or his power of protection. When once he had gone, she would be left alone with the Prince, and of what she would then have to endure in that house, the worthy priest could know nothing; or, even if he did, he could only pity her. The examiner was tired of questioning, before the

unfortunate girl of deceiving him; and, finding her replies invariably consistent, and having no reason to doubt their sincerity, he at last changed his tone, and said all he could to confirm her in her good resolution; and, after congratulating her, he took his leave. Passing through one of the apartments, he met with the Prince, who appeared to fall in with him accidentally, and congratulated him on the good dispositions his daughter had displayed. The Prince had been waiting in a very wearisome state of suspense, but, on receiving this account, he breathed more freely, and, forgetting his usual gravity, he almost ran to Gertrude, and loaded her with commendations, caresses, and promises, with cordial satisfaction, and a tenderness of manner to a great degree sincere. Such a strange medley is the human heart!

We will not follow Gertrude in her continual round of sights and amusements, nor will we describe, either generally or particularly, the feelings of her mind during this period; it would be a history of sorrows and fluctuations too monotonous, and too much resembling what we have already related. The beauty of the surrounding seats, the continual variety of objects, and the pleasant excursions in the open air rendered the idea of the place where she must shortly alight for the last time, more odious to her than ever. Still more painful were the impressions made upon her by the assemblies and amusements of the city. The sight of a bride, in the more obvious and common sense of the word, aroused in her envy and anguish, to a degree almost intolerable; and sometimes the sight of some other individual made her feel as if to hear that title given to herself would be the height of felicity. There were even times when the pomp of palaces, the splendor of ornaments, and the excitement and clamorous festivity of the *conversazione* so infatuated her, and aroused in her such an ardent desire to lead a gay life, that she resolved to recant, and to suffer anything rather than turn to the cold and deathlike shade of the cloister. But all these resolutions vanished into air, on the calmer consideration of the difficulties of such a course, or on merely raising her eyes to the Prince's face. Sometimes, too, the thought that she must forever abandon these enjoyments made even this little taste of them bitter and wearisome to her; as the patient, suffering with thirst, eyes with vexation, and almost refuses with contempt, the spoonful of water the physician unwillingly allows him. In the mean while, the vicar of the nuns had dispatched

the necessary attestation, and permission arrived, to hold the conference for the election of Gertrude. The meeting was called; two thirds of the secret votes, which were required by the regulations, were given, as was to be expected, and Gertrude was accepted. She herself, wearied with this long struggle, begged for immediate admission into the monastery, and no one came forward to oppose such a request. She was therefore gratified in her wish; and, after being pompously conducted to the monastery, she assumed the habit. After twelve months of novitiate, full of alternate regret and repentings, the time of public profession arrived; that is to say, the time when she must either utter a "no," more strange, more unexpected, and more disgraceful than ever; or pronounce a "yes," already so often repeated: she pronounced it, and became a nun forever.



TO SYLVIA.

BY GIACOMO LEOPARDI.

[COUNT GIACOMO LEOPARDI, the famous Italian poet of pessimism, was born 1798 in Tuscany, of a very impoverished family, and self-educated; but became deeply learned while a mere boy, and before eighteen wrote specialist treatises on classic subjects in Latin and Italian. His odes "To Italy" (1818), "On the Monument to Dante" (1819), "Brutus the Younger" (1823), and others, his "Moral Opinions" (1827), and several minor poems, are noted. He died in 1837.]

SYLVIA, hast thou still the memory
Of that season in thy life as mortal,
When thy beauty shot its radiance
From thine eyes in glances fleeting, smiling,
While, now gay, now pensive, o'er the borders
Of thy childhood thou didst bound?

All the quiet chambers
And thy daily walks resounded
To thy ceaseless carols,
As intent upon thy feminine taskwork
Satst thou, well contented
With the future vaguely held in fancy.
It was May the fragrant, and thy wont was
Thus to while away the hours.

I, my fascinating studies
Sometimes leaving, and the parchments sweated,
Over which the better portion
Of myself and of my youth I spent in poring,
From the terrace of my father's mansion

Strained my ears thy voice's sound to listen,
 And thy swift hand with the shuttle
 As it darted through the tedious fabric;
 Gazed upon the tranquil heavens,
 On the golden lanes and orchards,
 Here upon the far-off sea, and there upon the mountains.
 Mortal tongue can never utter
 What upsprung within my bosom.

What delicious musings,
 Hopes and hearts were ours, O Sylvia mine!
 In what lovely guise before us
 Human life and fortune lay!
 When so many hopes come back to memory,
 Such emotions seize me,
 Comfortless and bitter,
 Turning back, I mourn my ill-starred fate.
 Nature, Mother Nature,
 Wherefore dost not render
 What was promised at the outset? Why so often
 Dost thou cheat thy very children?

Thou, ere winter withered the green herbage,
 Fell disease by stealth had fought and conquered;
 Thou didst perish, tender flower, and never
 Sawest the blossom of thine years;
 Never had thy heart been melted
 By sweet praise of now thine ebon tresses,
 Now thy glances love-shot yet all modest;
 Nor on holidays with thee did thy companions
 Hold discourse on love.

With thee too there shortly faded
 The dear hopes I cherished; to my years
 Fate denied me
 Even youth. Alas, how from me,
 How has passed away forever
 That beloved companion of my childhood,
 Hopes for which my tears are flowing!
 Can this be the world we visioned?
 Pleasures, love, and tasks, and happenings,
 That so oft we chatted of together?
 This the lot of human beings?
 When the truth dawned on thee,
 Sad one, thou didst fall; and showed me
 With thy hand cold death and unknown tomb
 Awaiting me afar.

A BROKEN DREAM.¹

By JOSEPH VON EICHENDORFF.

(From the "Memoirs of a Good-for-Nothing," translation of Charles Godfrey Leland.)

[BARON JOSEPH VON EICHENDORFF, noted German romancist and poet, was born, 1788, on a manor near Ratibor in Silesia; studied law at Halle and Heidelberg, but loved letters more; was a friend of Achim Von Arnim and Clemens Brentano, and aided Görres in editing old romances. Visiting Paris and Vienna, he became intimate with Frederick Schlegel and an ardent Romanticist, and wrote "Presentiment and the Present" (1815), the extremest of "decadent" novels, nearly a century before that spirit's supposed existence. But his life proved it only a boy's mood and theory: in 1813 he had joined the Army of Liberation, served till the peace in 1815, and from 1816 to 1841 held government law-places in various cities, then entering the Ministry as Secret State Councillor with supervision of the Catholic Church and the school system. He retired in 1844, and died at Neisse in 1857. "War on the Philistines" appeared in 1821; but "From the Life of a Good-for-Nothing" (1824) is his masterpiece and remains a popular classic. "The Marble Image," with "Songs and Tales," appeared the same year, the novel "Much Ado About Nothing" in 1833. His lyric poems, many of them set to music by eminent composers, were an even greater element in his repute; and valuable works on literary history and criticism, as "Poets and their Companions" (1834), solidified it. From 1828 to 1833 he wrote dramas not much read, and a failure on the stage.]

THE wheel of my father's mill was again roaring and rustling right merrily, the thawing snow dropped steadily from the roof, and the sparrows chirped and hopped in harmony with the music, while I sat on the doorstep and rubbed the sleep from my eyes. Oh, it was so comfortable there, in the warm sunshine!

But soon my father came out. Since daybreak he had been bustling about in the mill, and, with his nightcap cocked sharply over his eye, he began: "Well, Good-for-Nothing! there you are sunning yourself again! Nice, isn't it, to yawn and stretch your bones till you're tired, and leave *me* to do all the work? Once for all, I say, I'll not find your fodder any longer. Spring is come: get out into the world and earn your own bread!"

"Well," thought I, "if I *am* a good-for-nothing, it's all right; I *will* go out into the world and make my fortune." And to tell the truth, the hint pleased me; for I had, of my own accord, thought of traveling, some time before, when the yellow-hammer which through autumn and winter had sung

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wearily at the window, "Farmer, hire me! farmer, hire me!" began to warble proudly and gayly from the trees, in the fine spring weather, "Farmer, keep your service!" So I went into the house and took from the wall my fiddle, which I played very well, and, after making my little bundle and receiving a few shillings from my father, I strolled away through the long village. I felt a droll and quite peculiar delight as I saw all my old acquaintances and comrades digging and plowing just as they had gone out to work yesterday, and the day before, and every day, while I struck out into the open world. I called out my good-bys very proudly and contentedly to the poor souls on every side, very few of whom troubled themselves much about them. It seemed to me as if life were all one happy holiday.

Happening to glance around, I saw close behind me a splendid traveling coach, which, for aught I knew, may have been close behind for a long time; for my heart was so full of music that I heard nothing, and the vehicle went just at my pace. Two aristocratic dames looked from the window and listened to me. One of them was decidedly younger and fairer than the other; but I was really very much pleased with both. And as I ceased to sing, the elder bade the coachman stop, and said, in a kind tone, "Why, my cheerful boy, you sing very pretty songs!" "Please your ladyship, I know many a prettier one," I replied, promptly. "But where are you going so early in the morning?" she asked. I blushed at first, as it struck me that I myself did not know, and then said, boldly, "To Vienna."

The two ladies conversed together in a foreign language which I did not understand, the younger sometimes shaking her head, while the elder laughed continually, casting an occasional side glance of good omen at me. At last she said to me, "Jump up behind; we too are going to Vienna." And wasn't I glad to hear it? I made my politest bow, and, with a single leap, took my place behind. The coachman cracked his whip, and we went at such a headlong rate over the smooth road that the wind fairly whistled around my hat.

The village, with its gardens and church towers, lessened behind me, and other villages, castles, and hills grew larger as we approached them. Far below, seed-fields, groves, and meadows seemed to fly by; and innumerable larks soared above in the clear blue sky. I dared not, in all the joy of my heart,

shout aloud, but I frolicked away to myself, dancing my feet and stamping on the footboard, so that I well-nigh dropped the fiddle which I held under my arm. But as the sun rose higher, and the heavy white clouds of noon arose, and all above or in the wide horizon grew empty and sultry and still over the softly waving cornfields, then, for the first time since leaving home, I began to think of the village, and of my father and of our mill, and how homelike it was by the cool, shady pond, and how very far away I was from it all ! It gave me a strange, uneasy feeling, as though I ought to turn back ; and so, full of thought, I put my fiddle safely between my coat and vest, coiled myself into a corner, and fell asleep.

When I awoke, the coach was standing still under stately linden trees, near a broad flight of stairs which swept upwards between rows of columns to a splendid *château*. Sideways through the trees I saw the spires and towers of Vienna, purple in the early evening glow. The ladies had long since left the coach ; even the horses had been taken away. I felt alarmed at finding myself alone, and ran quickly into the castle, hearing, as I ran, merry laughter from a window above.

I met with an odd reception. As I looked around in the broad, cool hall, some one rapped me with a stick on the shoulder. I turned quickly, and there stood a great "gentleman," in state livery, with a very broad shoulder-belt of gold and silk hanging to his hip. He held in his hand a staff, the upper part plated with silver,—an implement which at once suggested vividly to my mind the wonderful wealth of people who live in castles ; while his remarkably long and princely nose had, in its puffs and scornful curves, a vague resemblance to a fully expanded and very full-fed turkey cock. This stately being it was who, having touched me from afar, majestically inquired what I wanted. In my astonishment and awe I could not utter a word ; and my embarrassment was but little soothed by the presence of several servants, who, running up or down stairs, stopped to examine me closely from head to foot. In the midst of it all tripped up a gay waiting-maid, who opened fire bravely on me by declaring that I was a charming boy, and a delightful dear, and that the "great folks" would like to know if I would stay there to work in the garden.

By a rapid flash of associated ideas, I clapped my hand to my shallow pocket. The shillings were gone—jolted out, I suppose, while riding on the coach. I instinctively looked at

my fiddle; whereupon the stately being with the staff, who had also traveled on the fast train of my ideas, and who felt it to be his duty to aid the "great folks," and incidentally the pretty chambermaid, assured me majestically that *he* wouldn't give a farthin' for all the fiddlin' in the world. Saying this, his mighty form moved, in regular time, backwards and forwards, up and down the hall, so that I somehow thought of the great pendulum I had once seen swinging in a tower, stepping, like the awful form before me, back into shadow, forward into sunset light, back — forth — back — forth — exactly like the sound of his stately steps. And after looking up and down his figure, as if seeking for counsel in its movements, I turned to the pretty waiting-maid.

The girl gave no advice; she did better, by bestowing on me an amiable, aerial nod, significant of favor from the great folks on high, and a smile of good will on her own account. It all passed in a minute, and my flutter and fear still quivered in my voice as I looked up doubtfully to the damsel and said, "Yes, miss." She ran away, and soon returned with the gardener, a person who, from behind a mighty beard, sent forth sundry remarks as to "vagabonds," "riff-raffs," and "country louts," by which I was rolled down as it were into nothing. This done, he led me into the garden and raised me up again by a long sermon, the burden of which set forth that I "had it in me," or *would* have it, if I should become sober and industrious, and that I might rely on coming to something if I would give up strolling about in the world and abandon the exercise of arts which wouldn't give bread. (This was a hit at my poor fiddle; and I couldn't help thinking it was rather inconsistent in both the authorities to abuse it, since it had been the means of my rising to preferment.) There were many other good counsels. Perhaps it is a pity I have forgotten them. But as I had all the time, in this sudden change of my condition, a sensation something between that of an old rat in a new trap and a young bird soaked in water, I simply said "yes" to it all.

I can remember very well how it occurred to me that both the stately being and the gardener were disposed to favor me, behind all their dignity, and that the former must be by far the more cultivated of the two, since he had maintained his grand style without using, at first sight, any terms of abuse. This difference I attributed to the fact that the former exer-

cised his functions within doors, whereas the gardener, exposed to the sunshine and open air, must be naturally ruder in his manners, and that, in fact, though his business was to raise flowers instead of potatoes, he was only a sort of rose-and-pink peasant, after all !

[He is installed as toll-house keeper in place of a former functionary, and endued with his robes.]

So here was I, thank goodness ! earning my living, Good-for-Nothing as I was !

It was an easy life, this of taking toll, and I enjoyed it. Nothing to do but sit all day on a bench before my house, arrayed in dressing-robe and cap, and smoke my predecessor's pipe, blowing blue clouds, and seeing how the people rode or walked past to and fro. From the very depths of my soul did I wish that just a few people from our village—some of the rascals who prophesied that I would never in all my life come to anything—would travel to my little establishment and see me in *this* sort of thing—particular reference being made in the end of my wish to the red dressing-gown ; for if there was any one article of faith to which I adhered with all my heart and soul, it was to the belief that the garment in question was the very perfection of all elegance and style. So I sat there and thought of many things,—how hard it is to get a start in the world, and how much better the more aristocratic style of life, with its easy work, was, than any other,—and finally determined that I would cease traveling, and save up my money like other folks, so as to become something great at last. But, with all this, morning and evening I thought continually on the beautiful lady.

I pulled up and threw away the potatoes which I found growing in my little garden, planting in their place the choicest flowers, at which the stately castle-porter with the princely nose (who since I was toll-taker had become my most intimate friend and daily visitor) shook his head and intimated that my sudden good fortune had turned my brain. But I never let that disturb me ; for just then among the voices in the park I thought I heard that of the fair lady. After this, I made every day as choice a bouquet as I could, and, when it was dark, laid it on a stone table, where she was wont to go, in a retired thicket ; and every evening, when I brought fresh flowers, those of yesterday were gone !

One evening the people of the castle had ridden away, hunting. The sun was setting, covering all the land with gleaming, quivering light; the Danube wound like a serpent of pure gold and fire, far, far away, and from every hill into the deep distance rang the songs and shouts of the vine-dressers. I sat with the porter on the bench before my house, and reveled in the mild air as the merry daylight slowly grew dim and the echoes died away. Then all at once the horns of the returning huntsmen were heard, as they answered one another from hill to hill. I felt pleased to my very heart, and cried out, in a rapture, "Ah, that's the business for me, that noble hunting!" But the porter calmly knocked out the ashes from his pipe, and said: "That's what *you* think, is it? Well, I've been through all that work, and poor work it is. One doesn't earn the value of the soles which he wears out; and as for the colds and coughs one gets from wet feet—"

I do not know how it was, but his answer cast me into such a rage that I fairly trembled. All at once the whole fellow, with his bore of a cloak, and everlasting feet, and snuff and turkey-cock nose, appeared intolerable. I caught him, as if beside myself, by the breast, and said, "Now, porter, pack away with you: go home; or I'll thrash you like the deuce!"

Hearing this, the porter suddenly recurred to his old idea that I was literally insane. He looked at me seriously, but with secret fear, and, without speaking a word, went away with long strides to the castle, ever and anon turning and shaking his head significantly, until he reached home, where he reported that I had really gone mad. I, however, only burst out laughing, and was glad to have got rid of this heavy sage, —the more so as it was just the hour when I was accustomed to make my bouquet and lay it in the thicket. So I sprang quickly over the wall, and was flying towards the stone table when I suddenly heard the tread of a horse near by. There was no escape for me, as I saw my fair lady in a green hunting-dress, with nodding feathers in her hat, riding slowly, apparently in a deep reverie, up the avenue. I could not stir; and it seemed to me as though I saw before me that most beautiful of women, the fair Magelona, of whom I had read in old books at home, as she had even so appeared under high trees, amid the ring of hunting-horns ever sounding nearer and nearer, and in the changing lights of early eve. She, however, was almost alarmed as she beheld me, and unconsciously

checked her horse; while I was like one intoxicated with doubt, heart-beating, and wild joy. But as I observed that she bore on her bosom the bouquet of yesterday, I could no longer restrain myself, and said, very confusedly: "Beautiful lady—your ladyship—please to take these flowers too from me, and all in my garden, and all that I have! Oh, if I could only go through fire and water for you!"

She looked at me, as I first spoke, steadily, almost angrily, so that her eyes thrilled me to the very heart; but, as I went on, her glance sunk to the ground. Suddenly the sound of huntsmen approaching us was heard, and, catching the flowers from my hand, she disappeared, without speaking a word, through the farther end of the avenue.

I still continued to lay my bouquets every evening on the stone table. But—there was the sorrow!—no living soul troubled itself about the matter after that evening; and when I in the morning looked at my little offering, there lay the flowers, gazing at me with their hanging, fading eyes covered with dew, as though they wept for grief. This troubled me, and I made no more bouquets. Weeds might grow in my garden now if they would, and the flowers bloomed sadly and alone till the wind scattered their leaves. All was quite as weedy and seedy in my heart.

While I had been gardener's boy, none of the castle folk had ever talked to me; and after I became tollman I spoke as little with them,—always excepting my late reserved friend the stately porter, who said nothing at all: so that I knew very little of my lords and ladies. A servant either knows everything or nothing. In this critical time of ignorance, weeds, and grief, it happened one evening, as I lay in the great window of my little home, looking wearily up at the sky, that the waiting-maid of the castle came tripping along. She came up as she saw me, and stood by the window. "My lord returned yesterday from his journey," said she, in a hurry. "Indeed!" I replied, quite unconscious, in the depth of my ignorance, that he had been gone for weeks; "then our young lady his daughter must be very glad." The girl looked at me with a sly glance, so that I wondered what I had said particularly stupid. "Pshaw! why, the child knows actually nothing at all!" she cried, with a shrug of her little shoulders. "Well," she continued, "this evening there is to be a ball at the castle in honor of my lord's return, and a masquerade.

My lady will be masked too, as a gardener-girl — do you mind that, innocence? — I say, as a gardener's girl! Now, my lady happens to have noticed that you have very fine flowers in your garden ["That is more than I have noticed myself, lately," thought I, "considering the state of the weeds"], and as my lady wants flowers fresh from the bed, — mind that too, innocence! — why, you are to bring her some, and this evening at that, after dark, and you're to wait in the castle garden under the great pear tree, and she will come and get them."

I was bewildered with joy at this news, and, in my delight, made but one jump from the window at the pretty waiting-maid.

"Oh, what a nasty old night gown!" she cried, as I appeared at full length in full blaze of scarlet with yellow rings. That hit hard; and, to show her that I was not altogether slow in matters of gallantry, I chased her right and left to get a kiss. But, as the deuce would have it, the dressing-robe, which was much too long for me, caught under my feet, and I fell on the ground. As I picked myself up, like one who has tumbled in running a sack race, I saw the pretty waiting-maid vanishing among the trees, and heard her laughing merrily at my mishap, as if she herself could hardly keep her feet.

And now I had something to think of, and to gladden my heart. She *did* remember me and my flowers, after all! I ran into my garden, and, tearing up the weeds in haste, threw them high in the air and far away, as though I were rooting up and destroying a sorrow with every one. The roses again grew ruddy like *her* mouth, the heavenly blue convolvulus was like her eyes, and the snow-white lily, with its musing, melancholy drooping head, was all like her; and I placed the whole sisterhood carefully in a basket. It was a lovely, silent evening, without a cloud. Here and there a star began to gleam in the sky; over the meadows, borne on the fragrant breeze, came the rush of the Danube; and all around the wild birds sang merrily. Ah! I was so happy!

As night came on, I took my basket on my arm and went towards the great garden. The flowers lay so beautifully in their little nest, and seemed so patient and gentle in their red, blue, and white freshness and fragrance, that my heart expanded with them as I peeped in.

Full of glad thoughts, I went on in the moonlight, past the dainty thickets and summerhouses, and over the silent, neatly

sanded walks, and trim little white bridges, under which, sleeping as they floated in the grotesque shadows, sat the stately swans. The great pear tree I found readily enough; for it was the same under which, when gardener's boy, I had dreamed away so many sultry summer afternoons.

Now it was so dark and lonely! Only a high aspen trembled incessantly, and whispered with its silver leaves. Sometimes the swell of music rose from the castle; and now and then in the garden voices were heard which came near me, and then, step by step, died away, till all was again silent.

How my heart beat! I felt as tremulous and guilty as though I were there to steal. Long I stood leaning on the tree, lurking and listening on every side; but still no one came, and I could bear the suspense no more. I *must* do something: so I hung my basket quickly on my arm, and climbed the pear tree, to breathe, higher up, fresher air.

For the first time the music now sounded distinctly, as it swept over the tops of the trees. I could see all the garden, and look directly into the brilliantly lighted castle hall. There the chandeliers turned in the breeze, like wreaths of stars; innumerable gentlemen and ladies crowded and whirled in the dance, and mingled gayly, ever disappearing amid each other, while many came to the windows and looked out on the night. Before the house were the green banks, the flowering shrubs, and the trees—all gilded by the many lights; while the flowers and birds seemed to stare as if awakened from their sleep. And farther on, around and behind all, lay the garden, buried in deepest, blackest shade.

"There *she* dances," thought I, alone up in the tree, "and has doubtless long since forgotten you and your flowers. All is so merry, and no living soul troubles himself about you. Every one has his little corner of the earth to himself,—his warm stove, his cup of coffee, his wife, and his glass of wine in the evening,—and is well contented with it all. Even the porter, there, is satisfied in his long dress. But nothing goes right with you. It's just as if you came a little too late everywhere, and as if the whole world took no account of you."

While I philosophized thus, I heard all at once something rustling below me in the grass. Two sweet voices conversed closely and in subdued tones, together. Soon the twigs in the shrubbery parted, and from between them came forth the wee

little face of the waiting-maid, looking to every side among the leaves, while the moonlight shone directly on her shrewd eyes as she peeped around. An instant after, and the gardener-girl — just as the waiting-maid had described her — stepped out from among the trees. My heart beat as if it would break. She, however, wore a mask, and seemed to look around as if bewildered. Somehow it struck me that she did not seem so slender and graceful as usual. At last she came close to the tree, and removed her mask — Why, it was the elder of the two ladies, the plump, black-eyed one !

How glad I was, as I recovered from my first surprise, that I was up there in safety ! “How in all the world,” thought I, “does *she* come here ? ’Faith, if the dear, beautiful countess were to step in just at this minute for her flowers, there would be a nice story !” But I felt, on the whole, as if I could weep with vexation at the whole affair.

Meanwhile, the masked gardener-girl below began to speak : “It is *so* suffocating and warm there in the hall ! I must cool myself a little in the delicious open air.” Therewith she fanned herself with her mask, and blew away the air. I could see by the bright moonlight that her plump neck seemed to fairly swell as she crimsoned with vexation. The waiting-maid sought, meanwhile, under every hedge and bush, as though hunting for pins.

“I wanted fresh flowers so much for my character,” continued the gardener-girl. “Where on earth can he be hiding ?” (Here the waiting-maid giggled.)

“Did you say anything, Rosette ?” exclaimed the mask, rather sharply.

“I say,” was the reply, with a very devoted air, “what I always *have* said, — that the whole tollman from head to foot was, is, and always will be, a lout. Pshaw ! he’s lying asleep now somewhere under a bush !”

I felt a thrilling, prickling sensation, as of a million tiny spurs, goading me down to rescue my reputation from this horrible charge, when all at once a thundering sound of drums, orchestral music, and shouts rose from the castle, and the lady exclaimed, with vexation : “There ! they are about to cheer my lord. Come, or we shall be missed !” Saying this, she clapped on her mask and ran angrily towards the castle.

The trees seemed to point their long and branching fingers after her as if with jeers, the boughs of shrubbery were lifted

in the breeze like sneering noses above her head, while the moonlight played quickly around her full waist as if gliding over the keyboard of a piano; and so she made her exit, as I have often seen it done by *prima donnas* on the stage, amid a final roar of trumpets and drums.

But I, up in my tree there, could not determine exactly what had happened to me, and so kept my glance fixed immovably upon the castle; for a row of tall flambeaux upon the broad steps before it cast a strange gleam over the glittering windows and far into the garden. They were lighted just as the servants of the household came to play a serenade to their lord. Among them, stately and gloriously arrayed, as prime minister, stood the porter at a music-desk, blowing away with vigor and industry on a bassoon.

As I sat myself more comfortably to listen to the beautiful serenade, I saw the folding gates in the balcony thrown open, and between them appeared a tall and stately gentleman, in uniform and with many glittering orders, supporting on one arm—the beautiful young lady, all in white, like a lily in the night, or the moon sweeping over a cloudless sky.

I could not turn my eyes from the spot, and garden, forest, and field seemed to vanish as she stood there, tall and slender and beautiful, among the gleaming torches, at one time speaking confidently to the officer, and at another nodding amiably to the musicians. The people down below were wild with joy, and I too, at last, yielding to the excitement, cried, "*Hurrah!*" with them, and with all my might.

But after they had disappeared, and one torch after another was extinguished before the castle, and the music-desks were cleared away, little by little the garden became dark as before, and the rustling of the trees in the night wind was again a constant solitary sound—*then* all seemed plain to me, and it fell at once like ice on my heart that it was the aunt alone who had sent for my flowers, that the beautiful young lady was betrothed or married to the handsome nobleman, and that I myself was a fool!

It all plunged me into an abyss of dark reverie. I rolled myself like a hedgehog against the sharp points of my own thoughts, while the music of the dance sounded fitfully and at longer intervals from the castle, and clouds swept one by one over the dark gardens. And so I sat, like an owl, amid the ruins of my happiness, all through the lonely night.

The cool morning air at last awoke me from my dreams. How astonished I was as I looked around ! Music and dancing had long since ceased ; while in the castle and all about it, on the broad turf, and among the stone steps and pillars, all was so silent, cool, and calm — only the fountain before the gate prattled merrily as it ran on. Here and there, on the twigs near me, the birds were waking, shaking their plumes and looking with wonder on their new tree-fellow, while gayly sweeping morning sun-rays fell across the garden upon my breast.

Then I sat straight up in my tree, and looked for the first time over the country, to where a sail here and there, far, far on the Danube, shone white between the vineyards, or where the as yet empty highways threw themselves out like bridges in the shining land, along over hill and dale.

I know not how it was, but all at once my old longing to wander seized on me — all the old sadness and joy and strange hope. And at once with it there fell into my soul the thought that the fair lady lay slumbering in the castle, among flowers and under silken canopies, and that an angel sat by her in the early morning stillness. “No ! no !” I cried, “I must away hence, and ever away, as far as the heaven is blue !”

With that, strange, wild boy that I was, I threw my basket high in the air ; and it was right pleasant to see how the flowers rained down between the branches and lay in many colors on the turf. Then I quickly descended, and ran to my house, where I long lingered, gazing on the places where I had seen her, or where I had lain in the shade and mused over what I had seen.

Everything in my house was unchanged from the day before. My garden was plundered and waste, while in the room the great account book lay wide open, and on the wall my long-forgotten fiddle hung covered with dust. A sunbeam from the opposite window fell gleaming on the strings, and seemed to awake a chord which reëchoed in my heart. “Yes,” I cried ; “come here, my trusty friend ! Our kingdom is not of this world !”

EVENING HYMN.

By JOHN KEBLE.

[JOHN KEBLE: An English clergyman and poet; born at Fairford, Gloucestershire, April 25, 1792; died at Bournemouth, March 29, 1866. He was educated at Oxford University; became a clergyman of the Church of England; was professor of poetry at Oxford; and from 1836 until his death was vicar of Horsley. His greatest work, "The Christian Year," appeared in two volumes in 1827, and in 1872 had reached its 158th edition. From the profits of the book the author built one of the most beautiful parish churches in England. He also wrote: "Contributions to 'Lyra Apostolica'" (1836), "The Psalter in English Verse" (1839), "Lyra Innocentium" (1846), "On Eucharistical Adoration" (1857), "The Life of Thomas Wilson" (1863), "A Litany of Our Lord's Warnings" (1864), and others.]

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the Voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin:
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake;
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

HYMN FOR FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

By JOHN KEBLE.

(From "The Christian Year.")

IT WAS not then a poet's dream,
 An idle vaunt of song,
 Such as beneath the moon's soft gleam
 On vacant fancies throng:

Which bids us see in heaven and earth,
 In all fair things around,
 Strong yearnings for a blest new birth
 With sinless glories crowned;

Which bids us hear, at each sweet pause
 From care and want and toil,
 When dewy eve her curtain draws
 Over the day's turmoil,

In the low chant of wakeful birds,
 In the deep weltering flood,
 In whispering leaves, these solemn words:
 "God made us all for good."

All true, all faultless, all in tune,
 Creation's wondrous choir
 Opened in mystic unison
 To last till time expire.

And still it lasts: by day and night,
 With one consenting voice,
 All hymn Thy glory, Lord, aright,
 All worship and rejoice.

Man only mars the sweet accord,
 O'erpowering with "harsh din,"
 The music of Thy works and word,
 Ill-matched with grief and sin.

Sin is with man at morning break,
 And through the livelong day
 Deafens the ear that fain would wake
 To Nature's simple lay.

But when eve's silent footfall steals
 Along the eastern sky,
 And one by one to earth reveals
 Those purer fires on high,

When one by one each human sound
 Dies on the awful ear,
 Then Nature's voice no more is drowned,
 She speaks, and we must hear.

Then pours she on the Christian heart
 That warning still and deep,
 At which high spirits of old would start
 Even from their Pagan sleep,

Just guessing, through their murky blind,
 Few, faint, and baffling sight,
 Streaks of a brighter heaven behind,
 A cloudless depth of light.

Such thoughts, the wreck of Paradise,
 Through many a dreary age,
 Upbore whate'er of good and wise
 Yet lived in bard or sage:

They marked what agonizing throes
 Shook the great mother's womb;
 But Reason's spells might not disclose
 The gracious birth to come;

Nor could th' enchantress Hope forecast
 God's secret love and power;
 The travail pangs of earth must last
 Till her appointed hour —

The hour that saw from opening heaven
 Redeeming glory stream,
 Beyond the summer hues of even,
 Beyond the midday beam.

Thenceforth, to eyes of high desire,
 The meanest things below,
 As with a Seraph's robe of fire
 Invested, burn and glow:

The rod of Heaven has touched them all,
 The word from heaven is spoken:
 "Rise, shine, and sing, thou captive thrall;
 Are not thy fetters broken?"

"The God who hallowed thee and blessed,
Pronouncing thee all good —
Hath He not all thy wrongs redressed,
And all thy bliss renewed ?

"Why mourn'st thou still as one bereft,
Now that th' eternal Son
His blessed home in heaven hath left
To make thee all His own ?"

Thou mourn'st because Sin lingers still
In Christ's new heaven and earth ;
Because our rebel works and will
Stain our immortal birth —

Because, as love and prayer grow cold,
The Savior hides His face,
And worldlings blot the Temple's gold
With uses vile and base.

Hence all thy groans and travail pains,
Hence, till thy God return,
In wisdom's ear thy blithest strains,
O Nature, seem to mourn.



JOHN HENRY NEWMAN AND HIS COMPANIONS.

(From "Apologia pro Vita Sua.")

[JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, poet, prose writer, and cardinal, was born in London, February 21, 1801. After a brilliant scholastic career at Oxford, he took his degree in 1820, was elected Fellow of Oriel (1822), and ordained (1824). His early religious tendencies were evangelical, but he now became a supporter of the High Church party, and after being appointed incumbent of St. Mary's, preached a series of sermons which exercised an immense influence on the Oxford students and laid the foundation of the religious system to which his friend, Dr. Pusey, was to give his name. He entered the Roman Catholic Church in 1845 ; established a branch of the order of St. Philip Neri ; and in 1879 made a visit to Rome to receive the cardinal's hat. He died August 11, 1890. As a prose writer Cardinal Newman is one of the greatest masters of style in the English language. His works include : "Callista," "Apologia pro Vita Sua," "Dream of Gerontius," "A History of Arianism," the hymn "Lead, Kindly Light," etc.]

THE two persons who knew me best at that time are still alive, beneficed clergymen, no longer my friends. They could

tell better than any one else what I was in those years. From this time my tongue was, as it were, loosened, and I spoke spontaneously and without effort. One of the two, Mr. Rickards, said of me, I have been told, "Here is a fellow who, when he is silent, will never begin to speak; and when he once begins to speak, will never stop." It was at this time that I began to have influence, which steadily increased for a course of years. I gained upon my pupils, and was in particular intimate and affectionate with two of our probationer Fellows, Robert Isaac Wilberforce (afterwards Archdeacon) and Richard Hurrell Froude. Whately then, an acute man, perhaps saw around me the signs of an incipient party, of which I was not conscious myself. And thus we discern the first elements of that movement afterwards called Tractarian.

The true and primary author of it, however, as is usual with great motive powers, was out of sight. Having carried off as a mere boy the highest honors of the University, he had turned from the admiration which haunted his steps, and sought for a better and holier satisfaction in pastoral work in the country. Need I say that I am speaking of John Keble? The first time that I was in a room with him was on occasion of my election to a fellowship at Oriel, when I was sent for into the Tower to shake hands with the Provost and Fellows. How is that hour fixed in my memory after the changes of forty-two years, forty-two this very day on which I write! I have lately had a letter in my hands, which I sent at the time to my great friend, John William Bowden, with whom I passed almost exclusively my Undergraduate years. "I had to hasten to the Tower," I say to him, "to receive the congratulations of all the Fellows. I bore it till Keble took my hand, and then felt so abashed and unworthy of the honor done me, that I seemed desirous of quite sinking into the ground." His had been the first name which I had heard spoken of, with reverence rather than admiration, when I came up to Oxford. When one day I was walking in High Street with my dear earliest friend just mentioned, with what eagerness did he cry out, "There's Keble!" and with what awe did I look at him! Then at another time I heard a Master of Arts of my College give an account how he had just then had occasion to introduce himself on some business to Keble, and how gentle, courteous, and unaffected Keble had been, so as almost to put him out of countenance. Then too it was reported, truly or falsely, how a rising man of brilliant

reputation, the present Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Milman, admired and loved him, adding that somehow he was strangely unlike any one else. However, at the time when I was elected Fellow of Oriel, he was not in residence, and he was shy of me for years in consequence of the marks which I bore upon me of the evangelical and liberal schools. At least so I have ever thought. Hurrell Froude brought us together about 1828 : it is one of the sayings preserved in his "Remains,"—"Do you know the story of the murderer who had done one good thing in his life? Well ; if I was ever asked what good deed I had ever done, I should say that I had brought Keble and Newman to understand each other."

Hurrell Froude was a pupil of Keble's, formed by him, and in turn reacting upon him. I knew him first in 1826, and was in the closest and most affectionate friendship with him from about 1829 till his death in 1836. He was a man of the highest gifts,—so truly many-sided that it would be presumptuous in me to attempt to describe him, except under those aspects in which he came before me. Nor have I here to speak of the gentleness and tenderness of nature, the playfulness, the free elastic force and graceful versatility of mind, and the patient, winning considerateness in discussion which endeared him to those to whom he opened his heart ; for I am all along engaged upon matters of belief and opinion, and am introducing others into my narrative, not for their own sake, or because I love and have loved them, so much as because, and so far as, they have influenced my theological views. In this respect, then, I speak of Hurrell Froude—in his intellectual aspect—as a man of high genius, brimful and overflowing with ideas and views, in him original, which were too many and strong even for his bodily strength, and which crowded and jostled against each other in their effort after distinct shape and expression. And he had an intellect as critical and logical as it was speculative and bold. Dying prematurely as he did, and in the conflict and transition state of opinion, his religious views never reached their ultimate conclusion, by the very reason of their multitude and their depth. His opinions arrested and influenced me, even when they did not gain my assent. He professed openly his admiration of the Church of Rome, and his hatred of the Reformers. He delighted in the notion of an hierarchical system, of sacerdotal power, and of full ecclesiastical liberty. He felt scorn of the maxim, "The Bible and the Bible only is

the religion of Protestants ; ” and he gloried in accepting Tradition as a main instrument of religious teaching. He had a high severe idea of the intrinsic excellence of Virginity ; and he considered the Blessed Virgin its great Pattern. He delighted in thinking of the Saints ; he had a vivid appreciation of the idea of sanctity, its possibility and its heights ; and he was more than inclined to believe a large amount of miraculous interference as occurring in the early and middle ages. He embraced the principle of penance and mortification. He had a deep devotion to the Real Presence, in which he had a firm faith. He was powerfully drawn to the Mediæval Church, but not to the Primitive.

He had a keen insight into abstract truth ; but he was an Englishman to the backbone in his severe adherence to the real and the concrete. He had a most classical taste, and a genius for philosophy and art ; and he was fond of historical inquiry, and the politics of religion. He had no turn for theology as such. He set no sufficient value on the writings of the Fathers, on the detail or development of doctrine, on the definite traditions of the Church viewed in their matter, on the teaching of the Ecumenical Councils, or on the controversies out of which they arose. He took an eager, courageous view of things on the whole. I should say that his power of entering into the minds of others did not equal his other gifts ; he could not believe, for instance, that I really held the Roman Church to be Antichristian. On many points he would not believe but that I agreed with him, when I did not. He seemed not to understand my difficulties. His were of a different kind, the contrariety between theory and fact. He was a high Tory of the Cavalier stamp, and was disgusted with the Toryism of the opponents of the Reform Bill. He was smitten with the love of the Theocratic Church ; he went abroad and was shocked by the degeneracy which he thought he saw in the Catholics of Italy.

It is difficult to enumerate the precise additions to my theological creed which I derived from a friend to whom I owe so much. He taught me to look with admiration towards the Church of Rome, and in the same degree to dislike the Reformation. He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and he led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence.

To mention Mr. Hugh Rose's name is to kindle in the minds of those who knew him a host of pleasant and affection-

ate remembrances. He was the man above all others fitted by his cast of mind and literary powers to make a stand, if a stand could be made, against the calamity of the times. He was gifted with a high and large mind, and a true sensibility of what was great and beautiful; he wrote with warmth and energy; and he had a cool head and cautious judgment. He spent his strength and shortened his life, *Pro Ecclesia Dei*, as he understood that sovereign idea. Some years earlier he had been the first to give warning, I think from the University Pulpit at Cambridge, of the perils to England which lay in the biblical and theological speculations of Germany. The Reform agitation followed, and the Whig Government came into power; and he anticipated in their distribution of Church patronage the authoritative introduction of liberal opinions into the country. He feared that by the Whig party a door would be opened in England to the most grievous of heresies, which never could be closed again. In order under such grave circumstances to unite Churchmen together, and to make a front against the coming danger, he had in 1832 commenced the *British Magazine*, and in the same year he came to Oxford in the summer term, in order to beat up for writers for his publication; on that occasion I became known to him through Mr. Palmer. His reputation and position came in aid of his obvious fitness, in point of character and intellect, to become the center of an ecclesiastical movement, if such a movement were to depend on the action of a party. His delicate health, his premature death, would have frustrated the expectation, even though the new school of opinion had been more exactly thrown into the shape of a party, than in fact was the case. But he zealously backed up the first efforts of those who were principals in it; and when he went abroad to die, in 1838, he allowed me the solace of expressing my feelings of attachment and gratitude to him by addressing him, in the dedication of a volume of my Sermons, as the man "who, when hearts were failing, bade us stir up the gift that was in us, and betake ourselves to our true Mother."

But there were other reasons, besides Mr. Rose's state of health, which hindered those who so much admired him from availing themselves of his close coöperation in the coming fight. United as both he and they were in the general scope of the Movement, they were in discordance with each other from the first in their estimate of the means to be adopted for

attaining it. Mr. Rose had a position in the Church, a name, and serious responsibilities; he had direct ecclesiastical superiors; he had intimate relations with his own University, and a large clerical connection through the country. Froude and I were nobodies, with no characters to lose, and no antecedents to fetter us. Rose could not go ahead across country, as Froude had no scruples in doing. Froude was a bold rider—as on horseback, so also in his speculations. After a long conversation with him on the logical bearing of his principles, Mr. Rose said of him, with quiet humor, that “he did not seem to be afraid of inferences.” It was simply the truth; Froude had that strong hold of first principles, and that keen perception of their value, that he was comparatively indifferent to the revolutionary action which would attend on their application to a given state of things; whereas in the thoughts of Rose, as a practical man, existing facts had the precedence of every other idea, and the chief test of the soundness of a line of policy lay in the consideration whether it would work. This was one of the first questions which, as it seemed to me, on every occasion occurred to his mind. With Froude, Erastianism—that is, the union (so he viewed it) of Church and State—was the parent or, if not the parent, the serviceable and sufficient tool of liberalism. Till that union was snapped, Christian doctrine never could be safe; and, while he well knew how high and unselfish was the temper of Mr. Rose, yet he used to apply to him an epithet, reproachful in his own mouth:—Rose was a “conservative.” By bad luck I brought out this word to Mr. Rose in a letter of my own, which I wrote to him in criticism of something he had inserted in his Magazine: I got a vehement rebuke for my pains, for though Rose pursued a conservative line, he had as high a disdain as Froude could have of a worldly ambition, and an extreme sensitiveness of such an imputation.

I had known Dr. Pusey well since 1827–1828, and had felt for him an enthusiastic admiration. I used to call him *ὁ μέγας*. His great learning, his immense diligence, his scholarlike mind, his simple devotion to the cause of religion, overcame me; and great of course was my joy when, in the last days of 1833, he showed a disposition to make common cause with us. His Tract on Fasting appeared as one of the series with the date of December 21. He was not, however, I think, fully associated in the Movement till 1835 and 1836, when he published

his Tract on Baptism, and started the Library of the Fathers. He at once gave to us a position and a name. Without him we should have had little chance, especially at the early date of 1834, of making any serious resistance to the Liberal aggression. But Dr. Pusey was a Professor and Canon of Christ Church; he had a vast influence in consequence of his deep religious seriousness, the munificence of his charities, his Professorship, his family connections, and his easy relations with University authorities. He was to the Movement all that Mr. Rose might have been, with that indispensable addition, which was wanting to Mr. Rose, the intimate friendship and the familiar daily society of the persons who had commenced it. And he had that special claim on their attachment, which lies in the living presence of a faithful and loyal affectionateness. There was henceforth a man who could be the head and center of the zealous people in every part of the country, who were adopting the new opinions; and not only so, but there was one who furnished the Movement with a front to the world, and gained for it a recognition from other parties in the University. In 1829 Mr. Froude, or Mr. Robert Wilberforce, or Mr. Newman were but individuals; and when they ranged themselves in the contest of that year on the side of Sir Robert Inglis, men on either side only asked with surprise how they got there, and attached no significancy to the fact; but Dr. Pusey was, to use the common expression, a host in himself; he was able to give a name, a form, and a personality to what was without him a sort of mob; and when various parties had to meet together in order to resist the liberal acts of the Government, we of the Movement took our place by right among them.

Such was the benefit which he conferred on the Movement externally; nor were the internal advantages at all inferior to it. He was a man of large designs; he had a hopeful, sanguine mind; he had no fear of others; he was haunted by no intellectual perplexities. People are apt to say that he was once nearer to the Catholic Church than he is now; I pray God that he may be one day far nearer to the Catholic Church than he was then; for I believe that, in his reason and judgment, all the time that I knew him, he never was near to it at all. When I became a Catholic, I was often asked, "What of Dr. Pusey?" When I said that I did not see symptoms of his doing as I had done, I was sometimes thought uncharitable. If confidence in

Philosophy



his position is (as it is) a first essential in the leader of a party, this Dr. Pusey possessed preëminently. The most remarkable instance of this was his statement, in one of his subsequent defenses of the Movement, when, moreover, it had advanced a considerable way in the direction of Rome, that among its more hopeful peculiarities was its "stationariness." He made it in good faith; it was his subjective view of it.

Dr. Pusey's influence was felt at once. He saw that there ought to be more sobriety, more gravity, more careful pains, more sense of responsibility, in the Tracts and in the whole Movement. It was through him that the character of the Tracts was changed. When he gave to us his Tract on Fasting, he put his initials to it. In 1835 he published his elaborate Treatise on Baptism, which was followed by other Tracts from different authors, if not of equal learning, yet of equal power and appositeness. The Catenas of Anglican divines, projected by me, which occur in the Series, were executed with a like aim at greater accuracy and method. In 1836 he advertised his great project for a Translation of the Fathers: but I must return to myself.



THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD.

BY JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home —

Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene, — one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path, but now

Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still

Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile,

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

THE STORY OF THE FALSE PRINCE.

BY WILHELM HAUFF.

[WILHELM HAUFF was born at Stuttgart, November 29, 1802, and died November 18, 1827; yet in the last two years of his short life he wrote a mass of tales which have set him in the front rank of German letters. He was the son of a high official; a precocious reader and story-teller; studied at Tübingen; became a private tutor; in 1826 published his first work, "The Story Almanac," containing fairy tales he had written and told to his pupils. This was followed by "Communications from the Memoirs of Satan." Next came "The Man in the Moon," a travesty on Claren's sentimentalism, published under Claren's own name, which got Hauff sued and fined for forging the name; but he more than turned the tables by his "Controversial Sermon." Admiring Scott's work, he then wrote the novel "Lichtenstein," on the history of Württemberg. He became editor of the *Morgenblatt* in January 1827; wrote "Phantasies in a Bremen Wine Cellar," "The Beggar Woman of the Pont des Arts," and other stories. His tales accessible in English are "The Caravan," "The Sheik of Alexandria and his Slaves," and "The Inn in the Spessart," — sets of short stories with a framework like the "Arabian Nights."]

THERE was once an honest journeyman tailor named Labakan, who was apprenticed to a clever master in Alexandria. It could not be said of Labakan that he was awkward in plying his needle; on the contrary, he could turn out some very excellent work. One would also be wrong in calling him lazy. Nevertheless there was something wrong with the journeyman, for he could sit sewing away for hours, so that the needle would grow red-hot in his hand, and the thread would smoke: this of course put him much in advance of the others. At other times, and this, unhappily, occurred very frequently, he would sit buried in deep thought, his eyes staring before him, and having in his face and deportment something so singular, that his master and the rest of his fellow-workmen never said anything else about this except "Labakan is putting on his distinguished airs again."

On Fridays, however, when other people were quietly returning home from their prayers to their work, Labakan would issue from the mosque attired in a magnificent costume, which had cost many hours' work to purchase, and would walk slowly and proudly through the squares and streets of the city. When any of his fellow-workmen saluted him with "Peace be with thee," or "How is it, friend Labakan?" he would wave his hand gracefully, or even nod with his head in a dignified manner. When on such occasions his master would say to him jocosely, "A Prince has been lost in thee, Labakan," the latter would rejoice at it, and say, "Have you noticed it too?" or, "I have thought so for a long time."

In this way the honest journeyman tailor Labakan had been carrying on his folly for a long time ; his master, however, tolerated it, because he was otherwise a good and clever workman. One day, Selim, the brother of the Sultan, while traveling through Alexandria, sent a gala dress to his master to have something altered on it, and it was given to Labakan, who did the most delicate work. In the evening, when his master and the journeymen had gone away to refresh themselves after the toils of the day, an irresistible longing urged Labakan to return again into the workshop, where the robe of the imperial brother was hanging. He stood before it for a long time meditating, admiring at one time its brilliant embroidery, at another the bright colors of the velvet and silk.

He could not help putting it on ; and lo ! it fitted him as excellently as if it had been made for him. "Am I not a Prince as well as anybody else ?" he soliloquized whilst stalking up and down the room. "Did not my master himself say I was born a Prince ?" With the dress the journeyman also seemed to have assumed royal ideas ; he could think of nothing else but that he was a king's son in disguise, and as such he resolved to go into the world, and to quit a place where the people had been so stupid as not to discover, under the guise of his humble vocation, his innate dignity.

The splendid dress seemed to him to have been sent him by some good fairy ; and he took good care therefore not to despise so costly a present. He put the little money he had into his pockets, and, favored by the darkness of the night, left the gates of Alexandria.

The new Prince created astonishment everywhere on his journey ; for his superb robe, together with his grave and majestic bearing, by no means suited a traveler on foot. When he was questioned on the matter, he would answer with a mysterious air that he had his own reasons. Seeing, however, that he made a laughingstock of himself through his traveling on foot, he bought at a moderate price an old steed, which suited him excellently ; its quiet air and gentleness never caused him any uneasiness, and there was no necessity for his showing himself a skillful horseman.

One day, as he was pursuing his way step by step on Murva, for so he had named his horse, he was joined by a rider who requested permission to journey in his company, as the road would appear shorter to him in conversation with another,

The rider was a joyous young fellow, handsome, and of engaging manners. He had soon entered into a conversation with Labakan as to whence he came, and whither he was going ; and as chance would have it, he too, like the journeyman tailor, was traveling in the world without any plan.

He said his name was Omar, that he was nephew to Elfi-Bey, the unfortunate Pasha of Cairo, and that he was traveling about to execute a commission which his uncle had given him on his deathbed. Labakan was a little more guarded as to his own personal affairs, but intimated that he was of high parentage, and that he was traveling for pleasure.

The two young gentlemen seemed pleased with one another, and continued their journey. On the second day of their journey, Labakan asked his companion Omar what orders he had to execute, and to his surprise heard the following. Elfi-Bey, Pasha of Cairo, had brought up Omar from his earliest childhood, and he had never known his parents. When therefore Elfi-Bey had been defeated by his enemies, and mortally wounded, after three unfortunate battles, when he had been obliged to flee, he told his ward that he was not his nephew, but the son of a mighty ruler, who had removed the young Prince from his Court, alarmed by the prophecies of his astrologers, and he had taken an oath not to see him again till his twenty-second birthday. Elfi-Bey had not told him the name of his father, but that he had received distinct instructions from him to be, on the fourth day of the coming month Ramadan, on which day he would complete his twenty-second year, at the celebrated pillar El-Serujah, four days' journey eastward of Alexandria ; there he was to present to the men standing near the pillar a dagger which he had given to him, with these words, "I am he whom you seek !" whereupon they would say, "Praised be the Prophet who has preserved thee !" He then was to follow them, and they would conduct him to his father.

The journeyman tailor Labakan was very much astonished at this communication, and from this time he regarded Prince Omar with envious eyes, much annoyed that fate, although he already passed for the nephew of a mighty pasha, bestowed upon him also the dignity of a royal Prince, while it condemned him, though possessed of all the requisite qualifications of a Prince, as if to mock him, to an obscure birth and a common calling. He made comparisons between himself and the

Prince. He was obliged to own that the other man was of prepossessing appearance: bright and lively eyes, aquiline nose, of a gentle and obliging demeanor; in short, he possessed all the exterior advantages which can recommend anybody. But, notwithstanding the numerous advantages of his companion, yet he argued that a Labakan would be much more welcome to the royal father than the real Prince.

These thoughts haunted Labakan all day, and with them he closed his eyes through the coming night. In the morning, however, when he awoke, and saw Omar by his side sleeping so calmly, dreaming of his good fortune, then the idea occurred to him of procuring for himself, either by cunning or violence, that which his unlucky fate had refused him. The dagger, the sign of recognition of the returning Prince, was sticking in the girdle of the sleeper. Gently he drew it from its sheath, in order to plunge it into the bosom of the owner. But the peaceable mind of the journeyman revolted at the idea of murder; he was satisfied with taking the dagger and saddling the fleeter horse of the Prince for himself; and when Omar awoke, his perfidious fellow-traveler was many miles ahead of him.

It was exactly on the first day of the holy month of Ramadan on which Labakan had committed the robbery of the Prince, and consequently he had yet four more days to reach the pillar of El-Serujah, which was well known to him. Although the place where this pillar was could hardly be more than two days' journey distant, yet he hastened to reach it, afraid of being overtaken by the real Prince. Toward the close of the second day Labakan perceived the pillar of El-Serujah. It was situated on a little eminence in a vast plain, and could be seen at a distance of some two or three hours. The heart of Labakan beat more quickly at the sight, and although during the last two days he had plenty of time to reflect upon the part he was about to play, yet his guilty conscience intimidated him a little. The thought, however, that he was born a Prince encouraged him again, and thus he proceeded more calmly toward his destination.

The country round about the pillar was uninhabited and barren, and the new Prince would have been in a dilemma had he not provided himself with victuals for several days. He therefore encamped by the side of his horse beneath some palm trees, and there awaited his coming fate.

Toward midday of the following day, he perceived a large train of horses and camels traveling across the plain, and going toward the pillar of El-Serujah. The procession stopped at the foot of the hill where the pillar was. Magnificent tents were pitched, and all appeared like the suite of a rich Pasha or a Sheik. Labakan perceived that the numerous assembly, which he saw had come here on his account, and would like to have shown them already their future master; but he restrained his eagerness to appear as Prince, since the next day was to satisfy his most ardent wishes.

The morning sun roused the supremely happy tailor to the most important moment of his life, which was to elevate him from his humble position to the side of a royal father. Although he was aware, on saddling his horse in order to ride toward the pillar, of the illegality of his proceedings, and although his thoughts pictured to him the grief of the Prince, deceived in his splendid hopes, yet the die was cast, he could no longer undo what had been done, and his self-love whispered to him, that he looked grand enough to represent himself as the son of the most powerful king. Encouraged by these thoughts, he mounted his horse, summoned all his courage in order to urge it into a moderate gallop, and in less than a quarter of an hour he had reached the foot of the hill. He dismounted, and tied his horse to a shrub, many of which grew on the hill, pulled out the dagger of Prince Omar, and went up the hill. At the foot of the pillar were six men, surrounding an old man of noble and majestic appearance; a magnificent caftan made of gold material, girded about by a white cashmere shawl, his white turban studded with brilliant diamonds, denoted him to be a man of wealth and dignity.

Labakan went towards him, made a deep bow, and presenting him with the dagger, said, "I am he whom you seek." "Praised be the Prophet who has preserved thee!" replied the old man with tears of joy. "Embrace thy old father, my beloved son Omar!" The good tailor was very much moved by these solemn words, and sank amidst a mixture of joy and shame into the arms of the old Prince. But only for a moment was he allowed to enjoy undisturbed the ecstasy of his new position. As he disengaged himself from the embrace of the princely old man, he saw a horseman riding over the plain and hastening toward the hill. The rider and his horse presented a peculiar appearance: the horse seemed, either from obstinacy

or fatigue, unwilling to proceed; it went along with a shambling gait, which was neither step nor trot; the rider, however, urged it on to a quicker pace, both with his hands and feet.

Only too soon did Labakan recognize his horse Murva and the real Prince Omar; but the wicked spirit of lies now possessed him, and he resolved, come what might, to assert his presumptuous rights with a brazen forehead.

The rider had already been seen beckoning in the distance, and now, in spite of the wretched pace of his horse Murva, had reached the foot of the hill, threw himself from his horse and hastened up the hill. "Stop!" cried he. "Whoever you may be, do not allow yourselves to be deceived by the most infamous of impostors; my name is Omar, and no mortal dare to misuse my name."

A profound astonishment was seen on the faces of the bystanders at this turn of affairs; the old man particularly seemed much struck, whilst now turning to the one, now to the other, with a questioning gesture. Labakan, however, said in a voice of calmness gained with great difficulty: "Most gracious lord and father, be not deceived by that man there. He is, I believe, a mad journeyman tailor from Alexandria, called Labakan, who deserves our pity rather than our anger." These words nearly drove the Prince crazy. Foaming with rage, he would have rushed upon Labakan, but the bystanders threw themselves between them and laid hold of him. The old Prince said: "Yes, my dear son, the poor fellow is mad. Let him be bound, and put upon one of our camels; perhaps we may be able to help the unfortunate man."

The anger of the Prince had subsided, and crying, he called out to the old Prince: "My heart tells me that you are my father; by the memory of my mother, I adjure you to listen to me!"

"God be merciful to us," cried the old Prince, "the poor fellow is beginning to rave again! How can such mad notions enter into the head of the man?" Then taking Labakan's arm, he allowed himself to be conducted by him down the hill. Both mounted richly caparisoned steeds, and rode at the head of the procession across the plain. The unfortunate Prince, however, was handcuffed, and tightly bound upon a camel; two riders were always at his side, who very carefully watched all his movements.

The royal old man was Saaud, Sultan of the Weehabites. He had lived for a long time without children; at length, however, a Prince was born to him, whom he had long desired. The astrologers, however, whom he consulted as to the destiny of the boy declared "that till he reached his twenty-second year he would be in danger of being supplanted by a rival." Therefore, in order to be on the safe side, the Sultan had intrusted the education of the Prince to his old and faithful friend Elfi-Bey, and awaited him for twenty-two years in painful expectation.

This the Sultan related to his supposed son, and expressed himself immensely satisfied with his figure and dignified bearing.

When they reached the territories of the Sultan they were received everywhere with shouts of joy, for the report of the arrival of the Prince had spread like wildfire through all the towns and villages. In the streets through which they passed were erected arches with flowers and branches, bright carpets of many colors ornamented the houses, and the people in a loud voice praised God and His Prophet, who had sent them such a handsome Prince. All this filled the proud heart of the tailor with delight. All the more unhappy, however, felt the real Omar, who was still in fetters, and following the procession in profound despair.

Nobody took any notice of him amidst this universal joy which was really on his account. The name of Omar was shouted by thousands of voices, but he who bore this name rightly was ignored. Only now and then somebody inquired who it was that was carried with them so tightly bound, and the answer of his guards sounded terrible to the ears of the Prince, namely, that he was a crazy tailor.

The procession had at length reached the capital of the Sultan, where everything had been prepared for their reception, with even greater splendor than in any of the other towns. The Sultana, an elderly, venerable lady, awaited them with her entire Court in the most magnificent saloon of the palace. The floor of this room was covered with an immense carpet, the walls were decorated with light blue cloth, which was suspended in golden tassels and cords on large silver hooks. It was already dark when the procession arrived, and therefore many colored lamps inclosed in globes were lighted in the room, turning night into day. The throne was erected on four steps, and was

covered with pure gold and large diamonds. Four of the most distinguished Emirs held a canopy of red silk over the head of the Sultana, and the Sheik of Medina cooled her with a fan of peacock's feathers.

Thus the Sultana awaited her husband and son, the latter of whom she, also, had not seen since his birth. Significant dreams had pictured to her the one she longed for, so that she would have recognized him amongst thousands. The noise of the approaching procession was now heard; trumpets and drums were mixed with the acclamations of the crowd; the horses' hoofs rang in the palace yard; nearer and nearer sounded the steps of the approaching multitude; the doors of the saloon flew open, and through the rows of prostrating servants, the Sultan, with his son by the hand, hastened toward the throne of the mother.

"Here," he said, "I bring thee the one for whom thou hast yearned so long." The Sultana, however, interrupted him. "That is not my son!" she exclaimed. "These are not the features which the Prophet revealed to me in my dreams!"

Just as the Sultan was about to reprove her for her superstition, the door of the saloon opened, and in hastened Prince Omar, followed by his guards, from whom he had escaped by the exertion of all his strength. Throwing himself breathlessly before the throne, he exclaimed: "Here will I die! Let me be killed, cruel father; for this disgrace I will not bear any longer!" All were astounded at these words. The guards rushed forward around the unfortunate Prince, and were about to pinion him again, when the Sultana, who had witnessed all this in silent surprise, jumped up from the throne. "Stop!" she exclaimed. "This is the right one, and none other; this is the one whom my eyes have never seen, and whom my heart has nevertheless known."

The guards released Omar involuntarily; the Sultan, however, inflamed with anger, called to them to bind the madman. "It is for me to decide here," he said in a commanding voice. "One does not judge here by women's dreams, but by certain infallible signs. This one here is my son (pointing to Labakan), for he has brought me the token of recognition of my friend Elfi, namely the dagger."

"He stole it!" cried Omar. "He has treacherously abused my innocent confidence!" But the Sultan paid no attention to

his son's voice, for he was accustomed obstinately to follow only his own judgment in all things, and therefore he ordered the unhappy Omar to be dragged by main force out of the saloon, whilst he himself, together with Labakan, went to his apartment, enraged at the Sultana his wife, with whom he had lived for five-and-twenty years in peace. The Sultana, however, was deeply grieved at these occurrences; she was perfectly convinced that an impostor had gained the affection of the Sultan, for the other unfortunate one had shown himself to be her son in so many significant dreams.

After her grief had somewhat subsided, she thought of means to convince her husband of his mistake. This was certainly very difficult, for the one who pretended to be her son had presented the dagger as a sign of recognition, and had also been told so much about Omar's early life by him, that he was playing his part without betraying himself.

She summoned to her presence the men who had accompanied the Sultan to the pillar El-Serujah, in order that she might hear all minutely, and afterwards held council with her most intimate female slaves. Many suggestions were offered and rejected, until at length an old and prudent Circassian named Melechsalach said: "If I have heard aright, honored mistress, the bearer of the dagger has said that he whom you look upon as your son is called Labakan, a crazy tailor?" "Yes, quite right," answered the Sultana. "But what dost thou mean to infer from that?" "Supposing this impostor had fastened his own name upon your son?" she continued. "If this is the case, I know of an excellent means by which we can entrap the impostor, and which I will tell you secretly." The Sultana inclined her ear toward her slave, and the latter whispered to her an idea which she seemed to like, for she arose at once in order to go to the Sultan.

The Sultana was a shrewd woman, and was well aware of the weak points of the Sultan, and knew how to turn them to account. She therefore appeared to yield, and to be willing to recognize the false son, and merely requested one condition. The Sultan, who expressed his regret at his anger toward his wife, agreed to the condition; and she said: "I should like to impose upon both of them a proof of their skill. Anybody else might ask that they should subdue a fiery horse, or fight, or throw the javelin; but these are things which anybody can do. No; I will give them a task which requires acuteness. Each

of them shall make a caftan and a pair of trousers, and then we shall see who makes the best."

The Sultan laughed, and said: "Well, I must say that thou hast hit upon something very cunning. My son is to compete with your crazy tailor who will make the best caftan! No, that won't do."

The Sultana, however, pleaded that he had agreed to her conditions beforehand, and the Sultan, who was a man of his word, yielded at last, although he vowed that if the crazy tailor made his caftan ever so fine, he would not own him as his son.

The Sultan himself went to his son and begged him to gratify the whims of his mother, who wished to have a caftan made by his own hands. Labakan's good heart overflowed with joy; if that is all, he thought to himself, then shall the Sultana be mightily pleased with me very shortly. Two rooms were prepared, one for the Prince, the other for the tailor. It was there that they were to display their skill, and each had been supplied with a piece of silk, scissors, needle and thread.

The Sultan was very anxious to see what sort of a caftan his son would manufacture. But the heart of the Sultana also beat anxiously, as to whether her artifice would succeed or not. Two days were allowed them for their work. On the third day the Sultan sent for his wife, and when she had made her appearance, he sent to both of the rooms in order to fetch both the caftans and their makers. Labakan entered triumphantly, and spreading his caftan before the astonished eyes of the Sultan, "Behold, father!" he said. "Look here, noble mother, is not this caftan a masterpiece? I will wager that the cleverest tailor at Court will not turn out one to equal it."

The Sultana smiled, and turned toward Omar. "And what hast thou achieved, my son?" Indignantly the latter threw the silk and scissors upon the floor. "I have been taught to subdue a horse, and to handle a sword, and my javelin strikes the mark within sixty paces, but the arts of the needle are unknown to me. Besides, they are unworthy of a ward of Elfi-Bey, the ruler of Cairo."

"O thou true son of my lord!" exclaimed the Sultana. "Alas! would that I might embrace thee and call thee my son! Pardon me, my husband and master," she said, turning to the Sultan, "for having employed this stratagem against you. Do you not perceive yet which is the Prince and which the tailor? Truly the caftan is magnificent which your son has made, and I

should like to ask him with what master he has been apprenticed ! ”

The Sultan had sunk in deep thought, at one time distrusting his wife, another time looking at Labakan, who was vainly endeavoring to suppress his blushing and dismay at having so stupidly betrayed himself. “ This proof is not sufficient,” he said. “ But I know, thanks be to Allah, a way of finding out whether I have been deceived or not.” He ordered his swiftest horse to be brought, jumped into the saddle, and rode into a forest which almost skirted the town. There lived, according to an old tradition, a good fairy named Adolzaide, who had already more than once assisted the Sultans of his race with her counsel in the hour of need. It was to this place the Sultan hastened.

In the midst of the forest was an open tract surrounded by lofty cedars. There lived the fairy, according to tradition, and mortal man seldom ventured to approach the place, for a certain fear of it had descended from times immemorial from father to son.

When the Sultan had reached the place, he dismounted, tethered his horse to a tree, stepped toward the center of the place, and said in a loud voice : “ If it be true that thou hast assisted my forefathers with thy good advice in the hour of need, refuse not to listen to the prayer of their grandchild, and counsel me where human wisdom is too short-sighted.” Scarcely had he uttered the last words, when one of the cedars opened, and a lady, veiled with long white garments, appeared. “ I know why thou hast come to me, Sultan Saaud ; thy intention is honest, and therefore I am willing to aid thee. Take these two little boxes. Let the two, who pretend to be thy sons, choose. I know that he who is the true one will not miss the right box.” Thus spoke the veiled fairy, presenting him with two little boxes made of ivory, richly inlaid with gold and pearls. On the lid, which the Sultan in vain endeavored to open, were inscriptions with inlaid diamonds.

The Sultan considered on his way home what the little boxes might contain, which he could not open in spite of all his strength. Also the inscription threw no light upon the matter, for on the one was written, “ Honor and fame,” and on the other “ Happiness and wealth.” The Sultan thought to himself, he himself might have some difficulty in choosing

between these two things, which were equally attractive and tempting.

Having returned to his palace, he sent for the Sultana and told her the oracle of the fairy. She was filled with a wonderful hope that the one after whom her heart yearned would choose the little box which was to testify his royal descent.

Two tables were placed before the Sultan's throne, and he himself put the two little caskets upon them, ascended the throne, and beckoned to one of his slaves to open the doors of the saloon. A grand assembly of Pashas and Emirs of the empire, who had been summoned by the Sultan, rushed through the opened doors. They seated themselves upon splendid cushions which were ranged along the walls. After all had taken their places, the King beckoned the second time, and Labakan was introduced. He went through the saloon with a haughty step, prostrated himself before the throne, and said, "What does my lord and father command?"

The Sultan rose from his throne and said: "My son, some doubts have been entertained as to the genuineness of thy claim to this name; one of these little boxes contains the confirmation of thy real birth. Choose. I doubt not but that thou wilt choose the right one."

Labakan rose, and stepped before the caskets. He considered for a long time which to select; at length he said: "Honored father, what can be better than the happiness of being thy son, what nobler than the wealth of thy grace! I choose the casket with the inscription of happiness and wealth."

"We shall see afterwards if thou hast chosen wisely. Seat thyself yonder, in the meantime, upon the cushion beside the Pasha of Medina," said the Sultan, beckoning his slave.

Omar was now introduced. His look was gloomy, his countenance sad, and his appearance excited universal sympathy from all present. He prostrated himself before the throne and inquired the will of the Sultan.

The Sultan signified to him that he had to select one of the caskets. He arose and stepped before the table.

Attentively he read both inscriptions, and said: "The last few days have taught me how fleeting is happiness, how transitory are riches. But they have also taught me that honor dwells in the breast of a brave man as an imperishable treasure,

and that the brilliant star of fame does not perish together with that of fortune. And though I should renounce a crown, the die is cast ; honor and fame, I choose you ! ”

He put his hand upon the casket which he had selected. The Sultan ordered him to stand still, and beckoned Labakan also to approach the table, and the latter likewise placed his hand on the casket.

The Sultan, however, ordered a basin, filled with water taken from the sacred spring Zemzem in Mecca, to be brought to him, washed his hands, and being about to pray, turned his face toward the East, prostrated himself, and prayed : “ God of my ancestors, Thou who hast for centuries preserved our race pure and spotless, let not an unworthy being bring shame upon the name of the Abassides ! Protect Thou my true son in this his hour of trial.”

The Sultan arose and again ascended the throne. A general expectation fettered all present ; one scarcely dared to breathe ; a little mouse might have been heard running across the room, such a silence prevailed and so intensely eager were all. Those behind stretched forth their heads above those in front in order to be able to see the caskets.

The Sultan now said, “ Open the caskets,” and they, which no exertion of strength had hitherto been able to open, now sprang open of their own accord.

In the casket which Omar had selected lay upon a velvet cushion a miniature golden crown, and a scepter. In Labakan’s little box, a long needle and a little cotton. The Sultan ordered both to bring their caskets before him. He took the little crown from the cushion, put it into his hand, and it was surprising to see it as he took it growing larger and larger, till it attained the size of a real crown. He placed the crown upon the head of his son Omar, who was kneeling before him, kissed his forehead, and ordered him to be seated at his right side. Then turning toward Labakan, he said, “ It is an old proverb — The shoemaker must not go beyond his last ! It seems as if you were to pursue your vocation as a tailor. Although you have not deserved my clemency, yet some one has interceded for you to whom I cannot refuse anything to-day. Your miserable life therefore shall be spared, and if my advice be worth anything to you, make haste and quit my country.” Ashamed and crushed as he was, the poor journeyman tailor

was unable to make a reply. He prostrated himself before the Prince, and tears were running down his cheeks. "Can you forgive me, Prince?" he said.

"Fidelity toward a friend, magnanimity toward an enemy, are the pride of the Abassides," replied the Prince, in lifting him up, "Go in peace."

"Oh thou, my true son!" exclaimed the old Sultan, deeply moved, falling upon the bosom of his son. The Emirs and Pashas and all the grandees of the empire rose from their seats and exclaimed, "Hail to the new Prince!" and amidst all these acclamations Labakan, with his casket under his arm, stole out of the room.

He went down into the stable of the Sultan, saddled his horse Murva, and rode out of the gate toward Alexandria. His whole princely life appeared to him a dream, and only the splendid casket, richly inlaid with pearls and diamonds, reminded him that he had not dreamt.

When at last he had reached Alexandria again, he rode toward the house of his old master, dismounted, tied his horse to the door, and entered the workshop. His master, who did not recognize him immediately, made a profound bow, and asked what he desired; but on looking at his guest more closely, and recognizing his old Labakan, he called his workmen and apprentices. They all fell like madmen upon poor Labakan, who had not expected such a reception; they pushed and beat him with their smoothing irons and yard measures, pricked him with needles, and nipped him with sharp scissors, until at length he fell quite exhausted upon a heap of old clothes.

Whilst he was lying there, the master lectured him about the stolen robe. In vain Labakan assured him that he had only returned on that account, to compensate him for it, and in vain he offered him the treble value for it. The master and his journeymen again attacked him, beat him thoroughly, and threw him out of the door. Bruised and in rags, he mounted his horse Murva, and rode toward a caravanserai.

He there rested his weary and battered head, and began to reflect upon the sufferings on earth, about the so often abused merit, and the vanity and transitoriness of all earthly wealth. He fell asleep, with the intention of renouncing all grandeur and of becoming an honest citizen. The following

day he did not repent of his resolution, for the heavy hands of his master and the journeymen seemed to have beaten all pride out of him.

He now sold his casket for an enormous price to a jeweler, bought a house, and opened a workshop for his trade. After he had put everything in order, and had also hung a board outside his window with the inscription, "Labakan, Tailor," he sat down and began mending with the needle and thread he had found in the casket the coat which his late master had so cruelly damaged.

He was called away from his work, and as he was about to resume it, what a marvelous sight was before him! The needle continued stitching away busily without any hand to guide it, and made such fine and delicate stitches as Labakan himself had not made in his most skillful moments! Indeed, the smallest present of a good fairy is useful and of great value. This present, however, had another value; namely, that the bit of thread never gave out, however industrious the needle might be.

Labakan very soon had many customers, and in a short time was the most celebrated tailor far and wide. He cut out the garments, and made the first stitches with the needle, which went on quickly without interruption till the whole dress was completed. Master Labakan had nearly the whole town for his customers, for he worked well and at a moderate price; but there was one thing at which the people of Alexandria shook their heads; namely, that he had no workmen, and that he worked with his doors locked.

Thus the inscription on the casket promising happiness and wealth had been fulfilled. Happiness and riches attended the steps of the good tailor in a moderate measure; and when he heard of the fame of the young Sultan Omar, whose name was on every one's lips; and when they told him that this brave man was the pride and love of his people, and the terror of his enemies, then the former Prince thought to himself, "After all, it is much better that I have remained a tailor, for it is a very dangerous thing when it is a question of honor and fame." Thus Labakan lived contented with himself, esteemed by his fellow-citizens; and if the needle has not grown weak in the meantime, I dare say it is still sewing with the inexhaustible thread of the good fairy Adolzaide.

PERSIAN STORIES AND MANNERS.

BY SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

(From "Sketches of Persia.")

[SIR JOHN MALCOLM, English statesman and historian, was born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, May 2, 1769; went to India at fourteen; later studied Oriental languages, and became staff interpreter. In 1800 he was ambassador, and in 1802, 1807, and 1809 minister to Persia. He was president of Mysore, India, 1803-1805. He was a valuable commander and administrator in India, 1817-1830; died in England, May 30, 1833. His "Sketches of Persia" is a delightful classic; his other works are "History of Persia" (1815), "Memoir of Central India," "Political History of India, 1784-1823," and "Life of Lord Clive."]

THE view I had taken of the Imam's court—the intercourse we had with him, his sons, and chief officers—the security which I observed merchants and other inhabitants, both Mahomedan and Hindu, enjoying at Muscat, gave me a very pleasing impression of that place, and I had made a sketch of the manners and customs of the people, no way unfavorable. This I showed one day to a friend, who was a captain in the navy, who, rather to my surprise, burst into a fit of laughter, and said he could show me a very opposite picture of the same scene.

"There is an order from the Admiralty," said he, "that the officers of a man-of-war, when they visit a port little known, should describe the manners and customs of the inhabitants. I have a blunt fellow of a master, an excellent seaman, but who troubles himself very little with matters on shore. Curious to have his observations, and knowing that he had two or three times visited the town of Muscat, I insisted on his complying with orders, and filling up the column of his journal. He evaded this duty as long as he could: at last, in despair, he went to his cabin, and returning with his book, said, 'There, sir, I have obeyed orders, and you will find all I could write about these black fellows, and all they deserve.' I took the journal and read:—

"Inhabitants of Muscat.

'As to manners, they have none; and their customs are very beastly.'

WHEN we had fairly entered the Persian Gulf, I found myself on classic ground, where all the wonderful adventures

of Sinbad the sailor were what a genuine Yankee would call "located." I sent for an Arabian servant called Khudâdâd, and asked him who were the inhabitants of the barren shore of Arabia that we saw. He answered with apparent alarm: "They are of the sect of Wahâbees, and are called Jouassimee; but God preserve us from them, for they are monsters. Their occupation is piracy and their delight murder; and to make it worse, they give you the most pious reasons for every villainy they commit. They abide by the letter of the sacred volume, rejecting all commentaries and traditions. If you are their captive, and offer all you possess to save your life, they say, 'No! it is written in the Koran that it is unlawful to plunder the living, but we are not prohibited in that sacred work from stripping the dead;' so saying, they knock you on the head. But then," continued Khudâdâd, "that is not so much their fault, for they are descended from a Houll [ghoul], or monster, and they act according to their nature."

I begged he would inform me about their descent. He seemed surprised at my ignorance, and said it was a story that he thought was known to every one in the world, but proceeded to comply with my request.

"An Arab fisherman," said he, "who lived in a village on the Persian Gulf, not far from Gombroon, being one day busy at his usual occupation, found his net so heavy that he could hardly drag it on shore. Exulting in his good fortune, he exerted all his strength: but judge of his astonishment when, instead of a shoal of fish, he saw in his net an animal of the shape of a man, but covered with hair. He approached it with caution; but finding it harmless, carried it to his house, where it soon became a favorite; for, though it could speak no language, and utter no sound except 'Houll, houll' (from whence it took its name), it was extremely docile and intelligent; and the fisherman, who possessed some property, employed it to guard his flocks.

"It happened one day that a hundred Persian horsemen, clothed in complete armor, came from the interior, and began to drive away the sheep. The Houll, who was alone, and had no arms but a club, made signs for them to desist; but they only scoffed at his unnatural appearance, till he slew one or two who approached too near him. They now attacked him in a body; but his courage and strength were surpassed by his activity, and while all fell who came within his reach, he eluded

every blow of his enemies ; and they fled after losing half their numbers.

“The fisherman and his neighbors, when they heard of the battle, hastened to the aid of the faithful Houl, whom they found in possession of the horses, clothes, and arms of the vanquished Persians. An Arab of the village, struck with his valor, and casting an eye of cupidity at the wealth he had acquired, offered him the hand of his daughter, who was very beautiful, and she, preferring good qualities to outward appearance, showed no reluctance to become the bride of this kind and gallant monster. Their marriage was celebrated with more pomp than was ever before known in the village ; and the Houl, who was dressed in one of the richest suits of the Persians he had slain, and mounted on one of their finest horses, looked surprisingly well. He was quite beside himself with joy, playing such antics and exhibiting such good humor, strength, and agility, that his bride, who had at first been pitied, became the envy of every fisherman’s daughter. She would have been more so, could they have foreseen the fame to which she was destined. She had four sons, from whom are descended the four tribes of Ben Jouassin, Ben Ahmed, Ben Nasir, and Ben Saboohil, who are to this day known by the general name of Ben Houl, or the children of Houl. They are all fishermen, boatmen, and pirates, and live chiefly at sea, inheriting, it is believed, the amphibious nature of their common ancestor.”

After this tale was concluded, I asked Khudâdâd what kind of men inhabited those high mountains which we saw rising on the Persian shores of the gulf. Delighted at this second opportunity of showing his knowledge, he replied : “They also are robbers, but they are not so bad as the Jouassimee. They refer their first settlement in these mountains to the devil ; but then, they are the children of men, and their nature is not diabolical, though their deeds are sometimes very like it.”

On questioning Khudâdâd further, I found he had the popular story taken from Firdousee, and that he kept pretty near to his text ; but I shall give it in his own words. “You have heard of Zohâk prince of Arabia ?” I said I had. “Well, then,” he continued, “you know he was a very wicked man. He conquered Jemsheed king of Persia, who was in those days deemed the most glorious monarch on earth. After this great success Zohâk was tempted by the devil, who allured him, under the shape of a venerable old man, to kill his father, that

he might become king of Arabia as well as Persia. In those days men lived on vegetable diet ; but the devil, anxious to destroy as many of the human race as he could, tempted Zohâk with some new roasted eggs, and perceiving him to relish his food, proposed to cook him a dish of partridges and quails, with the flavor of which the Prince was so delighted that he bade his friend ask any favor he liked. The wily old man said all he wished was to kiss the shoulders of his beloved monarch. They were bared for that purpose ; but no sooner had the infernal lips touched them than out sprang from each a ravenous serpent, and at the same time the venerable old man changed to his natural shape, and disappeared in a thunder-storm, exclaiming that human brains alone would satisfy the monsters he had created, and that their death would be followed by that of Zohâk.

“ It fell out as the devil foretold : the serpents refused all other food, and for a period, two victims were daily slain to satisfy them. Those charged with the preparation of this horrid repast, seeing the devil’s design, determined on frustrating it ; and while they paraded before Zohâk and his serpents the persons who were doomed to death, they substituted the brains of sheep, and sent their supposed human victims to the mountains of Kerman and Lauristan, where they increased and became a great people, and their descendants still inhabit these hills. There can be no doubt,” said Khudâdâd, gravely, “ of the truth of what I have told you ; for it is all written in a book, and a fine poem made upon it, which is called the Shâh-nâmeh, or Book of Kings.”

BEFORE the year 1800 no political mission from a European nation had visited the court of Persia for a century ; but the English, though only known in that kingdom as merchants, had fame as soldiers, from the report of their deeds in India. An officer of one of the frigates, who had gone ashore to visit the Envoy, when mounted on a spirited horse, afforded no small entertainment to the Persians by his bad horsemanship. The next day the man who supplied the ship with vegetables, and who spoke a little English, met him on board, and said, “ Don’t be ashamed, sir, nobody knows you : bad rider ! I tell them, you, like all English, ride well, but that time they see you very drunk ! ” We were much amused at this conception of our national character. The Persian thought it would have been a

reproach for a man of a warlike nation not to ride well, but none for a European to get drunk.

RIZA KOOLI KHAN, the governor of Kazeroon, came to pay the Elchee a visit. This old nobleman had a silk band over his eye-sockets, having had his eyes put out during the late contest between the Zend and Kajir families for the throne of Persia. He began, soon after he was seated, to relate his misfortunes, and the tears actually came to my eyes at the thoughts of the old man's sufferings; when judge of my surprise to find it was to entertain, not to distress us, he was giving the narration, and that, in spite of the revolting subject, I was compelled to smile at the tale, which in any country except Persia would have been deemed a subject for a tragedy: but as poisons may by use become aliment, so misfortunes, however dreadful, when they are of daily occurrence, appear like common events of life. But it was the manner and feelings of the narrator that, in this instance, gave the comic effect to the tragedy of which he was the hero.

"I had been too active a partisan," said Riza Kooli Khan, "of the Kajir family to expect much mercy when I fell into the hands of the rascally tribe of Zend. I looked for death, and was rather surprised at the lenity which only condemned me to lose my eyes. A stout fellow of a ferash came as executioner of the sentence; he had in his hand a large blunt knife, which he meant to make his instrument: I offered him twenty tomans if he would use a penknife I showed him. He refused in the most brutal manner; called me a merciless villain, asserting that I had slain his brother, and that he had solicited the present office to gratify his revenge; adding, his only regret was not being allowed to put me to death.

"Seeing," continued Riza Kooli, "that I had no tenderness to look for from this fellow, I pretended submission, and laid myself on my back; he seemed quite pleased, tucked up his sleeves, brandished his knife, and very composedly put one knee on my chest, and was proceeding to his butchering work, as if I had been a stupid innocent lamb, that was quite content to let him do what he chose. Observing him from this impression off his guard, I raised one of my feet, and planting it on the pit of his stomach, sent him heels over head in a way that would have made you laugh (imitating with his foot the action he described, and laughing heartily himself at the recollection

of it). I sprung up; so did my enemy; we had a short tussle — but he was the stronger; and having knocked me down, succeeded in taking out my eyes.

“The pain at the moment,” said the old Khan, “was lessened by the warmth occasioned by the struggle. The wounds soon healed; and when the Kajirs obtained the undisputed sovereignty of Persia, I was rewarded for my suffering in their cause. All my sons have been promoted, and I am governor of this town and province. Here I am in affluence, and enjoying a repose to which men who can see are in this country perfect strangers. If there is a deficiency of revenue, or any real or alleged cause for which another governor would be removed, beaten, or put to death, the king says, ‘Never mind, it is poor blind Riza Kooli; let him alone:’ so you observe, Elchee, that I have no reason to complain, being in fact better defended from misfortune by the loss of my two eyes, than I could be by the possession of twenty of the clearest in Persia:’ and he laughed again at this second joke.

Meerza Aga Meer, the Persian secretary, when commenting upon Riza Kooli Khan’s story, said that his grounds of consolation were substantial; for that a stronger contrast could not exist between his condition, as he had described it, and that of others who are employed as revenue officers under the present administration of Fars. “I cannot better,” said he, “illustrate this fact than by the witty and bold answer given a short time since by one of the nobles to the Prince Regent at Shiraz. The Prince asked of his advisers what punishment was great enough for a very heinous offender who was brought before him: ‘Make him a collector of revenue,’ said an old favorite nobleman; ‘there can be no crime for which such an appointment will not soon bring a very sufficient punishment.’”

CEREMONIES and forms have, and merit, consideration in all countries, but particularly among Asiatic nations. With these the intercourse of private as well as public life is much regulated by their observance. From the spirit and decision of a public envoy upon such points, the Persians very generally form their opinion of the character of the country he represents. This fact I had read in books, and all I saw convinced me of its truth. Fortunately the Elchee [Malcolm himself] had resided at some of the principal courts of India, whose usages are very similar. He was, therefore, deeply versed in that important science

denominated "Kâida-e-nishest-oo-berkhâst" (or the art of sitting and rising), in which is included a knowledge of the forms and manners of good society, and particularly those of Asiatic kings and their courts.

He was quite aware, on his first arrival in Persia, of the consequence of every step he took on such delicate points; he was, therefore, anxious to fight all his battles regarding ceremonies before he came near the footstool of royalty. We were consequently plagued, from the moment we landed at Abushehr, till we reached Shiraz, with daily, almost hourly, drilling, that we might be perfect in our demeanor at all places, and under all circumstances. We were carefully instructed where to ride in a procession, where to stand or sit within-doors, when to rise from our seats, how far to advance to meet a visitor, and to what part of the tent or house we were to follow him when he departed, if he was of sufficient rank to make us stir a step.

The regulations of our risings and standings, and movings and reseatings, were, however, of comparatively less importance than the time and manner of smoking our Kelliâns and taking our coffee. It is quite astonishing how much depends upon coffee and tobacco in Persia. Men are gratified or offended, according to the mode in which these favorite refreshments are offered. You welcome a visitor, or send him off, by the way in which you call for a pipe or a cup of coffee. Then you mark, in the most minute manner, every shade of attention and consideration, by the mode in which he is treated. If he be above you, you present these refreshments yourself, and do not partake till commanded: if equal, you exchange pipes, and present him with coffee, taking the next cup yourself: if a little below you, and you wish to pay him attention, you leave him to smoke his own pipe, but the servant gives him, according to your condescending nod, the first cup of coffee: if much inferior, you keep your distance and maintain your rank, by taking the first cup of coffee yourself, and then directing the servant, by a wave of the hand, to help the guest.

When a visitor arrives, the coffee and pipe are called for to welcome him; a second call for these articles announces that he may depart; but this part of the ceremony varies according to the relative rank or intimacy of the parties.

These matters may appear light to those with whom observances of this character are habits, not rules; but in this country,

they are of primary consideration, a man's importance with himself and with others depending on them.

From the hour the first mission reached Persia, servants, merchants, governors of towns, chiefs, and high public officers, presuming upon our ignorance, made constant attempts to trespass upon our dignity, and though repelled at all points, they continued their efforts, till a battle royal at Shiraz put the question to rest, by establishing our reputation, as to a just sense of our own pretensions, upon a basis which was never afterwards shaken. But this memorable event merits a particular description.

The first mission arrived at Shiraz on the 13th of June, 1800. The King of Persia was at this time in Khorassan, and the province of Fars, of which Shiraz is the capital, was nominally ruled by one of his sons, called Hoosein Ali Meerzâ, a boy of twelve years of age. He was under the tuition of his mother, a clever woman, and a Minister called Cherâgh Ali Khan. With the latter redoubtable personage there had been many fights upon minor ceremonies, but all were merged in a consideration of those forms which were to be observed on our visit to the young Prince.

According to Persian usage, Hoosein Ali Meerzâ was seated on a Nemmed, or thick felt, which was laid on the carpet, and went half across the upper end of the room in which he received the Mission. Two slips of felt, lower by two or three inches than that of the Prince, extended down each side of the apartment. On one of these sat the Ministers and nobles of the petty Court, while the other was allotted to the Elchee and suite; but according to a written "*Destoor-ool-Amal*" (or programme), to which a plan of the apartment was annexed, the Elchee was not only to sit at the top of our slip, but his right thigh was to rest on the Prince's Nemmed.

The Elchee, on entering this apartment, saluted the Prince, and then walked up to his appointed seat; but the master of the ceremonies pointed to one lower, and on seeing the Elchee took no notice of his signal, he interposed his person between him and the place stated in the programme. Here he kept his position, fixed as a statue, and in his turn paid no attention to the Elchee, who waved his hand for him to go on one side. This was the crisis of the battle. The Elchee looked to the Minister; but he stood mute, with his hands crossed before his body, looking down on the carpet. The young Prince, who had hitherto been

as silent and dignified as the others, now requested the Elchee to be seated ; which the latter, making a low bow to him, and looking with no slight indignation at the Minister, complied with. Coffee and pipes were handed round ; but as soon as that ceremony was over, and before the second course of refreshments was called for, the Elchee requested the Prince to give him leave to depart ; and, without waiting a reply, arose and retired.

The Minister seeing matters were wrong, and being repulsed in an advance he made to an explanation, sent Mahomed Shereef Khan, the Mehmandar, to speak to the Elchee ; but he was told to return, and tell Cherâgh Ali Khan “that the British Representative would not wait at Shiraz to receive a second insult. Say to him,” he added, “that regard for the King, who is absent from his dominions, prevented my showing disrespect to his son, who is a mere child ; I therefore seated myself for a moment ; but I have no such consideration for his Minister, who has shown himself alike ignorant of what is due to the honor of his sovereign and his country, by breaking his agreement with a foreign Envoy.”

The Elchee mounted his horse, after delivering this message, which he did in a loud and indignant tone, and rode away apparently in a great rage. It was amusing to see the confusion to which his strong sense of the indignity put upon him threw those, who a moment before were pluming themselves on the clever manner by which they had compelled him to seat himself fully two feet lower on the carpet than he had bargained for. Meerzâs and Omrâhs came galloping one after another, praying different persons of his suite to try and pacify him. The latter shook their heads ; but those who solicited them appeared to indulge hopes, till they heard the orders given for the immediate movement of the English camp. All was then dismay ; message after message was brought deprecating the Elchee’s wrath. He was accused of giving too much importance to a trifle ; it was a mistake of my lord of the ceremonies ; would his disgrace — his punishment — the bastinado — putting his eyes out — cutting off his head, satisfy or gratify the offended Elchee ? — To all such evasions and propositions the Envoy returned but one answer : “Let Cherâgh Ali Khan write an acknowledgment that he has broken his agreement, and that he entreats my forgiveness : if such a paper is brought me, I remain ; if not, I march from Shiraz.”

Every effort was tried in vain to alter this resolution, and

the Minister, seeing no escape, at last gave way, and sent the required apology, adding, if ever it reached his Majesty's ear that the Elchee was offended, no punishment would be deemed too severe for those who had ruffled his Excellency's temper or hurt his feelings.

The reply was, the explanation was ample and satisfactory, and that the Elchee would not for worlds be the cause of injury to the meanest person in Persia, much less to his dear friend Cherâgh Ali Khan; and a sentence was added to this letter by particular desire of Meerzâ Aga Meer, who penned it, stating, "that everything disagreeable was erased from the tablet of the Elchee's memory, on which nothing was now written but the golden letters of amity and concord."

The day after this affair was settled, the Minister paid the Elchee a long visit, and insisted upon his going again to see the Prince. We went—but what a difference in our reception: all parties were attentive; the master of the ceremonies bent almost to the ground; and though the Elchee only desired to take his appointed seat, that would neither satisfy the Prince nor the Minister, who insisted that, instead of his placing one thigh on the Nemmed, which was before unapproachable, he should sit altogether on its edge! This was "miherbânee, ser-afrâzee" (favor, exaltation), and we were all favored and exalted.

Such is the history of this battle of ceremony, which was the only one of any consequence there was occasion to fight in Persia; for in wars of this kind, as in other wars, if you once establish your fame for skill and courage, victory follows as a matter of course.

It must not be supposed from what has been stated, that the Persians are all grave formal persons. They are the most cheerful people in the world; and they delight in familiar conversation; and every sort of recreation appears, like that of children, increased by those occasional restraints to which their customs condemn them. They contrive every means to add to the pleasures of their social hours; and as far as society can be agreeable, divested of its chief ornament, females, it is to be met with in this country. Princes, chiefs, and officers of state, while they pride themselves, and with justice, on their superior manners, use their utmost efforts to make themselves pleasant companions. Poets, historians, astrologers, wits, and reciters of stories and fables, who have acquired eminence, are not only

admitted into the first circles, but honored. It is not uncommon to see a nobleman of high rank give precedence to a man of wit or of letters, who is expected to amuse or instruct the company; and the latter, confident in those acquirements to which he owes his distinction, shows, by his manner and observations, that usage has given him a right to the place he occupies.

I heard, before I mixed in it, very different accounts of Persian society. With one class of persons it was an infliction, to another a delight. I soon found that its enjoyment depended upon a certain preparation; and from the moment I landed in the country, I devoted a portion of my time to their most popular works in verse and prose. I made translations, not only of history and poetry, but of fables and tales, being satisfied that this occupation, while it improved me in the knowledge of the language, gave me a better idea of the manners and mode of thinking of this people than I could derive from any other source. Besides, it is a species of literature with which almost every man in Persia is acquainted; and allusions to works of fancy and fiction are so common in conversation, that you can never enjoy their society if ignorant of such familiar topics.

I have formerly alluded to the cause which leads all ranks in Persia to blend fables and apologues in their discourse, but this subject merits a more particular notice. There has been a serious and protracted discussion among the learned in Europe as to the original country of those tales which have delighted and continue to delight successive generations. One or two facts connected with this abstruse question are admitted by all. — First, that the said tales are not the native produce of our western clime. They are decidedly exotics, though we have improved upon the original stock by careful culture, by grafting, and other expedients, so as to render them more suited to the soil into which they have been transplanted.

The next admission is that some of our best fables and tales came with the Sun from the East, that genial clime where Nature pours forth her stores with so liberal a hand that she spoils by her indulgence those on whom she bestows her choicest gifts. In that favored land the imagination of authors grows and flourishes, like their own evergreens, in unpruned luxuriance. This exuberance is condemned by the fastidious critics of the West. As for myself, though an ad-

mirer of art, I like to contemplate Nature in all her forms ; and it is amidst her varied scenes that I have observed how much man takes his shape and pursuits from the character of the land in which he is born. Our admirable and philosophic poet, after asserting the command which the uncircumscribed soul, when it chooses to exert itself, has over both the frigid and torrid zones, beautifully and truly adds :—

Not but the human fabric from its birth
Imbibes a flavor of its parent earth ;
As various tracts enforce a various toil,
The manners speak the idiom of the soil.

The warmth of the climate of the East, the ever-teeming abundance of the earth, while it fosters lively imaginations and strong passions, disposes the frame to the enjoyment of that luxurious ease which is adverse to freedom. That noblest of all plants which ever flourished on earth has, from the creation to the present day, been unknown in the East. This being the case, the fathers of families, the chiefs of tribes, and the sovereigns of kingdoms are, within their separate circles, alike despotic ; their children, followers, and subjects are consequently compelled to address these dreaded superiors in apologies, parables, fables, and tales, lest the plain truth, spoken in plain language, should offend ; and the person who made a complaint or offered advice should receive the bastinado, or have his head struck off on the first impulse of passion, and before his mighty master had time to reflect on the reasonableness of such prompt punishment.

To avoid such unpleasant results, every bird that flies, every beast that walks, and even fish that swim, have received the gift of speech, and have been made to represent kings, queens, ministers, courtiers, soldiers, wise men, foolish men, old women, and little children, in order, as a Persian author says, “That the ear of authority may be safely approached by the tongue of wisdom.”

There is another reason why tales and fables continue so popular in the East ; we observe how pleasing and useful they are as a medium of conveying instruction in childhood : a great proportion of the men and women of the countries of which we speak are, in point of general knowledge, but children ; and while they learn, through allegories and apologies, interspersed

with maxims, to appreciate the merits of their superiors, the latter are, in their turn, taught by the same means lessons of humanity, generosity, and justice.

"Have you no laws," said I one day to Aga Meer, "but the Koran, and the traditions upon that volume?" "We have," said he, gravely, "the maxims of Sâdee." Were I to judge from my own observations, I should say that these stories and maxims, which are known to all, from the king to the peasant, have fully as great an effect in restraining the arbitrary and unjust exercise of power as the laws of the Prophet.

It is through allegories and fables that we receive the earliest accounts we have of all nations, but particularly those of the Eastern hemisphere. We may, in these days in which exactness is so much valued, deplore this medium as liable to mislead, but must recollect that if we had not their ancient records in this form we should have them in none. One of the wisest men in the West, Francis Bacon, has truly said, "Fiction gives to mankind what history denies, and in some measure satisfies the mind with shadows when it cannot enjoy the substance."

Those who rank highest amongst the Eastern nations for genius have employed their talents in works of fiction; and they have added to the moral lessons they desired to convey so much of grace and ornament, that their volumes have found currency in every nation of the world. The great influx of them into Europe may be dated from the crusades; and if that quarter of the globe derived no other benefits from these holy wars, the enthusiastic admirers of such narrations may consider the tales of Boccaccio and similar works as sufficient to compensate all the blood and treasure expended in that memorable contest!

England has benefited largely from these tales of the East. Amongst other boons from that land of imagination, we have the groundwork on which Shakespeare has founded his inimitable play of the "Merchant of Venice."

The story of the Mahomedan and the Jew has been found in several books of Eastern Tales. In one Persian version love is made to mix with avarice in the breast of the Israelite, who had cast the eye of desire upon the wife of the Mahomedan, and expected, when he came to exact his bond, the lady would make any sacrifice to save her husband.

At the close of this tale, when the parties come before the

judge, the Jew puts forth his claim to the forfeited security of a pound of flesh. "How answerest thou?" said the judge, turning to the Mahomedan. "It is so," replied the latter; "the money is due by me, but I am unable to pay it." "Then," continued the judge, "since thou hast failed in payment, thou must give the pledge; go, bring a sharp knife." When that was brought, the judge turned to the Jew, and said, "Arise, and separate one pound of flesh from his body, so that there be not a grain more or less; for if there is, the governor shall be informed, and thou shalt be put to death." "I cannot," said the Jew, "cut off one pound exactly; there will be a little more or less." But the judge persisted that it should be the precise weight. On this the Jew said he would give up his claim and depart. This was not allowed, and the Jew being compelled to take his bond with all its hazards, or pay a fine for a vexatious prosecution, he preferred the latter, and returned home a disappointed usurer.

Admitting that the inhabitants of Europe received these tales and apologues from the Saracens, the next question is, where did they get them? Mahomed and his immediate successors, while they proscribed all such false and wicked lies and inventions, accuse the Persians of being the possessors and propagators of those delusive tales, which were, according to them, preferred by many of their followers to the Koran. But in the course of time Caliphs became less rigid. The taste for poetry and fiction revived, and Persian stories and Arabian tales deluged the land.

For some centuries the above countries were the supposed sources of this branch of literature, but, since the sacred language of the Hindus has become more generally known, the Persians are discovered to have been not only the plunderers of their real goods and chattels, but also of their works of imagination.



DEPENDING UPON OTHERS.

By MRS. S. C. HALL.

[MRS. SAMUEL CARTER HALL (Anna Maria Fielding): An Irish novelist; born in Dublin, January, 1800; died in 1881. At fifteen she removed to London and married (1824) S. C. Hall, editor and critic, with whom she wrote many volumes. Her own works include: "Sketches of Irish Character"

(1828), "The Buccaneer," "The Outlaw," "Lights and Shadows of Irish Character," "Tales of the Irish Peasantry," and numerous short stories. She received a pension of one hundred pounds in 1868.]

"INDEPENDENCE" — it is the word, of all others, that Irishmen, women, and children least understand ; and the calmness, or rather indifference, with which they submit to dependence, bitter and miserable as it is, must be a source of deep regret to all who "love the land" or who feel anxious to uphold the dignity of human kind. Let me select a few cases from our Irish village, such as are abundant in every neighborhood. Shane Thurlough, "as dacent a boy," and Shane's wife, "as clane-skinned a girl," as any in the world. There is Shane, an active, handsome-looking fellow, leaning over the half-door of his cottage, kicking a hole in the wall with his brogue, and picking up all the large gravel within his reach to pelt the ducks with, — those useful Irish scavengers. Let us speak to him.

"Good morrow, Shane."

"Och ! the bright bames of heaven on ye every day ! and kindly welcome, my lady ; and won't ye step in and rest ? — it's powerful hot, and a beautiful summer, sure, — the Lord be praised !"

"Thank you, Shane. I thought you were going to cut the hayfield to-day ; if a heavy shower comes it will be spoiled ; it has been fit for the scythe these two days."

"Sure it's all owing to that thief o' the world, Tom Parrel, my lady. Didn't he promise me the loan of his scythe ? and, by the same token, I was to pay him for it ; and *depinding* on that, I didn't buy one, which I have been threatening to do for the last two years."

"But why don't you go to Carrick and purchase one ?"

"To Carrick ! Och, 'tis a good step to Carrick, and my toes are on the ground, — saving your presence, — for I *depinded* on Tim Jarvis to tell Andy Cappler, the brogue maker, to do my shoes ; and, bad luck to him, the spalpeen, he forgot it."

"Where's your pretty wife, Shane ?"

"She's in all the woe o' the world, ma'am dear. And she puts the blame of it on me, though I'm not in the faut this time, anyhow. The child's taken the smallpox, and she *depinded* on me to tell the doctor to cut it for the cowpox, and I *depinded* on Kitty Cackle, the limmer, to tell the doctor's own man, and thought she would not forget it, because the boy's her bachelor

but out o' sight, out o' mind, — the never a word she tould him about it, and the babby has got it nataral, and the woman's in heart trouble, — to say nothing o' myself, — and it is the first, and all."

"I am very sorry, indeed, for you have got a much better wife than most men."

"That's a true word, my lady, only she's fidgety-like sometimes, and says I don't hit the nail on the head quick enough; and she takes a dale more trouble than she need about many a thing."

"I do not think I ever saw Ellen's wheel without flax before, Shane."

"Bad cess to the wheel! I got it this morning about that too. I *depinded* on John Williams to bring the flax from O'Flaherty's this day week, and he forgot it; and she says I ought to have brought it myself, and I close to the spot. But where's the good? says I; sure he'll bring it next time."

"I suppose, Shane, you will soon move into the new cottage at Clurn Hill? I passed it to-day, and it looked so cheerful; and when you get there, you must take Ellen's advice, and *depend* solely on yourself."

"Och, ma'am dear, don't mention it; sure it's that makes me so down in the mouth this very minit. Sure I saw that born blackguard, Jack Waddy, and he comes in here quite innocent-like: 'Shane, you've an eye to squire's new lodge,' says he. 'Maybe I have,' says I. 'I am yer man,' says he. 'How so?' says I. 'Sure I'm as good as married to my lady's maid,' says he; 'and I'll spake to the squire for you my own self.' 'The blessing be about you,' says I, quite grateful, and we took a strong cup on the strength of it, and *depinding* on that, I thought all safe. And what d'ye think, my lady? Why, himself stalks into the place, — talked the squire over to be sure, — and without so much as by yer lave, sates himself and his new wife on the laase in the house, and I may go whistle."

"It was a great pity, Shane, that you didn't go yourself to Mr. Clurn."

"That's a true word for ye, ma'am dear; but it's hard if a poor man can't have a frind to *depind* on."

HAJJI BABA AND THE STOLEN MONEY.

By JAMES MORIER.

(From "The Adventures of Hajji Baba.")

[JAMES MORIER: An English traveler and author; born in England in 1780; died at Brighton, March 23, 1849. He entered the diplomatic service, was private secretary to Lord Elgin in his embassy to Constantinople; accompanied the grand vizier in the campaign in Egypt against the French, and was for many years chargé d'affaires in Persia. His books about Persia established his reputation as an author. He was master of several Oriental languages, and a charming and graceful writer. His works include: "A Journey through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor to Constantinople in the Years 1808 and 1809" (1812), "A Second Journey through Persia between the Years 1810 and 1816, with a Journal of the Voyage by the Brazils and Bombay to the Persian Gulf" (1818), "The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan" (5 vols., 1824-1828), "Zohrab the Hostage" (3 vols., 1832), "Ayesha, the Maid of Kars" (3 vols., 1834), and "Mirza" (3 vols., 1841).]

MY father having died without a will, I was, of course, proclaimed his sole heir without any opposition, and consequently all those who had aspired to be sharers of his property, balked by my unexpected appearance, immediately withdrew to vent their disappointment in abusing me. They represented me as a wretch devoid of all respect for my parents, as one without religion, an adventurer in the world, and the companion of lûties and wandering dervishes.

As I had no intention of remaining at Ispahan, I treated their endeavors to hurt me with contempt, and consoled myself by giving them a full return of all their scurrility, by expressions which neither they nor their fathers had ever heard — expressions which I had picked up from amongst the illustrious characters with whom I had passed the first years of my youth.

When we were left to ourselves, my mother and I, after having bewailed in sufficiently pathetic language, she the death of a husband, I the loss of a father, the following conversation took place: —

"Now tell me, O my mother — for there can be no secrets between us — tell me what was the state of Kerbelai Hassan's concerns. He loved you, and confided in you, and you must therefore be better acquainted with them than any one else."

"What do I know of them, my son?" said she, in great haste, and seeming confusion.

I stopped her, to continue my speech. "You know that, according to the law, his heir is bound to pay his debts :— they must be ascertained. Then, the expenses of the funeral are to be defrayed ; they will be considerable ; and at present I am as destitute of means as on the day you gave me birth. To meet all this, money is necessary, or else both mine and my father's name will be disgraced among men, and my enemies will not fail to overcome me. He must have been reputed wealthy, or else his deathbed would never have been surrounded by that host of bloodsuckers and timeservers which have been driven away by my presence. You, my mother, must tell me where he was accustomed to deposit his ready cash ; who were, or who are likely to be, his debtors ; and what might be his possessions, besides those which are apparent."

"Oh, Allah !" exclaimed she, "what words are these ? Your father was a poor, good man, who had neither money nor possessions. Money, indeed ! We had dry bread to eat, and that was all ! Now and then, after the arrival of a great caravan, when heads to be shaved were plentiful, and his business brisk, we indulged in our dish of rice, and our skewer of kabob, but otherwise we lived like beggars. A bit of bread, a morsel of cheese, an onion, a basin of sour curds — that was our daily fare ; and, under these circumstances, can you ask me for money, ready money too ? There is this house, which you see and know ; then his shop, with its furniture ; and when I have said that, I have nearly said all. You are just arrived in time, my son, to step into your father's shoes, and take up his business ; and *Inshallah*, please God, may your hand be fortunate ! may it never cease wagging, from one year's end to the other !"

"This is very strange !" exclaimed I, in my turn. "Fifty years, and more, hard and unceasing toil ! and nothing to show for it ! This is incredible ! We must call in the diviners."

"The diviners ?" said my mother, in some agitation ; "of what use can they be ? They are only called in when a thief is to be discovered. You will not proclaim your mother a thief, Hajji, will you ? Go, make inquiries of your friend, and your father's friend, the *âkhon* [schoolmaster]. He is acquainted with the whole of the concerns, and I am sure he will repeat what I have said."

"You do not speak amiss, mother," said I. "The âkhon probably does know what were my father's last wishes, for he appeared to be the principal director in his dying moments; and he may tell me, if money there was left, where it is to be found."

Accordingly I went straightway to seek the old man, whom I found seated precisely in the very same corner of the little parish mosque, surrounded by his scholars, in which some twenty years before I myself had received his instructions. As soon as he saw me he dismissed his scholars, saying that my footsteps were fortunate, and that others, as well as himself, should partake of the pleasure which I was sure to dispense wherever I went.

"Ahi, âkhon," said I, "do not laugh at my beard. My good fortune has entirely forsaken me; and even now, when I had hoped that my destiny, in depriving me of my father, had made up the loss by giving me wealth, I am likely to be disappointed, and to turn out a greater beggar than ever."

"*Allah kerim*, God is merciful," said the schoolmaster; and lifting up his eyes to heaven, whilst he placed his hands on his knees, with their palms uppermost, he exclaimed, "Oh, Allah, whatever is, thou art it." Then addressing himself to me, he said, "Yes, my son, such is the world, and such will it ever be, as long as man shuts not up his heart from all human desires. Want nothing, seek nothing, and nothing will seek you."

"How long have you been a Sûfi," said I, "that you talk after this manner? I can speak on that subject also, since my evil star led me to Kom, but now I am engrossed with other matters." I then informed him of the object of my visit, and requested him to tell me what he knew of my father's concerns.

Upon this question he coughed, and, making up a face of great wisdom, went through a long string of oaths and professions, and finished by repeating what I had heard from my mother; namely, that he believed my father to have died possessed of no (*nagd*) ready cash (for that, after all, was the immediate object of my search); and what his other property was, he reminded me that I knew as well as himself.

I remained mute for some time with disappointment, and then expressed my surprise in strong terms. My father, I was aware, was too good a Mussulman to have lent out his money upon interest; for I recollected a circumstance, when

I was quite a youth, which proved it. Osman Aga, my first master, wanting to borrow a sum from him, for which he offered an enormous interest, my father put his conscience into the hands of a rigid mollah, who told him that the precepts of the Koran entirely forbade it. Whether since that time he had relaxed his principles, I could not say ; but I was assured that he always set his face against the unlawful practice of taking interest, and that he died as he had lived, a perfect model of a true believer.

I left the mosque in no very agreeable mood, and took my way to the spot where I had made my first appearance in life, — namely, my father's shop, — turning over in my mind as I went what steps I should take to secure a future livelihood. To remain at Ispahan was out of the question — the place and the inhabitants were odious to me ; — therefore, it was only left me to dispose of everything that was now my own, and to return to the capital, which, after all, I knew to be the best market for an adventurer like myself. However, I could not relinquish the thought that my father had died possessed of some ready money, and suspicions would haunt my mind, in spite of me, that foul play was going on somewhere or other. I was at a loss to whom to address myself, unknown as I was in the city, and I was thinking of making my case known to the *cadi*, when, approaching the gate of the *caravanserai*, I was accosted by the old *capiji*. “Peace be unto you, Aga !” said he ; “may you live many years, and may your abundance increase ! My eyes are enlightened by seeing you.”

“Are your spirits so well wound up, Ali Mohamed,” said I, in return, “that you choose to treat me thus ? As for the abundance you talk of, 'tis abundance of grief, for I have none other that I know of. Och !” said I, sighing, “my liver has become water, and my soul has withered up.”

“What news is this ?” said the old man. “Your father (peace be unto him !) is just dead — you are his heir — you are young, and, *Mashallah* ! you are handsome — your wit is not deficient : — what do you want more ?”

“I am his heir, 'tis true ; but what of that — what advantage can accrue to me, when I only get an old mud-built house, with some worn-out carpets, some pots and pans, and decayed furniture, and yonder shop with a brass basin and a dozen of razors ? — Let me spit upon such an inheritance.”

“But where is your money, your ready cash, Hajji ? Your father (God be with him !) had the reputation of being as great

a niggard of his money as he was liberal of his soap. Everybody knows that he amassed much, and never passed a day without adding to his store."

"That may be true," said I; "but what advantage will that be to me, since I cannot find where it was deposited? My mother says that he had none — the âkhon repeats the same — I am no conjurer to discover the truth. I had it in my mind to go to the *cadi*."

"To the *cadi*?" said Ali Mohamed. "Heaven forbid! Go not to him — you might as well knock at the gate of this caravanserai, when I am absent, as try to get justice from him, without a heavy fee. No, he sells it by the *miscal*, at a heavy price, and very light weight does he give after all. He does not turn over one leaf of the Koran until his fingers have been well plated with gold, and if those who have appropriated your father's sacks are to be your opponents, do not you think that they will drain them into the *cadi*'s lap, rather than he should pronounce in your favor?"

"What then is to be done?" said I. "Perhaps the diviners might give me some help."

"There will be no harm in that," answered the doorkeeper. "I have known them make great discoveries during my service in this caravanserai. Merchants have frequently lost their money, and found it again through their means. It was only in the attack of the Turcomans, when much property was stolen, that they were completely at their wits' end. Ah! that was a strange event. It brought much misery on my head; for some were wicked enough to say that I was their accomplice, and, what is more extraordinary, that you were amongst them, Hajji! — for it was on account of your name, which the dog's son made use of to induce me to open the gate, that the whole mischief was produced."

Lucky was it for me that old Ali Mohamed was very dull of sight, or else he would have remarked strange alterations in my features when he made these observations. However, our conference ended by his promising to send me the most expert diviner of Ispahan; "a man," said he, "who would entice a piece of gold out of the earth, if buried twenty *gez* deep, or even if it was hid in the celebrated well of Kashan."

The next morning, soon after the first prayers, a little man came into my room, whom I soon discovered to be the diviner.

He was a humpback, with an immense head, with eyes so wonderfully brilliant, and a countenance so intelligent, that I felt he could look through and through me at one glance. He wore a dervish's cap, from under which flowed a profusion of jet-black hair, which, added to a thick bush of a beard, gave an imposing expression to his features. His eyes, which by a quick action of his eyelid (whether real or affected, I know not) twinkled like stars, made the monster, who was not taller than a good bludgeon, look like a little demon.

He began by questioning me very narrowly; made me relate every circumstance of my life—particularly since my return to Ispahan—inquired who were my father's greatest apparent friends and associates, and what my own suspicions led me to conclude. In short, he searched into every particular, with the same scrutiny that a doctor would in tracing and unraveling an intricate disorder.

When he had well pondered over everything that I had unfolded, he then required to be shown the premises which my father principally inhabited. My mother having gone that morning to the bath, I was enabled, unknown to her, to take him into her apartments, where he requested me to leave him to himself, in order that he might obtain a knowledge of the localities necessary to the discoveries which he hoped to make. He remained there a full quarter of an hour, and when he came out requested me to collect those who were in my father's intimacy, and in the habit of much frequenting the house, and that he would return, they being assembled, and begin his operations.

Without saying a word to my mother about the diviner, I requested her to invite her most intimate friends for the following morning, it being my intention to give them a breakfast; and I myself begged the attendance of the âkhon, the capiji, my father's nephew by his first wife, and a brother of my mother, with others who had free entrance into the house.

They came punctually; and when they had partaken of such fare as I could place before them, they were informed of the predicament in which I stood, and that I had requested their attendance to be witnesses to the endeavors of the diviner to discover where my father was wont to keep his money, of the existence of which, somewhere or other, nobody who knew him could doubt. I looked into each man's face as I made this speech, hoping to remark some expression which might

throw a light upon my suspicions, but everybody seemed ready to help my investigation, and maintained the most unequivocal innocence of countenance.

At length the dervish, Teez Negah (for that was the name of the conjurer), was introduced, accompanied by an attendant who carried something wrapt up in a handkerchief. Having ordered the women in the *anderûn* to keep themselves veiled, because they would probably soon be visited by men, I requested the dervish to begin his operations.

He first looked at every one present with great earnestness, but more particularly fixed his basilisk eyes upon the *âkhon*, who evidently could not stand the scrutiny, but exclaimed "*Allah il Allah!*" — there is but one God, — stroked down his face and beard, and blew first over one shoulder and then over the other, by way of keeping off the evil spirit. Some merriment was raised at his expense ; but he did not appear to be in a humor to meet any one's jokes.

After this, the dervish called to his attendant, who from the handkerchief drew forth a brass cup of a plain surface, but written all over with quotations from the Koran, having reference to the crime of stealing, and defrauding the orphan of his lawful property. He was a man of few words, and simply saying, "In the name of Allah, the All-wise, and All-seeing," he placed the cup on the floor, treating it with much reverence, both in touch and in manner.

He then said to the lookers-on, "*Inshallah*, it will lead us at once to the spot where the money of the deceased Kerbelai Hassan (may God show him mercy!) is, or was, deposited."

We all looked at each other, some with expressions of incredulity, others with unfeigned belief, when he bent himself towards the cup, and with little shoves and pats of his hand he impelled it forwards, exclaiming all the time, "See, see, the road it takes. Nothing can stop it. It will go, in spite of me. *Mashallah, Mashallah!*"

We followed him, until he reached the door of the harem, where we knocked for admittance. After some negotiation it was opened, and there we found a crowd of women (many of whom had only loosely thrown on their veils) waiting with much impatience to witness the feats which this wonderful cup was to perform.

"Make way," said the diviner to the women who stood in his path, as he took his direction towards a corner of the

court, upon which the windows of the room opened — “Make way; nothing can stop my guide.”

A woman, whom I recognized to be my mother, stopped his progress several times, until he was obliged to admonish her, with some bitterness, to keep clear of him.

“Do not you see,” said he, “we are on the Lord’s business? Justice will be done in spite of the wickedness of man.”

At length he reached a distant corner, where it was plain that the earth had been recently disturbed, and there he stopped.

“*Bismillah*, in the name of Allah,” said he, “let all present stand around me, and mark what I do.” He dug into the ground with his dagger, clawed the soil away with his hands, and discovered a place in which were the remains of an earthen vessel, and the marks near it of there having been another.

“Here,” said he, “here the money was, but is no more.” Then taking up his cup, he appeared to caress it, and make much of it, calling it his little uncle and his little soul.

Every one stared. All cried out, “*ajaiib*,” wonderful; and the little humpback was looked upon as a supernatural being.

The capiji, who was accustomed to such discoveries, was the only one who had the readiness to say, “But where is the thief? You have shown us where the game lay, but we want you to catch it for us:—the thief and the money, or the money without the thief, ~~that~~ that is what we want.”

“Softly, my friend,” said the dervish to the capiji, “don’t jump so soon from the crime to the criminal. We have a medicine for every disorder, although it may take some time to work.”

He then cast his eyes upon the company present, twinkling them all the while in quick flashes, and said, “I am sure every one here will be happy to be clear of suspicion, and will agree to what I shall propose. The operation is simple and soon over.”

“*Elbettah*,” certainly; “*Belli*,” yes; “*Een che har est?*” what word is this? was heard to issue from every mouth, and I requested the dervish to proceed.

He called again to his servant, who produced a small bag, whilst he again took the cup under his charge.

“This bag,” said the diviner, “contains some old rice. I will put a small handful of it into each person’s mouth, which they will forthwith chew. Let those who cannot break it beware, for Eblis is near at hand.”

Upon this, placing us in a row, he filled each person’s

mouth with rice, and all immediately began to masticate. Being the complainant, of course I was exempt from the ordeal; and my mother, who chose to make common cause with me, also stood out of the ranks. The quick-sighted dervish would not allow of this, but made her undergo the trial with the rest, saying, "The property we seek is not yours, but your son's. Had he been your husband, it would be another thing." She agreed to his request, though with bad grace, and then all the jaws were set to wagging, some looking upon it as a good joke, others thinking it a hard trial to the nerves. As fast as each person had ground his mouthful, he called to the dervish, and showed the contents of his mouth.

All had now proved their innocence excepting the âkhon and my mother. The former, whose face exhibited the picture of an affected cheerfulness with great nervous apprehension, kept mumbling his rice, and turning it over between his jaws, until he cried out in a querulous tone, "Why do you give me this stuff to chew? I am old, and have no teeth:—it is impossible for me to reduce the grain;" and then he spit it out. My mother, too, complained of her want of power to break the hard rice, and did the same thing. A silence ensued, which made us all look with more attention than usual upon them, and it was only broken by a timeserver of my mother, an old woman, who cried out, "What child's play is this? Who has ever heard of a son treating his mother with this disrespect, and his old schoolmaster, too? Shame, shame!—let us go—he is probably the thief himself."

Upon this the dervish said, "Are we fools and asses, to be dealt with in this manner?—either there was money in that corner, or there was not—either there are thieves in the world, or there are not. This man and this woman," pointing to the âkhon and my mother, "have not done that which all the rest have done. Perhaps they say the truth, they are old, and cannot break the hard grain. Nobody says that they stole the money—they themselves know that best," said he, looking at them through and through; "but the famous diviner, Hezarfun, he who was truly called the bosom friend to the Great Bear, and the confidant of the planet Saturn,—he who could tell all that a man has ever thought, thinks, or will think,—he hath said that the trial by rice among cowards was the best of all tests of a man's honesty. Now, my friends, from all I have remarked, none of you are slayers of lions,

and fear is easily produced among you. However, if you doubt my skill in this instance, I will propose a still easier trial, — one which commits nobody, which works like a charm upon the mind, and makes the thief come forward of his own accord, to ease his conscience and purse of its ill-gotten wealth, at one and the same time. I propose the *Hak reezî*, or the heaping up earth. Here in this corner I will make a mound, and will pray so fervently this very night, that, by the blessing of Allah, the Hajji," pointing to me, "will find his money buried in it to-morrow at this hour. Whoever is curious, let them be present, and if something be not discovered, I will give him a miscal of hair from my beard."

He then set to work, and heaped up earth in a corner, whilst the lookers-on loitered about, discussing what they had just seen; some examining me and the dervish as children of the evil spirit, whilst others again began to think as much of my mother and the schoolmaster. The company then dispersed, most of them promising to return the following morning, at the appointed time, to witness the search into the heap of earth.

I must own that I began now to look upon the restoration of my property as hopeless. The diviner's skill had certainly discovered that money had been buried in my father's house, and he had succeeded in raising ugly suspicions in my mind against two persons whom I felt it to be a sin to suspect; but I doubted whether he could do more.

However, he appeared again on the following morning, accompanied by the capiji, and by several of those who had been present at the former scene. The âkhon, however, did not appear, and my mother was also absent, upon pretext of being obliged to visit a sick friend. We proceeded in a body to the mound, and the dervish having made a holy invocation, he approached it with a sort of mysterious respect.

"Now we shall see," said he, "whether the Gins and the Peris have been at work this night;" and, exclaiming "*Bismillah!*" he dug into the earth with his dagger.

Having thrown off some of the soil, a large stone appeared, and having disengaged that, to the astonishment of all, and to my extreme delight, a canvas bag, well filled, was discovered.

"Oh, my soul! oh, my heart!" exclaimed the humpback, as he seized upon the bag, "you see that the dervish Teez

Negah is not a man to lose a hair of his beard. There, there," said he, putting it into my hand, "there is your property : go, and give thanks that you have fallen into my hands, and do not forget my *hak sai*, or my commission."

Everybody crowded round me, whilst I broke open the wax that was affixed to the mouth of the bag, upon which I recognized the impression of my father's seal; and eagerness was marked on all their faces as I untied the twine with which it was fastened. My countenance dropped woefully when I found that it contained only silver, for I had made up my mind to see gold. Five hundred reals was the sum of which I became the possessor; out of which I counted fifty, and presented them to the ingenious discoverer of them. "There," said I, "may your house prosper! If I were rich I would give you more: and although this is evidently but a small part of what my father (God be with him!) must have accumulated, still, again I say, may your house prosper, and many sincere thanks to you."

The dervish was satisfied with my treatment of him, and took his leave, and I was soon after left by the rest of the company—the *capiji* alone remaining. "Famous business we have made of it this morning," said he. "Did I not say that these diviners performed wonders?"

"Yes," said I, "yes, it is wonderful, for I never thought his operations would have come to anything."

Impelled by a spirit of cupidity, now that I had seen money glistening before me, I began to complain that I had received so little, and again expressed to Ali Mohamed my wish of bringing the case before the *cadi*; "for," said I, "if I am entitled to these five hundred reals, I am entitled to all my father left; and you will acknowledge that this must be but a very small part of his savings."

"Friend," said he, "listen to the words of an old man. Keep what you have got, and be content. In going before the *cadi*, the first thing you will have to do will be to give of your certain, to get at that most cursed of all property, the uncertain. Be assured that, after having drained you of your four hundred and fifty reals, and having got five hundred from your opponents, you will have the satisfaction to hear him tell you both to 'go in peace, and do not trouble the city with your disputes.' Have not you lived long enough in the world to have learnt this common saying—'Every one's teeth are blunted by acids, except the *cadi*'s, which are by sweets?' The *cadi* who

takes five cucumbers as a bribe will admit any evidence for ten beds of melons." "How at you?" "I have not said si you have not said."

After some deliberation, I determined to take the advice of the capiji; for it was plain that, if I intended to prosecute any one, it could only be my mother and the âkhon; and to do that, I should raise such a host of enemies, and give rise to such unheard-of scandal, that perhaps I should only get stoned by the populace for my pains."]



THE UNDERTAKER.

BY A. S. PUSHKIN.

(Translated by S. S. Skidelsky.)

[ALEXANDER SERGEJEVICH PUSHKIN: A Russian poet; born at Moscow, May 26, 1799; died at St. Petersburg, January 29, 1837. He was educated at the Lyceum of Tzarskoe Selo, and entered the service of the government, but his sharp and fearless attacks on various public men and institutions brought about his dismissal. He was sent to southern Russia in 1820, and thence, in 1824, to his estate near Pskov. His poems are as remarkable for their force and realism as for their beauty and elegance of form. They include: "Ruslan and Liudmila" (1820); "The Prisoner of the Caucasus" (1822); "Fountain of Bakhchiserai" (1826); "Tzigani" (1827); "Evgeny Onyegin" (1828); "Poltava" (1829); "Boris Godunov," a tragedy; "A History of the Revolt of Pugachev" (1834); and many others.]

THE enlightened reader doubtless remembers that both Shakespeare and Walter Scott portray their gravediggers as cheerful and humorous creatures. With due deference to the truth, we cannot emulate their example, and must confess that the disposition of our undertaker fully harmonizes with his somber trade.

Adrian Prokhorof was of a stern, thoughtful, and pen-
sive temperament, and if he ever broke his silence it was only upon the most urgent occasions, such, for example, as reprimanding his daughters if he found them sitting idly at the window and gazing at the passers-by, or asking a threefold price for his coffins of those who were so unfortunate (and at times, perhaps, so fortunate) as to be in need of such articles.

Many and varied were the thoughts upon which Prokhorof's mind dwelt this evening while finishing his seventh cup of tea. He thought of the last funeral, during that memorable rain storm, which had caused so much damage to his hearse, robes, hats, etc. He anticipated unavoidable expenses, for his undertaking supplies in general were in a very poor state indeed. Of course, he entertained great hopes with regard to the wealthy Mrs. Truchina, who for nearly a year had been hovering between life and death.

But Truchina was slow in taking her departure—a circumstance which had caused him no little anxiety. Besides, he entertained some fears lest her heirs should engage another undertaker, notwithstanding their faithful promise to award the job of burying their mother to him. Sadder and sadder grew Prokhorof as he advanced to his tenth cup of tea, but a knock at the door soon brought his thoughts and reflections to a standstill.

"Come in!" uttered the undertaker. "A man who at a glance could be taken to be a German tradesman made his appearance and with a most happy smile upon his face approached the undertaker.

"I beg your pardon, kind neighbor," he began in broken Russian—"beg pardon for disturbing your peace. . . . It is my wish to make your acquaintance. I am a shoemaker by trade and my name is Gottlieb Schultz. I live across the street in that little house, which faces your windows. I am celebrating my silver wedding to-morrow and we shall be greatly honored to have you and your daughters to dinner with us."

This invitation was courteously accepted. Precisely at noon on the following day the undertaker, accompanied by his daughters, started toward Schultz's residence.

The shoemaker's little house was crowded to its utmost capacity, mostly with German mechanics, their wives and apprentices.

Of the Russian officials there was only one present—an old policeman, Urko, who, notwithstanding his humble name and station in life, was well trained in the art of predisposing people of influence in his favor. He was very popular and was well known to all the German residents in the Nikitski district, and no social affair among them ever took place without his presence.

Adrian Prokhorof became charmed with Urko almost at first

sight. "A man like Urko," he thought to himself, "is well worth becoming acquainted with"—and when dinner was announced he managed to take his seat at the table next to Urko's.

Both Schultz and his wife, as well as their seventeen-year-old daughter, Lotchen, took great pains about the dinner, and everything was provided in abundance. Although Urko disposed of a quantity sufficient to feed four men, Adrian Prokhorof was not far behind in keeping pace with him; both did justice to the dinner. The conversation in German grew more and more noisy.

Suddenly the host demanded attention. Extracting a cork from a bottle and filling his glass, he uttered in broken Russian; "I drink to the health of my dear Louise." He then tenderly embraced his forty-five-year-old spouse and imprinted a loud kiss upon her healthy and rosy cheek. The guests followed his example, all draining their glasses to the good health of the "dear Louise."

"Here, I drink to the health of my noble friends," exclaimed the host, opening another bottle. The guests, thanking him for his courtesy, emptied their glasses for the second time. And here a general health drinking began in rapid succession. They drank to the health of every individual present as well as to the health of all as a body; to the health of the city of Moscow as well as to the health of a dozen German colonies within and around the city of Moscow; to the health of all mechanics and tradesmen as a body, as well as to the health of each known member individually; to the health of the "boss" mechanics and to the health of their apprentices.

Prokhorof drank glass after glass, becoming quite lively and proposing some sort of a humorous toast himself. His example was followed by a stout baker, who, seizing a glass full of wine, arose from his seat and proposed a toast to *Unserer Kundleute* (our customers). The last toast, not unlike all the former ones, was responded to heartily and unanimously. A general exchange of compliments now took place—the tailor bowing to the shoemaker, the shoemaker bowing to the tailor, and the baker bowing to both the shoemaker and the tailor. While the bowing was thus going on, Urko arose and turning to his neighbor exclaimed: "See here, my friend, ain't you going to propose a toast to the health of your buried patrons?" This joke made the audience roar with laughter, but the undertaker,

finding himself insulted, assumed a very somber face. No one, however, paid any attention to him, and the health drinking, as well as the drinking for its own sake, kept up till an early hour in the morning. At last the guests started to depart. The stout baker and the bookbinder, whose face looked as though it was bound in red leather, escorted Urko arm in arm to his budka.

The undertaker came home very drunk and quite angry. "What made those fools laugh, anyhow? Is not my business as honorable as any of theirs? Ah," he argued to himself aloud, "do they mean to compare an undertaker with a hangman? You just wait! . . . I intended to invite them to my house to give them a dinner, . . . but never now! . . . I will invite my customers, this I will do — my dead, Christian customers."

"What makes you talk such nonsense, master?" remarked the servant girl, who was busying herself about pulling off his boots. "What are you talking about? Cross yourself and go to bed. The idea of inviting the dead to a dinner! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Now, now, that's straight. As true as my name is Adrian, I will call them all, and to-morrow sure! Come all, my kind-hearted dead friends, and partake of my hospitality! All of you!"

After these last words he fell on his bed and was soon sound asleep.

Mrs. Truchina took her departure at last. A messenger was dispatched to summon Prokhorof at once. Prokhorof was quite pleased with this call; he even tipped the messenger with a ten-kopéck silver coin for the good tidings. He then dressed himself, took a *drosky*, and hurried off to Mrs. Truchina's house. At the gates he met a number of police officers, merchants, relations — the whole crowd resembling a flock of ravens scenting a dead body. The corpse, yellow and disfigured, was put upon the table. Friends, relations, and the domestics came crowding around it. The windows and shutters were closed, candles were lit, and the priest read the appropriate prayers. Adrian approached Mrs. Truchina's son, a young merchant attired in fashionable clothes, and informed him that everything for the funeral was ready and in the best of order. The young heir thanked him for his pains, remarking that under the circum-

stances he would not enter into any negotiations as to the price for his services, etc.; that he would leave the matter to him and that he would trust to his, Prokhorof's, conscience. As usual, the undertaker assured him that he would not overcharge for his services, and, after exchanging a significant glance with one of the managers of Truchina's estate, who happened to be present, he left to make the necessary preparations for the funeral. It was a very busy day for Prokhorof, and he was glad when evening came and his work was over.

The night was bright and starry. As the undertaker approached his house some one opened his gate and entered the yard. "Who might it be?" he thought to himself. "Who else should want me at this hour? Maybe a thief or perhaps some lover calls to see my stupid little girls. Such things are to be expected nowadays." He thought of calling to his assistance his friend Urko, but at this moment another person approached the gate and intended to enter it, but upon seeing the frightened undertaker, he stopped and removed his white cap. His face seemed familiar to Prokhorof, though his attempt to recognize him and call him by his name was fruitless.

"You came to honor me with your visit," uttered Prokhorof, in a breathless tone—"step right in, please."

"You need not stand on ceremony with us," answered the stranger, bluntly; "go ahead and show your visitors the way." The little gate was thrown open. Prokhorof and his visitor entered the yard. "Go ahead and lead the way to your reception room," commanded the stranger. Prokhorof obeyed in silence and was soon climbing the flight of stairs leading to the second story. It seemed to him that his rooms were full of strangers. "What in the d—— does all this mean?" he thought to himself as he hastened to enter his sitting room. "Is it possible?" but he could think no longer; he trembled like an aspen leaf and it seemed as if he were nailed to the spot he stood upon. His room was full of ghosts. Their ghastly faces, sunken mouths, their turbid and half-open eyes, were fearful to behold. Prokhorof recognized with terror all his patrons; the stranger who followed him was the retired army officer whom he had buried during the recent memorable rain storm. Prokhorof was soon surrounded by a number of gentlemen and ladies—all bowing and complimenting him in various ways. One individual, however, kept aloof from the audience. He seemed to be ashamed of his garb, which was poor and shabby-looking.

It was the one who had been recently buried at the expense of the community. All the others were attired in the finest of cloth, silks and satins, the noblemen wearing their uniforms and the merchants their Sunday *Kaftans*.

"Don't you know, Prokhorof," began the retired officer of the army, in behalf of the audience, "we have accepted your invitation, and we have come to partake of your hospitality. Except those who were utterly unable to move, who fell apart, whose flesh and skin is stripped off their bones, except those, I say, you see all your patrons here. And even from among those unfortunate, one individual could not decline your tempting invitation and came to see you." At this moment a little skeleton pushed himself through the crowd and approached Prokhorof. His clothes were in shreds and his feet, or mere bones, produced a loud rattle in his long top boots.

"Don't you know me, Prokhorof?" asked the skeleton. "Cannot you recollect the ex-sergeant of the guard, Peter Petrovitch Kurilkin, the very man to whom in 1799 you sold your first coffin? Don't you remember that pine coffin, which you kindly substituted for the oak one, after the bargain was made and closed?" Here the skeleton offered his bony embrace. Prokhorof uttered a shriek of terror and felled him to the ground. A general uproar filled the room. All were ready to fight for the honor of their comrade. Poor Prokhorof was surrounded on all sides with threats of revenge. Squeezed and almost deafened by the tumult, he fell upon the bones of the ex-sergeant of the guard and became unconscious.

The sun had already long risen and cast his rays upon Prokhorof's bed. He opened his eyes. The servant girl was in the room, busying herself about the samovar. The events of last night inspired his mind with terror. He expected to hear from the servant girl about the result of last night's occurrence.

"You slept pretty well," remarked Akulina, handing him his *chalat* (smoking jacket). "Our neighbor, the tailor, was here to invite you to a birthday feast, but we thought we had better not disturb you from your sleep."

"Has anybody been here from Mrs. Truchina?"

"Why, is she dead?"

"What a stupid girl you are! Where is your memory? Have not you yourself helped me to get ready for her funeral?"

"Are you out of your mind, master, or are you still drunk?"

What funeral are you talking about? You spent all day yesterday with the Germans, came home dead drunk, went to bed, and slept to this very hour."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the undertaker, with a sigh of relief.

"Certainly," replied Akulina.

"Well, if such is the case, call the girls and let us have some breakfast."



AN INVOLUNTARY IMPOSTOR.

By NIKOLAI V. GOGOL.

(From "The Inspector General": translated by Arthur A. Sykes.)

[NIKOLAI VASSILIEVITCH GOGOL: A Russian novelist; born at Sorochintzy in the government of Poltava, March 31, 1809; died at Moscow, March 4, 1852. He was called the "father of modern Russian journalism." His works include: "Evenings on a Farm" (2 series, 1831 and 1834); "The Inspector," a play (1836); "Dead Souls," his greatest work (1837); "Marriage," a play; "How the Two Ivans Quarreled"; "Taras Bulba," an historical novel; and many others.]

[Khlestakóf, a clerk, is mistaken by the local authorities for the "revizór" or inspector general.]

The POLICE OFFICERS throw both folding doors open. KHELESTAKÓF enters; after him the GOVERNOR, then the CHARITY COMMISSIONER, the DIRECTOR OF SCHOOLS, and BOBCHÍNSKI with plaster on his nose. The GOVERNOR points out a piece of paper lying on the floor to the POLICE OFFICERS, who rush breathlessly to pick it up, and butt against each other.

Khlestakóf — Splendid institutions! I'm charmed with the way you have of showing strangers all that's to be seen in your town! In other places they showed me nothing.

Governor — In other towns, I venture to suggest, the authorities and officials care most for their own advancement; but here, one may say, there is no other thought than how to win the recognition of the Government by good order and vigilance.

Khlestakóf — That lunch was excellent; I've quite over-eaten myself. D'you then have a spread like that every day?

Governor — No; it was in honor of such an acceptable guest!

Khlestakóf — I'm fond of my dinner ! What does one live for but to pluck the flowers of pleasure ? What was that fish called ?

Charity Commissioner [*stepping forward*] — *Labardán* [cod-fish], sir !

Khlestakóf — It was exquisite ! Where was it we lunched ? In the infirmary, wasn't it ?

Charity Commissioner — Precisely so, sir ; in the hospital.

Khlestakóf — I remember, I remember — there were beds there. But have the sick got well ? There were not many of them, it seemed.

Charity Commissioner — Ten or so remain, not more ; the rest have all recovered. The place is so well organized — there's such good discipline. It may seem incredible to you, perhaps, but ever since I've undertaken the management they all get well like flies. [Instead of "die like flies."] The patient no sooner gets into the sick ward than he's well again. It's not so much done by the doctoring as by honesty and regularity.

Governor — And I venture to point out what a head-splitting business is the office of a Town Governor ! How many multifarious matters are referred to him, concerning the cleanliness of the town and repairs and alterations alone ! In a word, the most competent of men might get into hopeless difficulties. God be thanked though, everything progresses favorably here ! Any *other* governor, to be sure, would look after his own profit ; but believe me that when I lie down to rest my sole prayer is : " O Lord my God, grant that Government may see my zeal and be satisfied ! " They may, or may not, reward me — that is as they please, of course — but, at any rate, my conscience is clear. When there is order throughout the town, when the streets are swept clean, and the prisoners are well kept and locked up, when the number of drunkards is small — what more do I want ? Ah, I long for no honors ! They are, without doubt, alluring, but to the upright all dust and vanity !

Charity Commissioner [*aside*] — Ah, the villain, how he can spout ! It's a gift of Heaven !

Khlestakóf — Quite true. I don't mind saying I also like to declaim now and then ; sometimes it's in prose, and sometimes I throw off verses.

Bobchínski [*to DOBCHÍNSKI*] — How well, how very well that was put, Pyotr Ivánovich ! Such an observation — shows he's studied the liberal arts !

Khlestakóf — By the way, could you tell me if you have any amusements here, any places where you could get a game of cards, for instance?

Governor [aside] — Oho, my young friend, *I* know who you mean *that* for! [*Aloud*] God forbid! We've never even heard of such a thing as a card club here! I've not dealt a card in my life; I don't even know how cards are played. I can't bear to *look* at 'em — if ever I happen to see a king of diamonds or such like, I'm so overcome with disgust that I just have to spit to relieve myself. It *did* once happen that, to please the children, I built a house of cards, but I had a nightmare of the cursed things the night after! Lord forgive 'em — how *can* people waste precious time over card playing?

Luká [aside] — But, the rascal, he rooked me to the tune of a hundred roubles at faro yesterday!

Governor — No, I think it better to employ my time for the Empire's benefit!

Khlestakóf — Well, I don't quite agree with you, though. It all depends how you look at it. As long as you stop, say, after losing three quarters of your cash, it's all right. No, don't say that cards are not good fun, now and then!

Enter ANNA ANDRÉYEVNA and MÁRYA ANTÓNOVNA.

Governor — May I take the liberty of introducing my family: my wife and daughter!

Khlestakóf [bowing to each] — How fortunate I am, madam, in being permitted the pleasure of meeting you!

Anna — It is far more agreeable to *us* to make the acquaintance of so distinguished a personage!

Khlestakóf [with an air of gallantry] — Pardon me, *Sudá-rinya*, it is quite the contrary; the pleasure is on *my* side!

Anna — Impossible, sir — you allow yourself to say that by way of compliment! I beg of you to take a seat.

Khlestakóf — To *stand* near you is happiness enough; still, if you insist on it, I will sit. How favored I am, to sit at length by your side!

Anna — Pardon me, but I cannot dare to take that as meant sincerely. You have found the journey very disagreeable, I should think, after life in the capital?

Khlestakóf — Excessively so! After being used, *comprenez vous*, to living in society — to find myself all at once on my

travels—with dirty inns, in the depths of uncivilization! If it were not, I must say, for circumstances which [*looks meaningfully at ANNA, showing off*]—which recompense me for all the ——

Anna — Really, how unpleasant it must have been for you!

Khlestakóf — I find it quite the reverse, though, madam, at the present moment!

Anna — Oh, how can you say so, sir! You do me much honor. I do not deserve it!

Khlestakóf — Why *not*, indeed? *Sudárinya*, you *do* deserve it!

Anna — Oh, I live only in the country.

Khlestakóf — Ah, but the country, all the same, has its charming hills and rivulets. To be sure, who could compare it to St. Petersburg? Ah, Petersburg—what a life it is, indeed! I dare say you think I am only a copying clerk; on the contrary, I'm on the most friendly terms with the chief of our department. He slaps me on the back and says, "Come and dine, my boy!" I only look in at my office for a couple of minutes or so, just to say, "This is to be done *so*, and that *so*." There's a rat of a clerk there, who scribbles away—tr—tr! for dear life. They wanted even to make me a "College Assessor." I can guess pretty well why. And the porter flies after me on the stairs with the blacking brush: "Allow me, Iván Alexándrovich," says he, "to clean your boots for you!" [*To the GOVERNOR*] But why do you *stand*, gentlemen? Pray be seated!

Together, { *Governor* — Our rank is not high enough; we must stand!

Chief Commissioner — Oh, we had rather remain standing.

Luká — Don't allow yourself to bother about *us*!

Khlestakóf — No ceremony! I entreat you to take seats! [*The GOVERNOR and the rest sit down.*] I do not care to stand on my dignity; on the contrary, I always try to slip away unobserved! But it's impossible to hide one's self. Quite impossible! No matter where I go, they cry at once: "There goes Iván Alexándrovich!" Once they even took me for the Commander in Chief; the soldiers rushed out of the guard-house and saluted. An officer, whom I knew very well, said to me afterwards: "Hullo, my boy, we completely mistook you for the Commander in Chief!"

Anna — You don't say so!

Khlestakóf — I know nearly all the pretty actresses, and compose all sorts of vaudevilles. I frequently see literary men; I'm on a very friendly footing with Púshkin — often say to him: "Well, how de do, Púshkin, my boy!" "So-so, old man," he'd reply. "Things might be better." A regular original, is Púshkin!

Anna — So you *write* too? How delightful it must be to be an author! And do you really write for the papers?

Khlestakóf — Yes, I write for the papers too. Besides that, there are a good many of my productions, such as "Figaro's Wedding," "Robert the Devil," "Norma" — I really forget some of their names. It all happened by chance. I didn't intend to write, but a theater manager said, "*Do* turn me off something, old man." I consider a bit; "You may as well, brother!" And so I knocked it off in one evening, I dare say. I have a marvelous flow of ideas, you know. All that came out under the name of "Baron Brambeus," and "The Frigate of Hope," and the *Moscow Telegraph* — all that was *my* composition!

Anna — Is it possible; and so you were really "Brambeus"?

Khlestakóf — Of course, and I correct all their verses. Smirdin gives me forty thousand for that.

Anna — And, I dare say, "Yúri Miloslávski" was composed by you.

Khlestakóf — Yes, that's by me.

Anna — I thought so at once.

Márya — But, mamma dear, it says on the title-page that Zagoskin was the author.

Anna — There! of course: I *knew* you would want to argue!

Khlestakóf — Ah, so it was; that's true, that particular work *was* by Zagoskin; but there's another "Yúri Miloslávski," and that was written by *me*.

Anna — Ah, to be sure! I read yours. How beautifully it is written!

Khlestakóf — I must admit, I live by my pen. My house is the first in Petersburg; it's well known there as "Iván Alexandrovich's." [*Addresses the company generally.*] Do me the favor, if any of you are ever in Petersburg, to pay me a visit — I beg, I beg of you! I give balls too, you know.

Anna — I can fancy with what good taste and magnificence the balls are given!

Khlestakóf — It's a simple affair, not worth talking about! On the table, for instance, is a watermelon that costs seven hundred roubles. The soup comes straight from Paris by steamer in the tureen: there's nothing in the world to be compared with its flavor! I go to a ball every day. We have our whist club there too: the Foreign Minister, the French Ambassador, the German Ambassador, and myself. We regularly kill ourselves over cards; there's nothing to be seen like it! How I rush home, and clamber up four flights of stairs, and just have strength to say to the cook, "Here, Mavrúsha, take my greatcoat!" What do I say? I was forgetting that I live on the first floor. — Why, the staircase alone cost me I don't know how much. And it's a curious sight to see my antechamber: counts and princes jostling and humming there like bees; all you can hear is *buzz, buzz, buzz!* Once there was a Minister [*the GOVERNOR and the rest start from their chairs in alarm*]. They even write "Your Excellency" on their letters to me. On one occasion I took charge of a Department. It was a funny story: the Director went off somewhere — nobody knew where. So, naturally, people began to ask how was his place to be taken? who was to fill it? Any number of generals coveted the post and tried it, but they soon gave the thing up — too difficult for 'em! It looked easy enough, but, on closer inspection, it proved a devil of a business! There was nothing to be done, but come to *me*. In a twinkling the streets were choke-full of couriers, couriers after couriers. Just picture to yourselves thirty-five thousand couriers! How's that for a situation, I ask you? "Iván Alexándrovich, come and direct the Department!" I own I was a little taken aback. I went out in my dressing gown and wanted to refuse, but, thinks I, it'll get to the Emperor's ears, and it wouldn't look well on my record of service either — so, "All right," I say, "I'll undertake the job, I'll undertake it! So be it!" I say, "I'll take it; only remember, sharp's the word with me — *sharp's the word*, mind!" And so it *was*; I go through the Department like an earthquake; they all shake and tremble like an aspen leaf. [*The GOVERNOR and others quake with terror; KHELESTAKÓF proceeds with redoubled vehemence.*] Oh, it's no joke, I can tell you. I gave them all a jobation! Even the Council of the Empire is in awe of me. And why not, indeed? I'm such a — I don't spot any one in particular. I address them all generally, and say, "*I* know my power; *I* know my business!" I'm

everywhere—everywhere! I go to Court every day. Why, to-morrow, they're going to make me a Field Marsh—

[Slips off his chair, and sprawls on the floor, but is respectfully helped up by the chinovniks.]

Governor *[approaches, trembling all over, and struggles to speak]*—But, your E—e—ex— *[Gasps.]*

Khlestakóf *[sharply]*—What's the matter?

Governor—Your E—e—ex—

Khlestakóf *[as before]*—I can't make out a word you say; it's all nonsense.

Governor—Yo—ur E—e—xlncy, excellency, won't you be pleased to rest a little? Here is a room, and all you require.

Khlestakóf—Bosh! Rest a little! Stay, I think I will! Your lunch, gentlemen, was excellent. I'm delighted, delighted! *[Theatrically.]* Labardán! Labardán!

[Exit into the side room, followed by the GOVERNOR.]

Bobchínski—There, Pyótr Ivánovich, there's a man for you! That's what I call a *man*! Never have I been before in the presence of such a swell—I nearly died of fright! What's his rank, do you think, *Dobchínski*?

Dobchínski—I should think he's almost a general.

Bobchínski—Well, I think that a general wouldn't do for the sole of his boots! Or if he is a general, then he must be the very Generalissimo himself! Did you hear how he bullies the Council of State? Let's go quick, and tell Ammos Fyódorovich and Karóbkín. Good afternoon, Anna Andréyevna!

Dobchínski—Good afternoon, *Kúmushka*! *[Both go out.]*

Charity Commissioner *[to LUKÁ LUKÍCH]*—It's a terrible anxiety, and one doesn't know who's the culprit. We're not in uniform either! As soon as he wakes he'll send a report about us to Petersburg! *[Exit dejectedly with the SCHOOL INSPECTOR, both saying to ANNA:]* Good-by, *Sudárînya*!

Governor *[entering on tiptoe]*—Sh—sh—

Anna—What?

Governor—I'm vexed that he has drunk so much. Now, supposing *half* of what he said was true! *[Reflects.]* And why shouldn't it be so? When a man's tipsy he let's everything out: what's in his heart flies to his tongue. Of course he invented a little; but then no story is ever told without a

little ornamentation. So he plays whist with Ministers, and goes to Court. Upon my word, the more one thinks about it — the devil knows what to make of it — I feel as giddy as if I stood on the top of a steeple, or they were going to hang me.

Anna — I don't feel the slightest nervousness ; I merely saw in him an educated, polished, well-bred young man ; but I don't bother myself about his rank.

Governor — Oh, that's just like you *women* ! That one word *woman* explains everything ! You women only care about fiddle-faddle, and fire off remarks without rhyme or reason. *You* may be let off with a flogging, but *your husband* will never more be heard of. You treat this gentleman, my dear, as familiarly as if he was another Dobchinski.

Anna — I recommend you not to trouble about *that*. We shall see what we shall see.

[*Glances significantly at her daughter.*]

Governor [*soliloquizing*] — Oh, it's no good talking to you ! What a state of things this is ! I haven't yet been able to recover from my fright. [*Opens the door and calls off :*] Mishka, call the police officers Svistunov and Derzhimorda ; they are somewhere about near the gate. [*After a short silence.*] It's a very queer world now. One *ought* to be able to recognize such people by their distinguished appearance ; but *this* miserable stripling — how is one to know *who* he is ? A military man reveals himself at once. When he puts on civilian dress he looks like a fly with its wings clipped. But then he obstinately remained at the inn, and just now gave vent to such allegories and ambiguities that it would take you an age to make head or tail of 'em. However, he has surrendered at last. Yes, and said a good deal more than he'd need to. It's pretty plain he's *quite* young ! [*Exeunt.*]

Khlestakof [*coming out alone, with the look of a man who has overslept himself*] — I've had a proper snooze, it seems. Where did they get such mattresses and feather beds from ? I regularly perspired. They must have plied me fairly well after lunch : my head aches yet. As far as I can see, I can pass the time here very comfortably. I like generosity and hospitality — all the more if I think they've not got a deep game to play. And the Governor's daughter's not at all bad ; while her mother, well. No. I don't know but this sort of life just suits me to
a T.

Judge [enters and stops still, soliloquizing] — Oh Lord! oh Lord! grant me success! How my knees knock together! [*Aloud, drawing himself up and steadying himself with his sword*] I have the honor to present myself: County Court Judge of this district and College Assessor Lyápkín-Tyápkín!

Khlestakóf — Pray take a seat! So you are the judge here?

Judge — I was elected judge for three years by the nobility and gentry in the year 1816, and have continued in the office ever since.

Khlestakóf — You find it profitable, I dare say, being a judge?

Judge — After three periods of the three years I was decorated with the Vladímír of the Fourth Class, with commendation from the Government. [*Aside*] This money is regularly burning a hole through my hand!

Khlestakóf — Well, I like the Vladímír; it's better than the Anna of the Third Class, at any rate.

Judge [thrusting his clenched fist somewhat forward, aside] — Oh, Lord God! I don't know *where* I'm sitting! I feel as if I was on hot burning coals!

Khlestakóf — What have you got in your hand there?

Judge [loses his head, and drops the bank notes on the floor] — No—othing, sir!

Khlestakóf — Nothing? How's that? Why, I see there's some money dropped!

Judge [shaking all over] — I—impos—sible, sir! [*Aside*] Oh, Lord, now *I'm* before the judge! They've brought the cart to take me to Siberia!

Khlestakóf [picks the notes up] — Yes, so it is; it's money!

Judge — Now, all is over! I'm lost! I'm lost!

Khlestakóf — I say, *lend* me this!

Judge [eagerly] — If you wish, sir, if you wish — with the greatest of pleasure! [*Aside*] Now, courage — courage! Aid me, Most Holy Mother!

Khlestakóf — I spent all my money on the road, you know, over one thing and another. However, as soon as I get home I'll return it you.

Judge — Don't mention it; it's quite unnecessary! The honor of lending it you is enough. Indeed, with my feeble powers, but with all zeal and loyalty to the Government — I shall endeavor to deserve — [*Rises and stands erect, hands down*]

his sides.]. I will not venture to disturb you further with my presence. Will there be any injunction?

Khlestakóf — *Injunction* — what injunction?

Judge — I mean, will you not give any injunction to the judge of this district?

Khlestakóf — *Why* should I? I've no need for him at present; no, thank you — thanks very much!

Judge [*bowing and going out, aside*] — *Now* the town is ours!

Khlestakóf [*alone*] — H'm, the Judge is an excellent fellow!

Enter the POSTMASTER in uniform, sword in hand.

Postmaster — I have the honor to present myself: Postmaster and Court Councilor Shpyókin!

Khlestakóf — Ah, welcome! I'm very fond of agreeable company! Take a seat! And so you live here always?

Postmaster — Yes, sir, just so:

Khlestakóf — Well, I like this little town of yours. Certainly, there are not many people in it, but what of that? it's not the capital. That's true, isn't it — it's *not* the capital?

Postmaster — That's quite true, sir.

Khlestakóf — You see, it is only in the capital you get *bon-ton*, and no country bumpkins. That's your opinion, isn't it?

Postmaster — Exactly so, sir! [*Aside*] Well, he's not at all *haughty* — he talks about anything!

Khlestakóf — Still you admit you *can* live happily in a small town?

Postmaster — Precisely so, sir!

Khlestakóf — What does one want? In *my* opinion, all you want is that people should respect you, and sincerely like you — isn't that so?

Postmaster — Absolutely correct.

Khlestakóf — I must say I'm glad we are of the same mind. I dare say I'm called *eccentric*, but it's my nature. [*Catches the other's eye, and speaks sotto voce.*] I may as well borrow a trifle of this Postmaster too. [*Aloud*] A very odd thing has happened to me: I've spent my last coin on the way. Can you lend me three hundred roubles?

Postmaster — Of course! I shall count it a very great happiness. Here it is — take it, sir, please — delighted to oblige you!

Khlestakóf — Thanks, very much. You see, I've a mortal

hatred of stinting myself when I'm traveling — why should I? Ain't I right?

Postmaster — Quite right, sir! [*Rises and draws himself up, with his hand on his sword.*] I will not venture to disturb you further with my presence. Have you any observation to make with reference to the postal administration?

Khlestakóf — No, nothing!

[*The POSTMASTER bows and exit.*]

Khlestakóf [*lighting a cigar*] — The Postmaster, it seems to me, is also a very good fellow — at least, he's ready to oblige; that's the sort of people I like.

Enter LUKÁ LUKÍCH, unceremoniously propelled from behind.
A voice in his rear is heard saying, almost aloud, "Go on, what are you afraid of?"

Luká [*saluting nervously, with his hand on his sword*] — I have the honor to present myself: Director of Schools and Honorary Councilor Khlópof!

Khlestakóf — Ah, how d'ye do! Take a seat! take a seat! Won't you have a weed? [*Offers him one.*]

Luká [*aside, irresolutely*] — Good gracious now! I never thought of that! Shall I take it or not?

Khlestakóf — Take it, take it; it's of an excellent brand. To be sure, it's not a Petersburg one. I used to smoke cigars *there*, my good sir, that cost twenty-five roubles the hundred. Ah! you'd lick your fingers after smoking *them*! Here's a match — light up! [*Gives him a match. LUKÁ tries to smoke, shaking all over.*] There, don't put *that* end in your mouth!

Luká [*throws the cigar down, spits, and gesticulates. Aside*] — Devil take it all; my cursed nervousness spoils everything!

Khlestakóf — I see you're not very fond of cigars, but I own they're one of *my* weaknesses. Not the only one, though — I'm rather susceptible to the charms of the fair sex too. What's *your* taste? Do you prefer *brunettes*, or *blondes*?

[*LUKÁ is completely dumfounded.*]

Khlestakóf — No, out with it! — *brunettes*, or *blondes*!

Luká — I daren't give an opinion.

Khlestakóf — No, no; don't get out of it *that* way. I particularly want to know your taste.

Luká — I will venture to say then — [*Aside*] I don't know what I'm saying — my head's in a whirl!

Khlestakóf—Aha! Aha! So you won't commit yourself! I'm sure you're smitten with some little *brunette* or other! Confess it now—you *are*! [*LUKÁ is speechless.*] Oho, you're blushing. Look, look! Why won't you speak?

Luká—I'm too shy, your nob—excell—enity! [*Aside*] Confound my tongue, it's done for me, done for me!

Khlestakóf—Too shy—eh? Well, there's a certain something in my look which inspires that feeling; at least I know that not a woman can resist it—can they?

Luká—Certainly not, sir!

Khlestakóf—Now, there's a very funny thing happened to me: I've spent all I possess in coming here. You couldn't lend me three hundred roubles, could you?

Luká [*aside, grabbing at his purse*]—What a case, if I haven't got them!—Ah, I have, I have!

[*Takes some notes out, and hands them, trembling, to KHELESTAKÓF.*]

Khlestakóf—I'm deeply indebted to you!

Luká—I will not venture to disturb you further with my presence!

Khlestakóf—Good-by, then!

Luká [*disappears hastily, remarking, aside*]—There! thank Heaven! perhaps he won't visit the schools now!

Enter the CHARITY COMMISSIONER, ARTÉMI PHILÍPPOVICH.

He draws himself up like the others, in a military attitude of respectful attention, with his hand on his sword.

Charity Commissioner—I have the honor to present myself: Charity Commissioner and Court Councilor Zemlyanika.

Khlestakóf—How do you do? Won't you take a seat?

Charity Commissioner—I had the honor of receiving and personally conducting you through the charitable institutions committed to my charge.

Khlestakóf—Ah, so you did, I remember. You gave me an excellent luncheon.

Charity Commissioner—I am glad to labor in the service of my Fatherland.

Khlestakóf—It's my weakness—I confess it—I'm fond of good cookery. But it seems as if you weren't so tall and erect yesterday, were you?

Charity Commissioner—It's very possible. [*After a short silence.*] I can only say that I spare no effort to perform my duty zealously. [*Draws his chair a little closer, and speaks in a*

lower tone.] There's this Postmaster here does absolutely nothing. Everything is in the greatest state of neglect: letters and packages are kept back—pray investigate the matter yourself. The Judge too, who was here just before me, does nothing but hunt hares, and keeps his dogs in the County Court buildings; while his general conduct, if I *must* unburden my mind to you—certainly it's for my country's good that I have to do it, though he's my friend and connection—well, his conduct is most deplorable. There's a certain proprietor here, Dobchinski by name—you have deigned to meet him—and as soon as ever Dobchinski goes away anywhere, his wife and the Judge are having a *tête-à-tête*. I am ready to swear to it—and the *children*, down to the youngest little girl, have a very strong likeness to the Judge——

Khlestakóf—Well, I declare! I never should have thought it!

Charity Commissioner—Then there's the Director of Schools. I can't think *how* the Government could have appointed him. He's worse than a Jacobin, and he poisons the minds of the young generation with revolutionary doctrines that simply baffle description. Hadn't I better put all this down on paper?

Khlestakóf—Do, by all means; I shall be very glad to have it! I like to read something amusing when I'm bored. By the way, what is your name? I keep forgetting!

Charity Commissioner—Zemlyaníka.

Khlestakóf—Ah, of course—Zemlyaníka. And tell me, please, have you any children?

Charity Commissioner—To be sure I have, sir, five of 'em; two are now grown up.

Khlestakóf—You don't say so; grown up! And now—what are their——

Charity Commissioner—I understand, you are pleased to ask what their names are?

Khlestakóf—Yes, what are their names?

Charity Commissioner—Nikolái, Iván, Yelizavéta, Márya, and Perépetúya.

Khlestakóf—Good, good!

Charity Commissioner—As I will not venture to disturb you further with my presence, or take up the time which you consecrate to the performance of your duties——

[*Bows and prepares to leave.*]

Khlestakóf [*accompanying him out*] — Oh, don't mention it! All you told me is very amusing. It's a great treat to me. [*Turns back, and reopens the door, calling after him:*] Hi, there! what are your—I quite forget your Christian and paternal names!

Charity Commissioner — Artémi Philíppovich.

Khlestakóf — Oh, I beg your pardon, Artémi Philíppovich, but an odd thing has happened to me—I've cleaned myself out coming here. You haven't got four hundred roubles to lend me?

Charity Commissioner — Yes, I have. [*Gives it.*]

Khlestakóf — Well, that *is* lucky! I thank you most sincerely!

Enter the GOVERNOR, breathlessly, and ANNA ANDRÉYEVNA and MÁRYA ANTÓNOVNA.

Governor — I will never do so again, your Excellency! Don't ruin me — don't ruin me!

Khlestakóf — Why, what's the matter?

Governor — The merchants have been here, complaining to your Excellency. I swear, on my honor, not half of what they say is true. They cheat and rob the people themselves. The sergeant's wife lied when she told you I flogged her—it's false, *yéi Bóhu*, it's false. Why, *she flogged herself!*

Khlestakóf — The sergeant's wife may go to the devil—I'm not going to bother about *her!*

Governor — Don't believe 'em — don't believe 'em! they're such liars — not a *child* will trust 'em even! The whole town knows they're liars, and as for cheating, I'll go so far as to say the world has never bred such a gang!

Anna — But do you know the honor Iván Alexándrovich has conferred on us? He has asked for our daughter's hand!

Governor — What? what? You're *mad*, *mátushka*. Don't be offended, your Excellency; but she's a little wrong in the head sometimes — she takes after her mother.

Khlestakóf — But I do really ask for her hand! I'm deeply in love!

Governor — I can't believe it, your Excellency —

Anna — Not when he *tells* you so?

Khlestakóf — I'm not joking — I'm madly in love with her!

Governor — I daren't believe it; I'm not worthy of such an honor!

Khlestakóf — If you refuse me Márya Antónovna's hand, the devil knows what I'm not ready for!

Governor — I can't believe you — you are pleased to be jesting, Excellency!

Anna — Oh, what a *blockhead* you are, to be sure! How many times are you to be told?

Governor — No, no — it's incredible!

Khlestakóf — Give me your consent, give me your consent! I'm a desperate man — capable of anything! If I blow my brains out, *you* will be held responsible.

Governor — Oh, my God! I am innocent, body and soul! Don't take offense, I beg! Please do what your honor thinks fit! My head's in such a whirl now — I can't realize what's going on. I've become a regular tom fool — such as I never was before!

Anna — There now, give them your blessing!

[*KHLESTAKÓF and MÁRYA approach him.*]

Governor — May the Lord bless you — but I am innocent of it! [*KHLESTAKÓF kisses MÁRYA. The GOVERNOR stares at them, and at last realizes that it is not all a plot.*] What? what the devil! They're really — [*Rubs his eyes.*] So they are, they're kissing each other; they actually *are* — just as if they were engaged! Aha! Oho! What a stroke of luck! Well, I'm blest!!

Enter OSIP.

Osip — The horses are ready!

Khlestakóf — All right — I'll come directly!

Governor — Why! Are you going away?

Khlestakóf — Yes, I'm starting.

Governor — But just when — that is to say — you condescended to hint at a marriage, I thought!

Khlestakóf — I have to leave, though, at a minute's notice, but I'm only going for a day to see my uncle — he's a wealthy old boy — and I'll be back again to-morrow!

Governor — We won't venture to detain you then — we'll only hope for your safe return!

Khlestakóf — Thanks, thanks; I'll come back directly! [*To MÁRYA*] Good-by, my love! — No, I can't bear to say it! Farewell, darling. [*Kisses her hand.*]

Governor — Will you want anything for your journey? You were good enough, I think, to say you were short of funds?

Khlestakóf — Oh, no, it doesn't matter. [*Reflects a little.*] Well — all the same — since you *are* so kind —

Governor — How much do you want? —

Khlestakóf — Well, you know, you have lent me two hundred — that's to say, it wasn't *two* hundred, but *four* — I don't want to profit by your mistake — so, if you like to lend me as much again, that will make it a round sum, just eight hundred.

Governor — You shall have it at once! [*Takes the notes out of his purse.*] There, as if on purpose, there's some brand-new notes!

Khlestakóf — Ah, so they are! [*Takes the notes and examines them.*] That's fine! They say new bank notes mean good luck, don't they?

Governor — So they do, sir; exactly so!

Khlestakóf — Well, good-by, Antón Antónovich! I'm deeply grateful to you for your hospitality — I've never been so well treated as here. Good-by, Anna Andréyevna! Farewell, Márya Antónovna, my darling!

[*They go off, and their voices are heard behind the scenes.*]

Khlestakóf — Farewell, Márya Antónovna, angel of my soul!

Governor — Oh, how's this? you're going to ride in a post-carriage?

Khlestakóf — Yes, it's a way I have. Springs give me a headache.

Driver — Tpr. — Whoa then!

Governor — Have something then laid there; a rug, say. Won't you let me tell them to get you one?

Khlestakóf — Oh no, why? it's needless — still, if you like, let's have the rug!

Governor — Here, Avdótya, run to the cupboard and get out the very best rug, the Persian one with the blue ground — make haste!

Driver — Tpr. —

Governor — How long are we to wait for your return?

Khlestakóf — Oh, to-morrow, or the day after!

Osip — Ah, is that the rug? let's have it here — lay it *so*! And now put some hay this side!

Driver — Whoa then, whoa —

Osip — Here, on this side! this way! more — that's right! that'll do famous! [*Pats the rug with his hand.*] Now you can take your seat, your honor!

Khlestakóf — Good-by, Antón Antónovich !

Governor — Good-by, your Excellency !

Women's Voices — Good-by, Iván Alexándrovich !

Khlestakóf — Good-by, *mámenka* !

Driver — Gee-up, my beauties !

[*Bell tinkles ; the curtain falls.*]

Enter the JUDGE, CHARITY COMMISSIONER, GOVERNOR, DOBCHÍNSKI, BOBCHÍNSKI, and LUKÁ LUKÍCH.

Judge — Who was it then who first gave out he was the *Revizór*? Answer me !

Charity Commissioner [*shrugging his shoulders*] — It all happened in such a way that I wouldn't tell you, if you were to kill me. Our wits were befogged—it was the devil's doing !

Judge — Who started the idea? Why, there they are—those enterprising young bucks !

[*Points to DOBCHÍNSKI and BOBCHÍNSKI.*]

Bobchínski — I swear it wasn't *me* ! I never thought —

Dobchínski — I hadn't the *least* idea —

Charity Commissioner — Undoubtedly it was *you* !

Luká — Why, certainly it was ; they ran like mad from the inn with the news — “ He's here, he's come, he pays no money ! ” A *fine* bird you discovered !

Governor — Of course, it was *you* — you gossiping busybodies, you damnable liars !

Charity Commissioner — I wish you had gone to the devil with your *revizór* and your stories !

Governor — All you do is to run about the town and meddle with everybody, you confounded chatterboxes, you tittle-tattling scandal mongers, you short-tailed jackdaws !

Judge — You confounded bunglers !

Luká — You dirty nightcaps !

Charity Commissioner — You pot-bellied drivellers !

[*All crowd up to them threateningly.*]

Bobchínski — *Yéi Bóhu*, it wasn't *me*, it was Dobchínski !

Dobchínski — No, Peter Ivánovich, you certainly were the first to —

Bobchínski — No, I did *not* — *you* began it.

Enter a Gendarme.

Gendarme — The Inspector General sent by Imperial com-

mand has arrived, and requests your attendance at once. He awaits you in the inn.

[They are thunderstruck at this announcement. The ladies utter simultaneous ejaculations of amazement; the whole group suddenly shift their positions and remain as if petrified.]

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!

I loved a Love once, fairest among women:
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her —
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghostlike I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed:
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

FROM "TOM CRINGLE'S LOG."

By MICHAEL SCOTT.

[MICHAEL SCOTT: A Scotch author; born at Glasgow in 1789; died in 1835. After studying in the University of Glasgow, he lived in Jamaica 1806-1822, then returned to Scotland and established himself in business. He is the author of "Tom Cringle's Log" and "The Cruise of the Midge," which first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*.]

THIS day was the first of the Negro Carnival or Christmas Holidays, and at the distance of two miles from Kingston the sound of the negro drums and horns, the barbarous music and yelling of the different African tribes, and the more mellow singing of the Set Girls, came off upon the breeze loud and strong.

When we got nearer, the wharfs and different streets, as we successively opened them, were crowded with blackamoors, men, women, and children, dancing and singing and shouting, and all rigged out in their best. When we landed on the agents' wharf we were immediately surrounded by a group of these merry-makers, which happened to be the Butchers' John Canoe party, and a curious exhibition it unquestionably was. The prominent character was, as usual, the John Canoe or Jack Pudding. He was a light, active, clean-made young Creole negro, without shoes or stockings; he wore a pair of light jean smallclothes, all too wide, but confined at the knees, below and above, by bands of red tape, after the manner that Malvolio would have called cross-gartering. He wore a splendid blue velvet waistcoat, with old-fashioned flaps coming down over his hips, and covered with tarnished embroidery. His shirt was absent on leave, I suppose, but at the wrists of his coat he had tin or white iron frills, with loose pieces attached, which tinkled as he moved, and set off the dingy paws that were stuck through these strange manacles, like black wax tapers in silver candlesticks. His coat was an old blue artillery uniform one, with a small bell hung to the extreme points of the swallow-tailed skirts, and three tarnished epaulets; one on each shoulder, and, O ye immortal gods! O Mars armipotent! the biggest of the three stuck at his rump, the *point d'appui* for a sheep's tail. He had an enormous cocked hat on, to which was appended in front a white false-face or mask, of a most

Methodistical expression, while, Janus-like, there was another face behind, of the most quizzical description, a sort of living Antithesis, both being garnished and overtopped with one coarse wig, made of the hair of bullocks' tails, on which the *chapeau* was strapped down with a broad band of gold lace.

He skipped up to us with a white wand in one hand and a dirty handkerchief in the other, and with sundry moppings and mowings, first wiping my shoes with his *mouchoir*, then my face (murder, what a flavor of salt fish and onions it had!), he made a smart enough pirouette, and then sprung on the back of a nondescript animal, that now advanced capering and jumping about after the most grotesque fashion that can be imagined. This was the signal for the music to begin. The performers were two gigantic men, dressed in calfskins entire, head, four legs, and tail. The skin of the head was made to fit like a hood, the two fore feet hung dangling down in front, one over each shoulder, while the other two legs, or hind feet, and the tail trailed behind on the ground; deuce another article had they on in the shape of clothing except a handkerchief, of some flaming pattern, tied round the waist. There were also two flute players in sheepskins, looking still more outlandish from the horns on the animals' heads being preserved, and three stout fellows, who were dressed in the common white frock and trousers, who kept sounding on bullocks' horns. These formed the band, as it were, and might be considered John's immediate tail or following; but he was also accompanied by about fifty of the butcher negroes, all neatly dressed—blue jackets, white shirts, and Osnaburgh trousers, with their steels and knife cases by their sides, as bright as Turkish yataghans, and they all wore clean blue and white striped aprons. I could see and tell what *they* were; but the thing John Canoe had perched himself upon I could make nothing of. At length I began to comprehend the device.

The Magnus Apollo of the party, the poet and chief musician, the nondescript already mentioned, was no less than the boatswain of the butcher gang, answering to the driver in an agricultural one. He was clothed in an entire bullock's hide, horns, tail, and the other particulars, the whole of the skull being retained; and the effect of the voice growling through the jaws of the beast was most startling. His legs were enveloped in the skin of the hind legs, while the arms were cased in that of the fore, the hands protruding a little above

the hoofs; and, as he walked reared up on his hind legs, he used, in order to support the load of the John Canoe who had perched on his shoulders, like a monkey on a dancing bear, a strong stick, or sprit, with a crutch top to it, which he leant his breast on every now and then.

After the creature, which I will call the *Device* for shortness, had capered with its extra load, as if it had been a feather, for a minute or two, it came to a standstill, and, sticking the end of the sprit into the ground, and tucking the crutch of it under its chin, it motioned to one of the attendants, who thereupon handed, of all things in the world, a *fiddle to the ox*. He then shook off the John Canoe, who began to caper about as before, while the *Device* set up a deuced good pipe, and sung and played, barbarously enough, I will admit, to the tune of "Guinea Corn," the following ditty:—

"Massa Buccra lob for see
Bullock caper like monkee,—
Dance, and shump, and poke him toe,
Like one humane person—just so."

And hereupon the tail of the beast, some fifty strong, music men, John Canoe and all, began to rampage about, as if they had been possessed by a devil whose name was Legion:—

"But Massa Buccra have white love,
Soft and silken like one dove.
To brown girl—him barely shivel—
To black girl—oh, Lord, de Devil!"

Then a tremendous gallopading, in the which Tailtackle was nearly capsized over the wharf. He looked quietly over the edge of it.

"Boatkeeper, hand me up that switch of a stretcher." (Friend, if thou be'st not nautical, thou knowest what a *rack pin*, something of the stoutest, is.)

The boy did so, and Tailtackle, after moistening well his dexter claw with tobacco juice, seized the stick with his left by the middle, and balancing it for a second or two, he began to fasten the end of it into his right fist, as if he had been screwing a bolt into a socket. Having satisfied himself that his grip was secure, he let go the hold with his left hand, and crossed his arms on his breast, with the weapon projecting over his left shoulder, like the drone of a bagpipe.

The *Device* continued his chant, giving the seaman a wide berth, however —

"But, when him once two tree year here,
Him tink white lady wery great boder;
De colored peoples, never fear,
Ah, him lob him de morest nor any oder."

Then another tumblification of the whole party.

"But top — one time bad fever catch him,
Colored peoples kindly watch him —
In sick room, nurse voice like music —
From him hand taste sweet de physic."

Another trampoline.

"So alway come — in two tree year,
And so wid you, massa — never fear
Brown girl for cook — for wife — for nurse —
Bucera lady — poo — no wort a curse."

"Get away, you scandalous scoundrel," cried I; "away with you, sir!"

Here the morris dancers began to circle round old Tail-tackle, keeping him on the move, spinning round like a weathercock in a whirlwind, while they shouted, "Oh, massa, one *macaroni*, if you please." To get quit of their importunity, Captain Transom gave them one. "Ah, good massa, tank you, sweet massa!" And away danced John Canoe and his tail, careering up the street.

In the same way all the other crafts and trades had their Gumbi-men, Hornblowers, John Canoes, and Nondescript. The Gardeners came nearest of anything I had seen before to the May-day boys in London, with this advantage, that their Jack-in-the-Green was incomparably more beautiful, from the superior bloom of the larger flowers used in composing it.

The very workhouse people, whose province it is to guard the negro culprits who may be committed to it, and to inflict punishment on them, when required, had their John Canoe and *Device*; and their prime jest seemed to be every now and then to throw the fellow down who enacted the latter at the corner of a street, and to administer a sound flogging to him. The John Canoe, who was the workhouse driver, was dressed

up in a lawyer's cast-off gown and bands, black silk breeches, no stockings nor shoes, but with sandals of bullock's hide strapped on his great splay feet, a small cocked hat on his head, to which were appended a large cauliflower wig, and the usual white false-face, bearing a very laughable resemblance to Chief Justice S——, with whom I happened to be personally acquainted.

The whole party which accompanied these two worthies, musicians and tail, were dressed out so as to give a tolerable resemblance of the Bar broke loose, and they were all pretty considerably well drunk. As we passed along, the *Device* was once more laid down, and we could notice a shield of tough hide strapped over the fellow's stern frame, so as to save the lashes of the cat, which John Canoe was administering with all his force, while the *Device* walloped about and yelled, as if he had been receiving the punishment on his naked flesh. Presently, as he rolled over and over in the sand, bellowing to the life, I noticed the leather shield slip upwards to the small of his back, leaving the lower story uncovered in reality; but the driver and his tail were too drunk to observe this, and the former continued to lay on and laugh, while one of his people stood by in all the gravity of drunkenness, counting, as a first lieutenant does, when a poor fellow is polishing at the gangway, — "Twenty — twenty-one — twenty-two" — and so on, while the patient roared out, an' it were anything but a nightingale. At length he broke away from the men who held him, after receiving a most sufficient flogging, to revenge which he immediately fastened on the John Canoe, wrenched his cat from him, and employed it so scientifically on him and his followers, giving them passing taps on the shins now and then with the handle, by way of spice to the dose, that the whole crew pulled foot as if Old Nick had held them in chase.

The very children, urchins of five and six years old, had their Liliputian John Canoes and *Devices*. But the beautiful part of the exhibition was the Set Girls. They danced along the streets, in bands of from fifteen to thirty. There were brown sets, and black sets, and sets of all the intermediate gradations of color. Each set was dressed pin for pin alike, and carried umbrellas or parasols of the same color and size, held over their nice showy, well-put-on *toques*, or Madras handkerchiefs, all of the same pattern, tied round their heads, fresh out of the fold. — They sang, as they swam along the streets,

in the most luxurious attitudes. I had never seen more beautiful creatures than there were amongst the brown sets — clear olive complexions, and fine faces, elegant carriages, splendid figures, — full, plump, and magnificent.

Most of the Sets were as much of a size as Lord ——'s *eighteen* daughters, sailing down Regent Street, like a Charity School of a Sunday, led by a rum-looking old beadle — others again had large Roman matron-looking women in the leading files, the *figurantes* in their tails becoming slighter and smaller, as they tapered away, until they ended in *leetle picaniny, no bigger as my tumb*, but always preserving the uniformity of dress, and color of the umbrella or parasol. Sometimes the breeze, on opening a corner, would strike the sternmost of a *set* composed in this manner of small fry, and stagger the little things, getting beneath their tiny umbrellas, and fairly blowing them out of the line, and ruffling their ribbons and finery, as if they had been tulips bending and shaking their leaves before it. But the *colors* were never blended in the same set — no blackie ever interloped with the browns, nor did the browns in any case mix with the sables — always keeping in mind — black *woman* — brown *lady*.

But, as if the whole city had been tomfooling, a loud burst of military music was now heard, and the north end of the street we were ascending, which leads out of the *Place d'Armes* or parade, that occupies the center of the town, was filled with a cloud of dust, that rose as high as the house tops, through which the head of a column of troops sparkled, swords, and bayonets, and gay uniforms glancing in the sun. This was the Kingston regiment marching down to the Courthouse in the lower part of the town, to mount the Christmas guards, which is always carefully attended to, in case any of the John Canoes should take a small fancy to burn or pillage the town, or to rise and cut the throats of their masters, or any little innocent recreation of the kind, out of compliment to Dr. Lushington, or Messrs. Macaulay and Babington.

First came a tolerably good band, a little too drummy, but still not amiss — well-dressed, only the performers being of all colors, from white down to jet black, had a curious hodgepodge or piebald appearance. Then came a dozen mounted officers at the very least — colonels in chief, and colonels, and lieutenant colonels, and majors — all very fine, and very bad horsemen. Then the grenadier company, composed of white clerks of the

place, very fine-looking young men indeed — another white company followed, not quite so smart-looking — then came a century of the children of Israel, not over military in appearance — the days of Joshua, the son of Nun, had passed away, the glory had long departed from their house, — a phalanx of light browns succeeded, then a company of dark browns, or mulattos; the regular half-and-half in this, as well as in grog, is the best mixture after all — then quashie himself, or a company of free blacks, who, with the browns, seemed the best soldiers of the set, excepting the flank companies — and after blackie the battalion again gradually whitened away, until it ended in a very fine light company of buccras, smart young fellows as need be — all the officers were white, and all the soldiers, whatever their castè or color, free of course. Another battalion succeeded, composed in the same way, and really I was agreeably surprised to find the indigenous force of the colony so efficient. I had never seen anything more soldierlike amongst our volunteers at home. Presently a halt was called, and a mounted officer, evidently desirous of showing off, galloped up to where we were standing, and began to swear at the drivers of a wagon, with a long team of sixteen bullocks, who had placed their vehicle, whether intentionally or not I could not tell, directly across the street, where being met by another wagon of the same kind, coming through the opposite lane, a regular jam had taken place, as they had contrived, being redolent of new rum, to lock their wheels, and twist their lines of bullocks together, in much-admired confusion.

"Out of the way, sir, out of the way, you black rascals — don't you see the regiment coming?"

The men spanked their long whips, and shouted to the steers by name — "Back, back — Cæsar — Antony — Crab, back, sir, back;" and they whistled loud and long, but Cæsar and the rest only became more and more involved.

"Order arms," roared another officer, fairly beaten by the bullocks and wagons — "Stand at ease."

On this last signal, a whole cloud of spruce-beer sellers started fiercely from under the piazzas.

"An insurrection of the slave population, mayhap," thought I; but their object was a very peaceable one, for presently, I verily believe, every man and officer in the regiment had a tumbler of this, to me, most delicious beverage at his head — the drawing of the corks was more like street firing than any-

thing else — a regular *feu de joie*. In the mean time, a council of war seemed to be holden by the mounted officers, as to how the obstacle in front was to be overcome; but at this moment confusion became worse confounded, by the approach of what I concluded to be the white man's John Canoe party, mounted by way of preëminence. First came a trumpeter John Canoe with a *black* face, which was all in rule, as his black counter-parts wore *white* ones; but his *Device*, a curious little old man, dressed in a sort of blue uniform, and mounted on the skeleton, or ghost, of a gig horse, I could make nothing of. It carried a drawn sword in its hand, with which it made various flourishes, at each one of which I trembled for its Rosinante's ears. The *Device* was followed by about fifty other odd-looking creatures, all on horseback; but they had no more *seat* than so many pairs of tongs, which in truth they greatly resembled, and made no show, and less fun. So we were wishing them out of the way, when some one whispered that the Kingston Light Horse mustered strong this morning. I found afterwards that every man who kept a good horse, or could ride, invariably served in the foot — all free persons must join some corps or other; so that the *troop*, as it was called, was composed exclusively of those who could not ride, and who kept no saddle horses.

The line was now formed, and after a variety of cumbrous maneuvers out of Dundas, sixteen at the least, the regiment was countermarched, and filed along another street, where they gave three cheers, in honor of their having had a drink of spruce, and of having circumvented the bullocks and wagons. A little farther on we encountered four beautiful nine-pounder fieldpieces, each lumbering along, drawn by half a dozen mules, and accompanied by three or four negroes, but with no escort whatsoever.

"I say, quashie, where are the bombardiers, the artillery-men?"

"Oh, massa, dem all gone to drink pruce ——"

"What, more spruce! — spruce — nothing but spruce!" quoth I.

"Oh yes, massa — after dem drink pruce done, dem all go to him breakfast, massa — left we for take de gun to de barrack — beg one *feepenny*, massa" — as the price of the information, I suppose.

"Are the guns loaded?" said I.

"Me no sabe, massa — top, I shall see." And the fellow to

whom I addressed myself stepped forward, and began to squint into the muzzle of one of the fieldpieces, slewing his head from side to side, with absurd gravity, like a magpie peeping into a marrowbone. "Him most be load — no daylight come troo de touchhole — take care — make me try him." And without more ado he shook out the red embers from his pipe right on the touchhole of the gun, when the fragment of a broken tube spun up in a small jet of flame, that made me start and jump back.

"How dare you, you scoundrel?" said the captain.

"Eigh, massa, him no hax me to see if him be load — so I was try see. Indeed, I tink him *is* load after all yet."

He stepped forward, and entered his rammer into the cannon, after an unavailing attempt to blow with his blubber lips through the touchhole.

Noticing that it did not produce the ringing sound it would have done in an empty gun, but went home with a soft *thud*, I sung out, "Stand clear, sir. By Jupiter, the gun *is* loaded."

The negro continued to *bash* at it with all his might.

Meanwhile, the fellow who was driving the mules attached to the fieldpiece, turned his head, and saw what was going on. In a trice he snatched up another rammer, and without any warning, came crack over the fellow's cranium to whom we had been speaking, as hard as he could draw, making the instrument quiver again.

"Dem you, ye, ye Jericho — ah so you *bash* my brokefast — eh? You no see me tick him into de gun before we yoke de mule, dem, eh? — You tief you, eh?"

"No!" roared the other — "you Walkandnyam, you hab no brokefast, you liard — at least I never see him."

"Dem lie dat!" replied Walkandnyam — "look in de gun." Jericho peered into it again.

"Dere, you son of a ——" (I shan't say what) — "dere, I see de red flannin wadding over de cartridge. Your brokefast! you be dem!" roared Jericho.

And he made at him as if he would have eaten him alive.

"You be dem youshef!" shrieked Walkandnyam — "and de red wadding be dem!" as he took a screw, and hooked out, not a cartridge certainly, but his own nightcap, full of yams and salt fish, smashed into a paste by Jericho's rammer.

In the frenzy of his rage, he dashed this into his opponent's face, and they both stripped in a second. Separating several

yards, they leveled their heads like two telescopes on stands, and ran *butt* at each other like ram goats, and quite as odoriferous, making the welkin ring again as their flint-hard skulls cracked together. Finding each other invulnerable in this direction, they closed, and began scrambling and biting and kicking, and tumbling over and over in the sand ; while the skipper and I stood by cheering them on, and nearly suffocated with laughter. They never once struck with their closed fists, I noticed ; so they were not much hurt. It was great cry and little wool ; and at length they got tired, and hauled off by mutual consent, finishing off as usual with an appeal to us — “ beg one seepenny, massa ! ”



THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR.

By THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

(From “ The Misfortunes of Elphin. ”)

PRINCE RHÛN being safe in schistous bastile, Taliesin commenced his journey to the court of King Arthur. On his way to *Caer Lleon*, he was received with all hospitality, entertained with all admiration, and dismissed with all honor, at the castles of several petty kings ; and amongst the rest, at the castle of *Dinas Vawr*, on the *Towy*, which was then garrisoned by King *Melvas*, who had marched with a great force out of his own kingdom, on the eastern shores of the *Severn*, to levy contributions in the country to the westward, — where, as the pleasure of his company had been altogether unlooked for, he had got possession of a good portion of movable property. The castle of *Dinas Vawr* presenting itself to him as a convenient hold, he had taken it by storm, and having cut the throats of the former occupants, thrown their bodies into the *Towy*, and caused a mass to be sung for the good of their souls, he was now sitting over his bowl, with the comfort of a good conscience, enjoying the fruits of the skill and courage with which he had planned and accomplished his scheme of ways and means for the year.

The hall of *Melvas* was full of magnanimous heroes, who were celebrating their own exploits in sundry choruses ; especially in that which follows, which is here put upon record as being the quintessence of all the war-songs that ever were writ-

ten, and the sum and substance of all the appetencies, tendencies, and consequences of military glory.

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
 But the valley sheep are fatter;
 We therefore deemed it meet
 To carry off the latter.
 We made an expedition;
 We met an host and quelled it;
 We forced a strong position,
 And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
 Where herds of kine were browsing,
 We made a mighty sally,
 To furnish our carousing.
 Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
 We met them, and o'erthrew them:
 They struggled hard to beat us;
 But we conquered them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
 The king marched forth to catch us:
 His rage surpassed all measure,
 But his people could not match us.
 He fled to his hall-pillars;
 And, ere our force we led off,
 Some sacked his house and cellars,
 While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
 Spilt blood enough to swim in:
 We orphaned many children,
 And widowed many women.
 The eagles and the ravens
 We glutted with our foemen:
 The heroes and the cravens,
 The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
 And much their land bemoaned them,
 Two thousand head of cattle,
 And the head of him who owned them:
 Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
 His head was borne before us;
 His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
 And his overthrow, our chorus.

ADVICE TO HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

By WILLIAM COBBETT.

[WILLIAM COBBETT, political writer and agitator, was born in Surrey, England, 1762; a farmer's son, kept hard at work. He went to London as a copying clerk; shortly enlisted, and was in Nova Scotia with the regiment for eight years; returning in 1791, obtained a discharge, married, and in 1792 emigrated and settled in Philadelphia. Taking the Federalist side, he wrote lampoons under the name of "Peter Porcupine," which brought on him two prosecutions for libel. Returning to England in 1800, he founded his *Weekly Political Register* in 1802, and continued it till death. It began as a furious Tory organ, and gradually shifted to an equally furious radical one; his writing was always coarse and bitter, and allowed no decent motives to opponents, even if former friends. He earned and received three libel suits, the third landing him in Newgate for two years, with a fine of £1000. In 1817, fearing another term in Newgate, he once more came to America, remaining two years and sending his *Register* articles across. In 1829-1830 he lectured in England and Scotland in favor of the Reform Bill, and was regarded as a chief popular leader; and in 1832 became a member of the first Reformed Parliament. He died in 1835. His power is shown by the enormous literature of refutation his writings provoked; and his essential sincerity by the fact that in spite of his changes, venality is never charged against him. He wrote a still famous "English Grammar," "Rural Rides," "Cottage Economy," "Advice to Young Men and Women," a Parliamentary History, a History of the English Reformation (violently pro-Catholic), "History of the Regency and Reign of George IV." (with defense of Queen Caroline), Life of Jackson, and many other works.]

IT IS not the dangle about after a wife; it is not the loading her with baubles and trinkets; it is not the jaunting of her about from show to show, and from what is called pleasure to pleasure,—it is none of these that endears you to her; it is the adherence to that part of the promise you have made her: "With my *body* I thee *worship*;" that is to say, *respect* and *honor* by personal attention and acts of affection. And remember, that the greatest possible proof that you can give of real and solid affection is to give her your *time* when not wanted in matters of business; when not wanted for the discharge of some *duty*, either toward the public or toward private persons. Amongst duties of this sort, we must, of course, in some ranks and circumstances of life, include the intercourse amongst friends and neighbors, which may frequently and reasonably call the husband from his home; but what are we to think of the husband who is in the habit of leaving his own fireside, after the business of the day is over, and seeking promiscuous companions in the ale or the coffee house? I am told that in France it is rare to meet with a husband who does not spend every evening of his life in what is

called a *café*; that is to say, a place for no other purpose than that of gossiping, drinking, and gaming. And it is with great sorrow that I acknowledge that many English husbands indulge too much in a similar habit. Drinking clubs, smoking clubs, singing clubs, clubs of odd fellows, whist clubs, sotting clubs: these are inexcusable, they are censurable, they are at once foolish and wicked, even in single men; what must they be, then, in *husbands*; and how are they to answer, not only to their wives, but to their children, for this profligate abandonment of their homes; this breach of their solemn vow made to the former, this evil example to the latter?

Innumerable are the miseries that spring from this cause. The *expense* is, in the first place, very considerable. I much question whether, amongst tradesmen, a *shilling* a night pays the average score; and that, too, for that which is really *worth* nothing at all, and cannot, even by possibility, be attended with any one single advantage, however small. Fifteen pounds a year thus thrown away would amount, in the course of a tradesman's life, to a decent fortune for a child. Then there is the injury to *health* from these night adventures; there are the *quarrels*; there is the vicious habit of loose and filthy talk; there are the slanders and the backbitings; there are the admiration of contemptible wit, and there are the scoffings at all that is sober and serious.

And does the husband who thus abandons his wife and children imagine that she will not, in some degree at least, follow his example? If he do, he is very much deceived. If she imitate him even in drinking, he has no great reason to complain; and then the cost may be *two shillings* the night instead of one, equal in amount to the cost of all the bread wanted in the family, while the baker's bill is perhaps unpaid. Here are the slanderings, too, going on at home; for, while the husbands are assembled, it would be hard if the wives were not to do the same; and the very least that is to be expected is, that the *teapot* should keep pace with the porter pot or grog glass. Hence crowds of female acquaintances and intruders, and all the consequent and inevitable squabbles which form no small part of the torment of the life of man.

If you have *servants*, they know to a moment the time of your absence; and they regulate their proceedings accordingly. "Like master, like man," is an old and true proverb; and it is natural, if not just, that it should be thus; for it would be

unjust if the careless and neglectful sot were served as faithfully as the vigilant, attentive, and sober man. Late hours, cards, and dice are amongst the consequences of the master's absence; and why not, seeing that he is setting the example? Fire, candle, profligate visitants, expenses, losses, children ruined in habits and morals, and, in short, a train of evils hardly to be enumerated, arise from this most vicious habit of the master spending his leisure time from home. But beyond all the rest is the *ill treatment of the wife*. When left to ourselves we all seek the company that we *like best*; the company in which we *take the most delight*: and therefore every husband, be his state of life what it may, who spends his leisure time, or who, at least, is in the habit of doing it, in company other than that of his wife and family, tells her and them, as plainly by deeds as he could possibly do by words, that he *takes more delight in other company than in theirs*. Children repay this with *disregard* for their father; but to a wife of any sensibility it is either a dagger to her heart or an incitement to revenge, and revenge, too, of a species which a young woman will seldom be long in want of the means to gratify. In conclusion of these remarks respecting *absentee husbands* I would recommend all those who are prone to, or likely to fall into, the practice, to remember the words of Mrs. SULLEN, in the BEAUX STRATAGEM: "My husband," says she, addressing a footman whom she had taken as a paramour,¹ "comes reeling home at midnight, tumbles in beside me as a salmon flounces in a net, oversets the economy of my bed, belches the fumes of his drink in my face, and then twists himself round, leaving me half naked, and listening till morning to that tuneless nightingale, his nose." It is at least forty-three years since I read the BEAUX STRATAGEM, and I now quote from memory; but the passage has always occurred to me whenever I have seen a sottish husband; and though that species of revenge, for the taking of which the lady made this apology, was carrying the thing too far, yet I am ready to confess, that if I had to sit in judgment on her for taking even this revenge, my sentence would be very lenient; for what right has such a husband to expect *fidelity*? He has broken his vow, and by what rule of right has she to be bound to hers? She thought that she was marrying *a man*; and she finds that she was married to a beast. He has, indeed, committed no offense that *the*

¹ A slip of memory: she has no paramour, and is complaining to her sister.

law of the land can reach ; but he has violated the vow by which he obtained possession of her person ; and in the eye of justice the compact between them is dissolved.

The way to avoid the sad consequences of which I have been speaking is *to begin well* : many a man has become a sottish husband, and brought a family to ruin, without being sottishly *inclined*, and without *liking* the gossip, of the ale or coffee house. It is by slow degrees that the mischief is done. He is first inveigled, and, in time, he really likes the thing ; and, when arrived at that point, he is incurable. Let him resolve from the very first, *never to spend an hour from home*, unless business, or at least some necessary and rational purpose demand it. Where ought he to be, but with the person whom he himself hath chosen to be his partner for life, and the mother of his children ? What *other company* ought he to deem so good and so fitting as this ? With whom else can he so pleasantly spend his hours of leisure and relaxation ? Besides, if he quit her to seek company more agreeable, is not she set at large by that act of his ? What justice is there in confining her at home without any company at all, while he rambles forth in search of company more gay than he finds at home ?

Let the young married man try the thing ; let him resolve not to be seduced from his home ; let him never go, in one single instance, unnecessarily from his own fireside. *Habit* is a powerful thing ; and if he begin right, the pleasure that he will derive from it will induce him to continue right. This is not being "*tied to the apron strings*," which means quite another matter, as I shall show by and by. It is being at the husband's place, whether he have children or not. And is there any want of matter for conversation between a man and his wife ? Why not talk of the daily occurrences to her, as well as to anybody else ; and especially to a company of tippling and noisy men ? If you excuse yourself by saying that you go *to read the newspaper*, I answer, *buy the newspaper*, if you must read it : the cost is not half of what you spend per day at the potherhouse ; and then you have it your own, and may read it at your leisure, and your wife can read it as well as yourself, if read it you must. And in short, what must that man be made of, who does not prefer sitting by his own fireside with his wife and children, reading to them, or hearing them read, to hearing the gabble and balderdash of a club or a pothouse company !

Men must frequently be from home at all hours of the day and night. Sailors, soldiers, merchants, all men out of the common track of labor, and even some in the very lowest walks are sometimes compelled by their affairs, or by circumstances, to be from their homes. But what I protest against is, the *habit* of spending *leisure* hours from home and near to it; and doing this without any necessity, and by *choice*: liking the next door, or any house in the same street, better than your own. When absent from *necessity*, there is no wound given to the heart of the wife; she concludes that you would be with her if you could, and that satisfies; she laments the absence, but submits to it without complaining. Yet, in these cases, her feelings ought to be consulted as much as possible; she ought to be fully apprised of the probable duration of the absence, and of the time of return; and if these be dependent on circumstances, those circumstances ought to be fully stated; for you have no right to keep her mind upon the rack, when you have it in your power to put it in a state of ease.

Now, if all young men knew how much value women set upon this species of fidelity, there would be fewer unhappy couples than there are. If men have appointments with *lords*, they never dream of breaking them; and I can assure them that wives are as sensitive in this respect as lords. I had seen many instances of conjugal unhappiness arising out of that carelessness which left wives in a state of uncertainty as to the movements of their husbands; and I took care, from the very outset, to guard against it. For no man has a right to sport with the feelings of any innocent person whatever, and particularly with those of one who has committed her happiness to his hands. The truth is, that men in general look upon women as having no feelings different from their own; and they know that they themselves would regard such disappointments as nothing. But this is a great mistake: women feel more acutely than men; their love is more ardent, more pure, more lasting, and they are more frank and sincere in utterance of their feelings. They ought to be treated with due consideration had for all their amiable qualities and all their weaknesses, and nothing by which their minds are affected ought to be deemed a *trifle*.

When we consider what a young woman gives up on her wedding day: she makes a surrender, an absolute surrender, of her liberty, for the joint lives of the parties; she gives the husband the absolute right of causing her to live in what place,

and in what manner and what society, he pleases ; she gives him the power to take from her, and to use, for his own purposes, all her goods, unless reserved by some legal instrument ; and, above all, she surrenders to him *her person*. Then, when we consider the pains which they endure for us, and the large share of all the anxious parental cares that fall to their lot ; when we consider their devotion to us, and how unshaken their affection remains in our ailments, even though the most tedious and disgusting ; when we consider the offices that they perform, and cheerfully perform, for us, when, were we left to one another, we should perish from neglect ; when we consider their devotion to their children, how evidently they love them better, in numerous instances, than their own lives ; when we consider these things, how can a just man think anything a trifle that affects their happiness ?

But though all the afore-mentioned considerations demand from us the kindest possible treatment of a wife, the husband is to expect dutiful deportment at her hands. He is not to be her slave ; he is not to yield to her against the dictates of his own reason and judgment ; it is her duty to obey all his lawful commands ; and if she have sense, she will perceive that it is a disgrace to herself to acknowledge, as a husband, a thing over which she has an absolute control. A charming, a most enchanting, life, indeed, would be that of a husband if he were bound to cohabit with and to maintain one for all the debts and all the slanders of whom he was answerable, and over whose conduct he possessed no compulsory control.

A wife may be chaste, sober in the full sense of the word, industrious, cleanly, frugal, and may be devoted to her husband and her children to a degree so enchanting as to make them all love her beyond the power of words to express. And yet she may, partly under the influence of her natural disposition, and partly encouraged by the great and constant homage paid to her virtues, and presuming, too, on the pain with which she knows her will would be thwarted ; — she may, with all her virtues, be thus led to a *bold interference in the affairs of her husband* ; may attempt to dictate to him in matters quite out of her own sphere ; and, in the pursuit of the gratification of her love of power and command, may wholly overlook the acts of folly or injustice which she would induce her husband to commit, and overlook, too, the contemptible thing that she is making the man whom it is her duty to honor and obey, and

the abasement of whom cannot take place without some portion of degradation falling upon herself. At the time when "THE BOOK" came out, relative to the late ill-treated QUEEN CAROLINE, I was talking upon the subject, one day, with a *parson*, who had not read the Book, but who, as was the fashion with all those who were looking up to the government, condemned the Queen unheard. "Now," said I, "be not so shamefully unjust; but *get the book, read it, and then give your judgment.*"

"Indeed," said his wife, who was sitting by, "but HE SHA'N'T," pronouncing the word *sha'n't* with an emphasis and a voice tremendously masculine. "Oh!" said I, "if he SHA'N'T, that is another matter; but, if he sha'n't read, if he sha'n't hear the evidence, he sha'n't be looked upon, by me, as a just judge; and I sha'n't regard him, in future, as having any opinion of his own in anything." All which the husband, the poor hen-pecked thing, heard without a word escaping his lips.

A husband thus under command is the most contemptible of God's creatures. Nobody can place reliance on him for anything; whether in the capacity of employer or employed, you are never sure of him. No bargain is firm, no engagement sacred, with such a man. Feeble as a reed before the boisterous she-commander, he is bold in injustice toward those whom it pleases her caprice to mark out for vengeance. In the eyes of neighbors, for *friends* such a man cannot have, in the eyes of servants, in the eyes of even the beggars at his door, such a man is a mean and despicable creature, though he may roll in wealth and possess great talents into the bargain. Such a man has, in fact, no property; he has nothing that he can rightly call *his own*; he is a beggarly dependant under his own roof; and if he has anything of the man left in him, and if there be rope or river near, the sooner he betakes him to the one or the other the better. How many men, how many families, have I known brought to utter ruin only by the husband suffering himself to be subdued, to be cowed down, to be held in fear, of even a virtuous wife! What, then, must be the lot of him who submits to a commander who at the same time sets all virtues at defiance

Women are a *sisterhood*. They make *common cause* in behalf of the *sex*; and, indeed, this is natural enough, when we consider the vast power that the *law* gives us over them. The law is for us, and they combine, whenever they can, to mitigate its effects. This is perfectly natural, and, to a certain extent,

laudable, evineing fellow-feeling and public spirit ; but when carried to the length of "*he sha'n't*" it is despotism on the one side and slavery on the other. Watch, therefore, the incipient steps of encroachment ; and they come on so slowly, so softly, that you must be sharp-sighted if you perceive them ; but the moment you *do perceive them* : your love will blind for too long a time ; but the moment you do perceive them, put at once an effectual stop to their progress. Never mind the pain that it may give you ; a day of pain at this time will spare you years of pain in time to come. Many a man has been miserable and made his wife miserable too, for a score or two of years, only for want of resolution to bear one day of pain ; and it is a great deal to bear ; it is a great deal to do, to thwart the desire of one whom you so dearly love, and whose virtues daily render her more and more dear to you. But (and this is one of the most admirable of the mother's traits) as she herself will, while the tears stream from her eyes, force the nauseous medicine down the throat of her child, whose every cry is a dagger to her heart ; as she herself has the courage to do this for the sake of her child, why should you flinch from the performance of a still more important and more sacred duty toward herself, as well as toward you and your children ?

Am I recommending *tyranny* ? am I recommending *disregard* of the wife's opinions and wishes ? Am I recommending a *reserve* toward her that would seem to say that she was not trustworthy, or not a party interested in her husband's affairs ? By no means : on the contrary, though I would keep anything disagreeable from her, I should not enjoy the prospect of a good without making her a participator. But reason says, and God has said, that it is the duty of wives to be obedient to their husbands, and the very nature of things prescribes that there must be a *head* of every house, and an *undivided* authority. And then it is so clearly *just* that the authority should rest with him on whose head rests the whole responsibility, that a woman, when patiently reasoned with on the subject, must be a virago in her very nature not to submit with docility to the terms of her marriage vow.

There are, in almost every considerable neighborhood, a little squadron of she-commanders, generally the youngish wives of old or weak-minded men, and generally without children. These are the tutoresses of the young wives of the vicinage : they, in virtue of their experience, not only school

the wives, but scold the husbands ; they teach the former how to encroach and the latter how to yield : so that if you suffer this to go quietly on, you are soon under the care of a *comité*, as completely as if you were insane. You want no *comité* ; reason, law, religion, the marriage vow, all these have made you head, have given you full power to rule your family, and if you give up your right, you deserve the contempt that assuredly awaits you, and also the ruin that is, in full probability, your doom.

“A house divided against itself,” or, rather *in* itself, “cannot stand ;” and it *is* divided against itself if there be a *divided authority*. The wife ought to be *heard*, and *patiently* heard ; she ought to be reasoned with, and, if possible, convinced ; but if, after all endeavors in this way, she remain opposed to the husband’s opinion, his will *must* be obeyed ; or he at once becomes nothing ; she is in fact the *master*, and he is nothing but an insignificant inmate. As to matters of little comparative moment : as to what shall be for dinner ; as to how the house shall be furnished ; as to the management of the house and of menial servants ; as to these matters and many others, the wife may have her way without any danger : but when the questions are, what is to be the *calling* to be pursued ; what is to be the *place of residence* ; what is to be the *style of living* and *scale* of expense ; what is to be done with *property* ; what the manner and place of educating children ; what is to be their *calling* or state of life ; who are to be employed or intrusted by the husband ; what are the principles that he is to adopt as to public manners ; whom he is to have for coadjutors or friends : all these must be left solely to the husband ; in all these he must have his will ; or there never can be any harmony in the family.

Nevertheless, in some of these concerns, wives should be heard with a great deal of attention, especially in the affairs of choosing your male acquaintances and friends and associates. Women are more quick-sighted than men : they are less disposed to confide in persons upon a first acquaintance ; they are more suspicious as to motives ; they are less liable to be deceived by professions and protestations ; they watch words with a more scrutinizing ear, and looks with a keener eye ; and making due allowance for their prejudices in particular cases, their opinions and remonstrances, with regard to matters of this sort, ought not to be set at naught without great deliberation.

DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS OF EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION.

By FRANÇOIS GUIZOT.

[FRANÇOIS PIERRE GUILLAUME GUIZOT: A French historian and statesman; born at Nîmes, October 4, 1787. In early life a law student, tutor, and journalist, he was appointed to a professorship of modern history (1812) in the University of France. He then engaged in politics; entered the ministry of justice after the second restoration; and while minister of public instruction under Soult, established a system of primary schools throughout France. From 1840 to 1848 he was actually, though not nominally, chief minister to Louis Philippe. On the fall of the latter he escaped to London, and later returned to France, devoting the remainder of his life to literary work at his country seat of Val Richer, in Normandy, where he died in 1874. His most important writings are: "History of the English Revolution," "General History of Civilization in Europe," "Parliamentary History of France," "Corneille and his Time," "Shakespeare and his Time."]

I PURPOSE now to enter upon the History of the Civilization of Europe; but before doing so, before going into its proper history, I must make you acquainted with the peculiar character of this civilization — with its distinguishing features, so that you may be able to recognize and distinguish European civilization from every other.

When we look at the civilizations which have preceded that of modern Europe, whether in Asia or elsewhere, including even those of Greece and Rome, it is impossible not to be struck with the unity of character which reigns among them. Each appears as though it had emanated from a single fact, from a single idea. One might almost assert that society was under the influence of one single principle, which universally prevailed and determined the character of its institutions, its manners, its opinions — in a word, all its developments.

In Egypt, for example, it was the theocratic principle that took possession of society, and showed itself in its manners, in its monuments, and in all that has come down to us of Egyptian civilization. In India the same phenomenon occurs — it is still a repetition of the almost exclusively prevailing influence of theocracy. In other regions a different organization may be observed — perhaps the domination of a conquering caste: and where such is the case, the principle of force takes entire possession of society, imposing upon it its laws and its character. In another place, perhaps, we discover

society under the entire influence of the democratic principle ; such was the case in the commercial republics which covered the coasts of Asia Minor and Syria — in Ionia and Phœnicia. In a word, whenever we contemplate the civilizations of the ancients, we find them all impressed with one ever-prevailing character of unity, visible in their institutions, their ideas, and manners — one sole, or at least one very preponderating influence, seems to govern and determine all things.

I do not mean to aver that this overpowering influence of one single principle, of one single form, prevailed without any exception in the civilization of those states. If we go back to their earliest history, we shall find that the various powers which dwelt in the bosom of the societies frequently struggled for mastery. Thus among the Egyptians, the Etruscans, even among the Greeks and others, we may observe the warrior caste struggling against that of the priests. In other places we find the spirit of clanship struggling against the spirit of free association, the spirit of aristocracy against popular rights. These struggles, however, mostly took place in periods beyond the reach of history, and no evidence of them is left beyond a vague tradition.

Sometimes, indeed, these early struggles broke out afresh at a later period in the history of the nations ; but in almost every case they were quickly terminated by the victory of one of the powers which sought to prevail, and which then took sole possession of society. The war always ended by the domination of some special principle, which, if not exclusive, at least greatly preponderated. The coexistence and strife of various principles among these nations were no more than a passing, an accidental circumstance.

From this cause a remarkable unity characterizes most of the civilizations of antiquity, the results of which, however, were very different. In one nation, as in Greece, the unity of the social principle led to a development of wonderful rapidity ; no other people ever ran so brilliant a career in so short a time. But Greece had hardly become glorious, before she appeared worn out : her decline, if not quite so rapid as her rise, was strangely sudden. It seems as if the principle which called Greek civilization into life was exhausted. No other came to invigorate it, or supply its place.

In other states, say, for example, in India and Egypt,

where again only one principle of civilization prevailed, the result was different. Society here became stationary; simplicity produced monotony; the country was not destroyed; society continued to exist; but there was no progression; it remained torpid and inactive.

To this same cause must be attributed that character of tyranny which prevailed, under various names, and the most opposite forms, in all the civilizations of antiquity. Society belonged to one *exclusive* power, which could bear with no other. Every principle of a different tendency was proscribed. The governing principle would nowhere suffer by its side the manifestation and influence of a rival principle.

This character of simplicity, of unity, in their civilization, is equally impressed upon their literature and intellectual productions. Who that has run over the monuments of Hindu literature lately introduced into Europe, but has seen that they are all struck from the same die? They all seem the result of one same fact; the expression of one same idea. Religious and moral treatises, historical traditions, dramatic poetry, epics, all bear the same physiognomy. The same character of unity and monotony shines out in these works of mind and fancy, as we discover in their life and institutions. Even in Greece, notwithstanding the immense stores of knowledge and intellect which it poured forth, a wonderful unity still prevailed in all relating to literature and the arts.

How different to all this is the case as respects the civilization of modern Europe! Take ever so rapid a glance at this, and it strikes you at once as diversified, confused, and stormy. All the principles of social organization are found existing together within it; powers temporal, powers spiritual, the theocratic, monarchic, aristocratic, and democratic elements, all classes of society, all the social situations, are jumbled together, and visible within it; as well as infinite gradations of liberty, of wealth and of influence. These various powers, too, are found here in a state of continual struggle among themselves, without any one having sufficient force to master the others, and take sole possession of society. Among the ancients, at every great epoch, all communities seem cast in the same mold: it was now pure monarchy, now theocracy or democracy, that became the reigning principle, each in its turn reigning absolutely. But modern Europe contains examples

of all these systems, of all the attempts at social organization; pure and mixed monarchies, theocracies, republics more or less aristocratic, all live in common, side by side, at one and the same time; yet, notwithstanding their diversity, they all bear a certain resemblance to each other, a kind of family likeness which it is impossible to mistake, and which shows them to be essentially European.

In the moral character, in the notions and sentiments of Europe, we find the same variety, the same struggle. Theoretical opinions, monarchical opinions, aristocratic opinions, democratic opinions, cross and jostle, struggle, become interwoven, limit, and modify each other. Open the boldest treatises of the middle age: in none of them is an opinion carried to its final consequences. The advocates of absolute power flinch, almost unconsciously, from the results to which their doctrine would carry them. We see that the ideas and influences around them frighten them from pushing it to its uttermost point. Democracy felt the same control. That imperturbable boldness, so striking in ancient civilizations, nowhere found a place in the European system. In sentiments we discover the same contrasts, the same variety; an indomitable taste for independence dwelling by the side of the greatest aptness for submission; a singular fidelity between man and man, and at the same time an imperious desire in each to do his own will, to shake off all restraint, to live alone, without troubling himself with the rest of the world. Minds were as much diversified as society.

The same characteristic is observable in literature. It cannot be denied that in what relates to the form and beauty of art, modern Europe is very inferior to antiquity; but if we look at her literature as regards depth of feeling and ideas, it will be found more powerful and rich. The human mind has been employed upon a greater number of objects, its labors have been more diversified, it has gone to a greater depth. Its imperfection in form is owing to this very cause. The more plenteous and rich the materials, the greater is the difficulty of forcing them into a pure and simple form. That which gives beauty to a composition, that which in works of art we call form, is the clearness, the simplicity, the symbolical unity of the work. With the prodigious diversity of ideas and sentiments which belong to European civilization, the diffi-

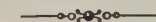
culty to attain this grand and chaste simplicity has been increased.

In every part, then, we find this character of variety to prevail in modern civilization. It has undoubtedly brought with it this inconvenience, that when we consider separately any particular development of the human mind in literature, in the arts, in any of the ways in which human intelligence may go forward, we shall generally find it inferior to the corresponding development in the civilization of antiquity: but, as a set-off to this, when we regard it as a whole, European civilization appears incomparably more rich and diversified: if each particular fruit has not attained the same perfection, it has ripened an infinitely greater variety. Again, European civilization has now endured fifteen centuries, and in all that time it has been in a state of progression. It may be true that it has not advanced so rapidly as the Greek; but, catching new impulses at every step, it is still advancing. An unbounded career is open before it; and from day to day it presses forward to the race with increasing rapidity, because increased freedom attends upon all its movements. While in other civilizations the exclusive domination, or at least the excessive preponderance of a single principle, of a single form, led to tyranny, in modern Europe the diversity of the elements of social order, the incapability of any one to exclude the rest, gave birth to the liberty which now prevails. The inability of the various principles to exterminate one another compelled each to endure the others, made it necessary for them to live in common, for them to enter into a sort of mutual understanding. Each consented to have only that part of civilization which fell to its share. Thus, while everywhere else the predominance of one principle has produced tyranny, the variety of elements of European civilization, and the constant warfare in which they have been engaged, have given birth in Europe to that liberty which we prize so dearly.

It is this which gives to European civilization its real, its immense superiority—it is this which forms its essential, its distinctive character. And if, carrying our views still further, we penetrate beyond the surface into the very nature of things, we shall find that this superiority is legitimate—that it is acknowledged by reason as well as proclaimed by facts. Quit-

ting for a moment European civilization, and taking a glance at the world in general, at the common course of earthly things, what is the character we find it to bear? What do we here perceive? Why, just that very same diversity, that very same variety of elements, that very same struggle, which is so strikingly evinced in European civilization. It is plain enough that no single principle, no particular organization, no simple idea, no special power, has ever been permitted to obtain possession of the world, to mold it into a durable form, and to drive from it every opposing tendency, so as to reign itself supreme. Various powers, principles, and systems here intermingle, modify one another, and struggle incessantly—now subduing, now subdued—never wholly conquered, never conquering. Such is apparently the general state of the world, while diversity of forms, of ideas, of principles, their struggles and their energies, all tend toward a certain unity, a certain ideal, which, though perhaps it may never be attained, mankind is constantly approaching by dint of liberty and labor. Hence European civilization is the reflected image of the world—like the course of earthly things, it is neither narrowly circumscribed, exclusive, nor stationary. For the first time, civilization appears to have divested itself of its special character: its development presents itself for the first time under as diversified, as abundant, as laborious an aspect as the great theatre of the universe itself.

European civilization has, if I may be allowed the expression, at last penetrated into the ways of eternal truth—into the scheme of Providence;—it moves in the ways which God has prescribed. This is the rational principle of its superiority.



TO NIGHT.

BY JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

[JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE was born in Seville, Spain, in 1775; son of a resident Irish merchant and a Spanish lady. He left the counting-house for the Catholic priesthood in 1799; becoming unsettled in that faith, went to London in 1810, joined the English Church, later the Unitarians, and at last became practically an agnostic. Till 1814 he conducted a monthly in the Spanish interest; thence till his death in 1841 lived as a man of letters, latterly in Liverpool. His best known works are "Letters from Spain, by Leucadio Doblado" (collected 1822); "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion" (1833); and this sonnet.]

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,

Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue?
 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
 And lo! creation widened to man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
 Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
 Whilst flower and leaf and insect stood revealed,
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
 Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
 If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?



WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE.

[DANIEL WEBSTER, American statesman and orator, was born January 18, 1782, in Salisbury, N.H.; graduated at Dartmouth in 1801; became a leading lawyer at the then capital of New Hampshire, Portsmouth; was in Congress (1813-1815) as a Federalist; from 1816 to 1823 practiced law in Boston, and was regarded as in the foremost rank of lawyers and orators. The Dartmouth College case was argued in 1818; he was a member of the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention in 1820; in December, 1820, delivered his address on the 200th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. In 1822 he was again elected to Congress; from 1828 to 1842 was United States senator. In the House he was chairman of the Judiciary Committee. In the Senate he delivered his reply to Hayne June 26-27, 1830. His oration on the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill monument was delivered June 17, 1825. He was Secretary of State (1841-1843) under Harrison and Tyler, and negotiated the Ashburton Treaty; he resigned in 1843, and in 1845 was returned to the Senate. He opposed the annexation of Texas and the Mexican War. In 1848 he was candidate for the presidency. In 1850 he supported the compromises, including the Fugitive Slave Act, and was appointed Secretary of State by Fillmore; in 1852 was again a candidate for the presidency; and died October 24 of that year.]

THERE yet remains to be performed, Mr. President, by far the most grave and important duty which I feel to be devolved on me by this occasion. It is to state, and to defend, what I conceive to be the true principles of the constitution under which we are here assembled. I might well have desired that so weighty a task should have fallen into other and abler hands. I could have wished that it should have been executed by those whose character and experience give weight and influence to their opinions, such as cannot possibly belong to mine. But, sir, I have met the occasion, not sought it; and I shall proceed to state my own sentiments, without challenging for them any particular regard, with studied plainness, and as much precision as possible.

I understand the honorable gentleman from South Carolina to maintain that it is a right of the state legislatures to interfere, whenever, in their judgment, this government transcends its constitutional limits, and to arrest the operation of its laws.

I understand him to maintain this right, as a right existing *under* the constitution, not as a right to overthrow it on the ground of extreme necessity, such as would justify violent revolution.

I understand him to maintain an authority, on the part of the states, thus to interfere, for the purpose of correcting the exercise of power by the general government, of checking it, and of compelling it to conform to their opinion of the extent of its powers.

I understand him to maintain that the ultimate power of judging of the constitutional extent of its own authority is not lodged exclusively in the general government, or any branch of it; but that, on the contrary, the states may lawfully decide for themselves, and each state for itself, whether, in a given case, the act of the general government transcends its power.

I understand him to insist that, if the exigency of the case, in the opinion of any state government, require it, such state government may, by its own sovereign authority, annul an act of the general government which it deems plainly and palpably unconstitutional.

This is the sum of what I understand from him to be the South Carolina doctrine, and the doctrine which he maintains. I propose to consider it, and compare it with the constitution. Allow me to say, as a preliminary remark, that I call this the South Carolina doctrine only because the gentleman himself has so denominated it. I do not feel at liberty to say that South Carolina, as a state, has ever advanced these sentiments. I hope she has not and never may. That a great majority of her people are opposed to the tariff laws, is doubtless true. That a majority, somewhat less than that just mentioned, conscientiously believe these laws unconstitutional, may probably also be true. But that any majority holds to the right of direct state interference at state discretion, the right of nullifying acts of congress by acts of state legislation, is more than I know, and what I shall be slow to believe.

And now, sir, what I have first to say on this subject is that at no time, and under no circumstances, has New England, or any state in New England, or any respectable body of persons

in New England, or any public man of standing in New England, put forth such a doctrine as this Carolina doctrine.

The gentleman has found no case, he can find none, to support his own opinions by New England authority. New England has studied the constitution in other schools, and under other teachers. She looks upon it with other regards, and deems more highly and reverently both of its just authority and its utility and excellence. The history of her legislative proceedings may be traced. The ephemeral effusions of temporary bodies, called together by the excitement of the occasion, may be hunted up; they have been hunted up. The opinions and votes of her public men, in and out of congress, may be explored. It will all be in vain. The Carolina doctrine can derive from her neither countenance nor support. She rejects it now; she always did reject it; and till she loses her senses, she always will reject it. The honorable member has referred to expressions on the subject of the embargo law, made in this place, by an honorable and venerable gentleman, (Mr. Hillhouse,) now favoring us with his presence. He quotes that distinguished senator as saying that, in his judgment, the embargo law was unconstitutional, and that therefore, in his opinion, the people were not bound to obey it. That, sir, is perfectly constitutional language. An unconstitutional law is not binding; *but then it does not rest with a resolution or a law of a state legislature to decide whether an act of congress be or be not constitutional.* An unconstitutional act of congress would not bind the people of this district, although they have no legislature to interfere in their behalf; and, on the other hand, a constitutional law of congress does bind the citizens of every state, although all their legislatures should undertake to annul it by act or resolution. The venerable Connecticut senator is a constitutional lawyer, of sound principles and enlarged knowledge; a statesman practiced and experienced, bred in the company of Washington, and holding just views upon the nature of our governments. He believed the embargo unconstitutional, and so did others; but what then? Who did he suppose was to decide that question? The state legislatures? Certainly not. No such sentiment ever escaped his lips.

Let us follow up, sir, this New England opposition to the embargo laws; let us trace it, till we discern the principle which controlled and governed New England throughout the whole course of that opposition. We shall then see what simi-

larity there is between the New England school of constitutional opinions, and this modern Carolina school. The gentleman, I think, read a petition from some single individual addressed to the legislature of Massachusetts, asserting the Carolina doctrine ; that is, the right of state interference to arrest the laws of the Union. The fate of that petition shows the sentiment of the legislature. It met no favor. The opinions of Massachusetts were otherwise. They had been expressed in 1798, in answer to the resolutions of Virginia, and she did not depart from them, nor bend them to the times. Misgoverned, wronged, oppressed, as she felt herself to be, she still held fast her integrity to the Union. The gentleman may find in her proceedings much evidence of dissatisfaction with the measures of government, and great and deep dislike to the embargo ; all this makes the case so much the stronger for her ; for, notwithstanding all this dissatisfaction and dislike, she claimed no right, still, to sever asunder the bonds of the Union. There was heat, and there was anger in her political feeling. Be it so ; her heat or her anger did not, nevertheless, betray her into infidelity to the government. The gentleman labors to prove that she disliked the embargo as much as South Carolina dislikes the tariff, and expressed her dislike as strongly. Be it so ; but did she propose the Carolina remedy ? did she threaten to interfere, by state authority, to annul the laws of the Union ? That is the question for the gentleman's consideration.

No doubt, sir, a great majority of the people of New England conscientiously believed the embargo law of 1807 unconstitutional ; as conscientiously, certainly, as the people of South Carolina hold that opinion of the tariff. They reasoned thus : Congress has power to regulate commerce ; but here is a law, they said, stopping all commerce, and stopping it indefinitely. The law is perpetual ; that is, it is not limited in point of time, and must of course continue until it shall be repealed by some other law. It is as perpetual, therefore, as the law against treason or murder. Now, is this regulating commerce, or destroying it ? Is it guiding, controlling, giving the rule to commerce, as a subsisting thing, or is it putting an end to it altogether ? Nothing is more certain than that a majority in New England deemed this law a violation of the constitution. The very case required by the gentleman to justify state interference had then arisen. Massachusetts believed this law to be "a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of a power not granted by the

constitution." Deliberate it was, for it was long continued; palpable she thought it, as no words in the constitution gave the power, and only a construction, in her opinion most violent, raised it; dangerous it was, since it threatened utter ruin to her most important interests. Here, then, was a Carolina case. How did Massachusetts deal with it? It was, as she thought, a plain, manifest, palpable violation of the constitution, and it brought ruin to her doors. Thousands of families, and hundreds of thousands of individuals, were beggared by it. While she saw and felt all this, she saw and felt also that, as a measure of national policy, it was perfectly futile; that the country was no way benefited by that which caused so much individual distress; that it was efficient only for the production of evil, and all that evil inflicted on ourselves. In such a case, under such circumstances, how did Massachusetts demean herself? Sir, she remonstrated, she memorialized, she addressed herself to the general government, not exactly "with the concentrated energy of passion," but with her own strong sense, and the energy of sober conviction. But she did not interpose the arm of her own power to arrest the law, and break the embargo. Far from it. Her principles bound her to two things; and she followed her principles, lead where they might. First, to submit to every constitutional law of congress, and secondly, if the constitutional validity of the law be doubted, to refer that question to the decision of the proper tribunals. The first principle is vain and ineffectual without the second. A majority of us in New England believed the embargo law unconstitutional; but the great question was, and always will be in such cases, Who is to decide this? Who is to judge between the people and the government? And, sir, it is quite plain that the constitution of the United States confers on the government itself, to be exercised by its appropriate department, and under its own responsibility to the people, this power of deciding ultimately and conclusively upon the just extent of its own authority. If this had not been done, we should not have advanced a single step beyond the old confederation.

Being fully of opinion that the embargo law was unconstitutional, the people of New England were yet equally clear in the opinion — it was a matter they did not doubt upon — that the question, after all, must be decided by the judicial tribunals of the United States. Before these tribunals, therefore, they brought the question. Under the provisions of the law, they

had given bonds to millions in amount, and which were alleged to be forfeited. They suffered the bonds to be sued, and thus raised the question. In the old-fashioned way of settling disputes, they went to law. The case came to hearing, and solemn argument; and he who espoused their cause, and stood up for them against the validity of the embargo act, was none other than that great man, of whom the gentleman has made honorable mention, Samuel Dexter. He was then, sir, in the fullness of his knowledge and the maturity of his strength. He had retired from long and distinguished public service here, to the renewed pursuit of professional duties, carrying with him all that enlargement and expansion, all the new strength and force, which an acquaintance with the more general subjects discussed in the national councils is capable of adding to professional attainment, in a mind of true greatness and comprehension. He was a lawyer, and he was also a statesman. He had studied the constitution, when he filled public station, that he might defend it; he had examined its principles that he might maintain them. More than all men, or at least as much as any man, he was attached to the general government and to the union of the states. His feelings and opinions all ran in that direction. A question of constitutional law, too, was, of all subjects, that one which was best suited to his talents and learning. Aloof from technicality, and unfettered by artificial rule, such a question gave opportunity for that deep and clear analysis, that mighty grasp of principle, which so much distinguished his higher efforts. His very statement was argument; his inference seemed demonstration. The earnestness of his own conviction wrought conviction in others. One was convinced, and believed, and assented, because it was gratifying, delightful, to think, and feel, and believe, in unison with an intellect of such evident superiority.

Mr. Dexter, sir, such as I have described him, argued the New England cause. He put into his effort his whole heart, as well as all the powers of his understanding; for he had avowed, in the most public manner, his entire concurrence with his neighbors on the point in dispute. He argued the cause; it was lost, and New England submitted. The established tribunals pronounced the law constitutional, and New England acquiesced. Now, sir, is not this the exact opposite of the doctrine of the gentleman from South Carolina? According to him, instead of referring to the judicial tribunals, we should have broken up

the embargo by laws of our own; we should have repealed it, *quoad* New England; for we had a strong, palpable, and oppressive case. Sir, we believed the embargo unconstitutional; but still that was matter of opinion, and who was to decide it? We thought it a clear case; but, nevertheless, we did not take the law into our own hands, because we did not wish to bring about a revolution, nor to break up the Union; for I maintain that between submission to the decision of the constituted tribunals, and revolution, or disunion, there is no middle ground; there is no ambiguous condition, half allegiance and half rebellion. And, sir, how futile, how very futile it is, to admit the right of state interference, and then attempt to save it from the character of unlawful resistance, by adding terms of qualification to the causes and occasions, leaving all these qualifications, like the case itself, in the discretion of the state governments. It must be a clear case, it is said, a deliberate case, a palpable case, a dangerous case. But then the state is still left at liberty to decide for herself what is clear, what is deliberate, what is palpable, what is dangerous. Do adjectives and epithets avail anything? Sir, the human mind is so constituted that the merits of both sides of a controversy appear very clear, and very palpable, to those who respectively espouse them; and both sides usually grow clearer as the controversy advances. South Carolina sees unconstitutionality in the tariff; she sees oppression there, also, and she sees danger. Pennsylvania, with a vision not less sharp, looks at the same tariff, and sees no such thing in it; she sees it all constitutional, all useful, all safe. The faith of South Carolina is strengthened by opposition, and she now not only sees, but *resolves*, that the tariff is palpably unconstitutional, oppressive, and dangerous; but Pennsylvania, not to be behind her neighbors, and equally willing to strengthen her own faith by a confident asseveration, *resolves*, also, and gives to every warm affirmative of South Carolina, a plain, downright, Pennsylvania negative. South Carolina, to show the strength and unity of her opinion, brings her assembly to a unanimity, within seven voices; Pennsylvania, not to be outdone in this respect any more than in others, reduces her dissentient fraction to a single vote. Now, sir, again I ask the gentleman, What is to be done? Are these states both right? Is he bound to consider them both right? If not, which is in the wrong? or rather, which has the best right to decide? And if he, and if I, are not to know what the

constitution means, and what it is, till those two state legislatures, and the twenty-two others, shall agree in its construction, what have we sworn to, when we have sworn to maintain it! I was forcibly struck, sir, with one reflection, as the gentleman went on in his speech. He quoted Mr. Madison's resolutions, to prove that a state may interfere, in a case of deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of a power not granted. The honorable member supposes the tariff law to be such an exercise of power, and that consequently a case has arisen in which the state may, if it see fit, interfere by its own law. Now it so happens, nevertheless, that Mr. Madison deems this same tariff law quite constitutional. Instead of a clear and palpable violation, it is, in his judgment, no violation at all. So that, while they use his authority for a hypothetical case, they reject it in the very case before them. All this, sir, shows the inherent futility, I had almost said a stronger word, of conceding this power of interference to the states, and then attempting to secure it from abuse by imposing qualifications of which the states themselves are to judge. One of two things is true: either the laws of the union are beyond the discretion and beyond the control of the states; or else we have no constitution of general government, and are thrust back again to the days of the confederacy.

Let me here say, sir, that if the gentleman's doctrine had been received and acted upon in New England, in the times of the embargo and non-intercourse, we should probably not now have been here. The government would very likely have gone to pieces, and crumbled into dust. No stronger case can ever arise than existed under those laws; no states can ever entertain a clearer conviction than the New England states then entertained; and if they had been under the influence of that heresy of opinion, as I must call it, which the honorable member espouses, this Union would, in all probability, have been scattered to the four winds. I ask the gentleman, therefore, to apply his principles to that case; I ask him to come forth and declare whether, in his opinion, the New England states would have been justified in interfering to break up the embargo system under the conscientious opinions which they held upon it? Had they a right to annul that law? Does he admit or deny? If what is thought palpably unconstitutional in South Carolina justifies that state in arresting the progress of the law, tell me whether that which was thought palpably unconstitutional also

in Massachusetts would have justified her in doing the same thing. Sir, I deny the whole doctrine. It has not a foot of ground in the constitution to stand on. No public man of reputation ever advanced it in Massachusetts in the warmest times, or could maintain himself upon it there at any time.

I wish now, sir, to make a remark upon the Virginia resolutions of 1798. I cannot undertake to say how these resolutions were understood by those who passed them. Their language is not a little indefinite. In the case of the exercise by congress of a dangerous power not granted to them, the resolutions assert the right, on the part of the state, to interfere and arrest the progress of the evil. This is susceptible of more than one interpretation. It may mean no more than that the states may interfere by complaint or remonstrance, or by proposing to the people an alteration of the federal constitution. This would all be quite unobjectionable. Or it may be that no more is meant than to assert the general right of revolution, as against all governments, in cases of intolerable oppression. This no one doubts, and this, in my opinion, is all that he who framed the resolutions could have meant by it; for I shall not readily believe that he was ever of opinion that a state, under the constitution and in conformity with it, could, upon the ground of her own opinion of its unconstitutionality, however clear and palpable she might think the case, annul a law of congress, so far as it should operate on herself, by her own legislative power.

I must now beg to ask, sir, Whence is this supposed right of the states derived? Where do they find the power to interfere with the laws of the Union? Sir, the opinion which the honorable gentleman maintains is a notion founded in a total misapprehension, in my judgment, of the origin of this government, and of the foundation on which it stands. I hold it to be a popular government, erected by the people; those who administer it, responsible to the people; and itself capable of being amended and modified, just as the people may choose it should be. It is as popular, just as truly emanating from the people, as the state governments. It is created for one purpose; the state governments for another. It has its own powers; they have theirs. There is no more authority with them to arrest the operation of a law of congress, than with congress to arrest the operation of their laws. We are here to administer a constitution emanating immediately from the

people, and trusted by them to our administration. It is not the creature of the state governments. It is of no moment to the argument, that certain acts of the state legislatures are necessary to fill our seats in this body. That is not one of their original state powers, a part of the sovereignty of the state. It is a duty which the people, by the constitution itself, have imposed on the state legislatures, and which they might have left to be performed elsewhere, if they had seen fit. So they have left the choice of president with electors; but all this does not affect the proposition that this whole government, president, senate, and house of representatives, is a popular government. It leaves it still all its popular character. The governor of the state (in some of the states) is chosen, not directly by the people, but by those who are chosen by the people, for the purpose of performing, among other duties, that of electing a governor. Is the government of the state, on that account, not a popular government? This government, sir, is the independent offspring of the popular will. It is not the creature of state legislatures; nay, more, if the whole truth must be told, the people brought it into existence, established it, and have hitherto supported it, for the very purpose, amongst others, of imposing certain salutary restraints on state sovereignties. The states cannot now make war; they cannot contract alliances; they cannot make, each for itself, separate regulations of commerce; they cannot lay imposts; they cannot coin money. If this constitution, sir, be the creature of state legislatures, it must be admitted that it has obtained a strange control over the volition of its creators.

The people, then, sir, erected this government. They gave it a constitution, and in that constitution they have enumerated the powers which they bestow on it. They have made it a limited government. They have defined its authority. They have restrained it to the exercise of such powers as are granted; and all others, they declare, are reserved to the states or the people. But, sir, they have not stopped here. If they had, they would have accomplished but half their work. No definition can be so clear, as to avoid possibility of doubt; no limitation so precise, as to exclude all uncertainty. Who, then, shall construe this grant of the people? Who shall interpret their will, where it may be supposed they have left it doubtful? With whom do they repose this ultimate right of deciding on the powers of the government? Sir,

they have settled all this in the fullest manner. They have left it with the government itself, in its appropriate branches. Sir, the very chief end, the main design, for which the whole constitution was framed and adopted was to establish a government that should not be obliged to act through state agency, or depend on state opinion and state discretion. The people had had quite enough of that kind of government under the confederacy. Under that system, the legal action, the application of law to individuals, belonged exclusively to the states. Congress could only recommend; their acts were not of binding force, till the states had adopted and sanctioned them. Are we in that condition still? Are we yet at the mercy of state discretion and state construction? Sir, if we are, then vain will be our attempt to maintain the constitution under which we sit.

But, sir, the people have wisely provided, in the constitution itself, a proper, suitable mode and tribunal for settling questions of constitutional law. There are in the constitution grants of powers to congress, and restrictions on those powers. There are, also, prohibitions on the states. Some authority must, therefore, necessarily exist, having the ultimate jurisdiction to fix and ascertain the interpretation of these grants, restrictions, and prohibitions. The constitution has itself pointed out, ordained, and established that authority. How has it accomplished this great and essential end? By declaring, sir, that "*the constitution, and the laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof, shall be the supreme law of the land, anything in the constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding.*"

This, sir, was the first great step. By this the supremacy of the constitution and laws of the United States is declared. The people so will it. No state law is to be valid which comes in conflict with the constitution, or any law of the United States passed in pursuance of it. But who shall decide this question of interference? To whom lies the last appeal? This, sir, the constitution itself decides also, by declaring "*that the judicial power shall extend to all cases arising under the constitution and laws of the United States.*" These two provisions, sir, cover the whole ground. They are, in truth, the keystone of the arch! With these it is a government; without them it is a confederacy. In pursuance of these clear and express provisions, congress established, at its very first session, in the

judicial act, a mode for carrying them into full effect, and for bringing all questions of constitutional power to the final decision of the supreme court. It then, sir, became a government. It then had the means of self-protection; and but for this, it would, in all probability, have been now among the things which are past. Having constituted the government, and declared its powers, the people have further said that, since somebody must decide on the extent of these powers, the government shall itself decide; subject, always, like other popular governments, to its responsibility to the people. And now, sir, I repeat, how is it that a state legislature acquires any power to interfere? Who, or what, gives them the right to say to the people, "We, who are your agents and servants, for one purpose, will undertake to decide that your other agents and servants, appointed by you for another purpose, have transcended the authority you gave them!" The reply would be, I think, not impertinent,—"Who made you a judge over another's servants? To their own masters they stand or fall."

Sir, I deny this power of state legislatures altogether. It cannot stand the test of examination. Gentlemen may say that, in an extreme case, a state government might protect the people from intolerable oppression. Sir, in such a case, the people might protect themselves, without the aid of the state governments. Such a case warrants revolution. It must make, when it comes, a law for itself. A nullifying act of a state legislature cannot alter the case, nor make resistance any more lawful. In maintaining these sentiments, sir, I am but asserting the rights of the people. I state what they have declared, and insist on their right to declare it. They have chosen to repose this power in the general government, and I think it my duty to support it, like other constitutional powers.

For myself, sir, I do not admit the jurisdiction of South Carolina, or any other state, to prescribe my constitutional duty, or to settle, between me and the people, the validity of laws of congress, for which I have voted. I decline her umpirage. I have not sworn to support the constitution according to her construction of its clauses. I have not stipulated, by my oath of office or otherwise, to come under any responsibility, except to the people, and those whom they have appointed to pass upon the question whether laws, supported by my votes, conform to the constitution of the country. And, sir, if we look to the general nature of the case, could anything have been

more preposterous than to make a government for the whole Union, and yet leave its powers subject, not to one interpretation, but to thirteen or twenty-four interpretations! Instead of one tribunal, established by all, responsible to all, with power to decide for all, shall constitutional questions be left to four and twenty popular bodies, each at liberty to decide for itself, and none bound to respect the decisions of others; and each at liberty, too, to give a new construction on every new election of its own members? Would anything, with such a principle in it, rather with such a destitution of all principle, be fit to be called a government? No, sir. It should not be denominated a constitution. It should be called, rather, a collection of topics for everlasting controversy, heads of debate for a disputatious people. It would not be a government. It would not be adequate to any practical good, or fit for any country to live under.

To avoid all possibility of being misunderstood, allow me to repeat again, in the fullest manner, that I claim no powers for the government by forced or unfair construction. I admit that it is a government of strictly limited powers; of enumerated, specified, and particularized powers; and that whatsoever is not granted, is withheld. But notwithstanding all this, and however the grant of powers may be expressed, its limit and extent may yet, in some cases, admit of doubt; and the general government would be good for nothing, it would be incapable of long existing, if some mode had not been provided in which those doubts, as they should arise, might be peaceably, but authoritatively, solved.

And now, Mr. President, let me run the honorable gentleman's doctrine a little into its practical application. Let us look at his probable *modus operandi*. If a thing can be done, an ingenious man can tell *how* it is to be done. Now I wish to be informed *how* this state interference is to be put in practice, without violence, bloodshed, and rebellion. We will take the existing case of the tariff law. South Carolina is said to have made up her opinion upon it. If we do not repeal it, (as we probably shall not,) she will then apply to the case the remedy of her doctrine. She will, we must suppose, pass a law of her legislature, declaring the several acts of congress, usually called the tariff laws, null and void, so far as they respect South Carolina, or the citizens thereof. So far, all is a paper transaction, and easy enough. But the collector at Charleston is collecting

the duties imposed by these tariff laws. He, therefore, must be stopped. The collector will seize the goods if the tariff duties are not paid. The state authorities will undertake their rescue, the marshal, with his posse, will come to the collector's aid, and here the contest begins. The militia of the state will be called out to sustain the nullifying act. They will march, sir, under a very gallant leader; for I believe the honorable member himself commands the militia of that part of the state. He will raise the NULLIFYING ACT on his standard, and spread it out as his banner! It will have a preamble, bearing that the tariff laws are palpable, deliberate, and dangerous violations of the constitution! He will proceed, with his banner flying, to the customhouse in Charleston,

All the while,
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds.

Arrived at the customhouse, he will tell the collector that he must collect no more duties under any of the tariff laws. This he will be somewhat puzzled to say, by the way, with a grave countenance, considering what hand South Carolina herself had in that of 1816. But, sir, the collector would not, probably, desist at his bidding. He would show him the law of congress, the treasury instruction, and his own oath of office. He would say, he should perform his duty, come what might.

Here would come a pause; for they say that a certain stillness precedes the tempest. The trumpeter would hold his breath awhile, and before all this military array should fall on the customhouse, collector, clerks, and all, it is very probable some of those composing it would request of their gallant commander in chief to be informed a little upon the point of law; for they have, doubtless, a just respect for his opinions as a lawyer, as well as for his bravery as a soldier. They know he has read Blackstone and the constitution, as well as Turenne and Vauban. They would ask him, therefore, something concerning their rights in this matter. They would inquire whether it was not somewhat dangerous to resist a law of the United States. What would be the nature of their offense, they would wish to learn, if they, by military force and array, resisted the execution in Carolina of a law of the United States, and it should turn out, after all, that the law *was constitutional*! He would answer, of course, treason. No lawyer could give any other answer. John Fries, he would tell them, had

learned that, some years ago. How, then, they would ask, do you propose to defend us? We are not afraid of bullets, but treason has a way of taking people off that we do not much relish. How do you propose to defend us? "Look at my floating banner," he would reply; "see there the *nullifying law!*" Is it your opinion, gallant commander, they would then say, that, if we should be indicted for treason, that same floating banner of yours would make a good plea in bar? "South Carolina is a sovereign state," he would reply. That is true; but would the judge admit our plea? "These tariff laws," he would repeat, "are unconstitutional, palpably, deliberately, dangerously." That may all be so; but if the tribunal should not happen to be of that opinion, shall we swing for it? We are ready to die for our country, but it is rather an awkward business, this dying without touching the ground! After all, that is a sort of hemp tax worse than any part of the tariff.

Mr. President, the honorable gentleman would be in a dilemma, like that of another great general. He would have a knot before him which he could not untie. He must cut it with his sword. He must say to his followers, "Defend yourselves with your bayonets;" and this is war—civil war.

Direct collision, therefore, between force and force, is the unavoidable result of that remedy for the revision of unconstitutional laws which the gentleman contends for. It must happen in the very first case to which it is applied. Is not this the plain result? To resist by force the execution of a law, generally, is treason. Can the courts of the United States take notice of the indulgence of a state to commit treason? The common saying that a state cannot commit treason herself, is nothing to the purpose. Can she authorize others to do it? If John Fries had produced an act of Pennsylvania, annulling the law of congress, would it have helped his case? Talk about it as we will, these doctrines go the length of revolution. They are incompatible with any peaceable administration of the government. They lead directly to disunion and civil commotion; and therefore it is, that at their commencement, when they are first found to be maintained by respectable men, and in a tangible form, I enter my public protest against them all.

The honorable gentleman argues that if this government be the sole judge of the extent of its own powers, whether that right of judging be in congress or the supreme court, it equally

subverts state sovereignty. This the gentleman sees, or thinks he sees, although he cannot perceive how the right of judging, in this matter, if left to the exercise of state legislatures, has any tendency to subvert the government of the Union. The gentleman's opinion may be that the right *ought not* to have been lodged with the general government; he may like better such a constitution as we should have under the right of state interference; but I ask him to meet me on the plain matter of fact. I ask him to meet me on the constitution itself. I ask him if the power is not found there, clearly and visibly found there?

But, sir, what is this danger, and what are the grounds of it? Let it be remembered that the constitution of the United States is not unalterable. It is to continue in its present form no longer than the people who established it shall choose to continue it. If they shall become convinced that they have made an injudicious or inexpedient partition and distribution of power between the state governments and the general government, they can alter that distribution at will.

If anything be found in the national constitution, either by original provision or subsequent interpretation, which ought not to be in it, the people know how to get rid of it. If any construction be established unacceptable to them, so as to become practically a part of the constitution, they will amend it, at their own sovereign pleasure. But while the people choose to maintain it as it is, while they are satisfied with it, and refuse to change it, who has given, or who can give, to the state legislatures a right to alter it, either by interference, construction, or otherwise? Gentlemen do not seem to recollect that the people have any power to do anything for themselves. They imagine there is no safety for them, any longer than they are under the close guardianship of the state legislatures. Sir, the people have not trusted their safety, in regard to the general constitution, to these hands. They have required other security, and taken other bonds. They have chosen to trust themselves, first, to the plain words of the instrument, and to such construction as the government itself, in doubtful cases, should put on its own powers, and under their oaths of office, and subject to their responsibility to them; just as the people of a state trust their own state government with a similar power. Secondly, they have reposed their trust in the efficacy of frequent elections, and in their own power to remove their own servants and agents

whenever they see cause. Thirdly, they have reposed trust in the judicial power, which, in order that it might be trustworthy, they have made as respectable, as disinterested, and as independent as was practicable. Fourthly, they have seen fit to rely, in case of necessity, or high expediency, on their known and admitted power to alter or amend the constitution, peaceably and quietly, whenever experience shall point out defects or imperfections. And, finally, the people of the United States have at no time, in no way, directly or indirectly, authorized any state legislature to construe or interpret *their* high instrument of government; much less, to interfere, by their own power, to arrest its course and operation.

If, sir, the people in these respects had done otherwise than they have done, their constitution could neither have been preserved, nor would it have been worth preserving. And if its plain provisions shall now be disregarded, and these new doctrines interpolated in it, it will become as feeble and helpless a being as its enemies, whether early or more recent, could possibly desire. It will exist in every state but as a poor dependent on state permission. It must borrow leave to be; and will be, no longer than state pleasure, or state discretion, sees fit to grant the indulgence, and prolong its poor existence.

But, sir, although there are fears, there are hopes also. The people have preserved this, their own chosen constitution, for forty years, and have seen their happiness, prosperity, and renown grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength. They are now, generally, strongly attached to it. Overthrown by direct assault, it cannot be; evaded, undermined, NULLIFIED, it will not be, if we, and those who shall succeed us here, as agents and representatives of the people, shall conscientiously and vigilantly discharge the two great branches of our public trust, faithfully to preserve, and wisely to administer it.

Mr. President, I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing once more my deep conviction that, since it respects nothing less than the union of the

states, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe

erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind, under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!



EUGENE ARAM'S CONFESSION AFTER TRIAL.

BY BULWER-LYTTON.

[EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON-BULWER, later LORD LYTTON, English novelist, playwright, and poet, was born in Norfolk in 1803. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge; became a member of Parliament for many years; colonial secretary 1858–1859; was editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* 1831–1833; elected lord rector of Glasgow University 1856; died January 18, 1873. His novels include (among many others): "Pelham," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," "Ernest Maltravers," "Alice, or the Mysteries," "Zanoni," "The Caxtons," "My Novel," "Kenelm Chillingly," and "The Coming Race"; his plays, the permanent favorites "Richelieu," "Money," and "The Lady of Lyons"; his poems, the satirical "New Timon," and translations of Schiller's ballads.]

"In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
 With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
 Of woeful ages long ago betid:
 And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
 Tell them the lamentable fall of me."— *Richard II.*

"I WAS born at Ramsgill, a little village in Netherdale. My family had originally been of some rank; they were formerly lords of the town of Aram, on the southern banks of the Tees. But time had humbled these pretensions to consideration, though they were still fondly cherished by the inheritors of an ancient name, and idle but haughty recollections. My father resided on a small farm, and was especially skillful in horticulture, a taste I derived from him. When I was about thirteen, the deep and intense passion that has made the demon of my

life first stirred palpably within me. I had always been, from my cradle, of a solitary disposition, and inclined to reverie and musing; these traits of character heralded the love that now seized me—the love of knowledge. Opportunity or accident first directed my attention to the abstruser sciences. I pored my soul over that noble study, which is the best foundation of all true discovery; and the success I met with soon turned my pursuits into more alluring channels. History, poetry,—the mastery of the past, and the spell that admits us into the visionary world, took the place which lines and numbers had done before. I became gradually more and more rapt and solitary in my habits; knowledge assumed a yet more lovely and bewitching character, and every day the passion to attain it increased upon me; I do not—I have not now the heart to do it—enlarge upon what I acquired without assistance, and with labor sweet in proportion to its intensity. The world, the creation, all things that lived, moved, and were, became to me objects contributing to one passionate, and, I fancied, one exalted end. I suffered the lowlier pleasures of life, and the charms of its more common ties, to glide away from me untasted and unfelt. As you read, in the East, of men remaining motionless for days together, with their eyes fixed upon the heavens, my mind, absorbed in the contemplation of the things above its reach, had no sight of what passed around. My parents died, and I was an orphan. I had no home and no wealth; but wherever the field contained a flower, or the heavens a star, there was matter of thought, and food for delight, to me. I wandered alone for months together, seldom sleeping but in the open air, and shunning the human form as that part of God's works from which I could learn the least. I came to Knaresbro': the beauty of the country, a facility in acquiring books from a neighboring library that was open to me, made me resolve to settle there. And now, new desires opened upon me with new stores: I became haunted with the ambition to enlighten and instruct my race. At first, I had loved knowledge solely for itself: I now saw afar an object grander than knowledge. To what end, said I, are these labors? Why do I feed a lamp which consumes itself in a desert place? Why do I heap up riches, without asking who shall gather them? I was restless and discontented. What could I do? I was friendless; I was strange to my kind; I saw my desires checked when their aim was at the highest; all that was aspir-

ing in my hopes, and ardent in my nature, was cramped and chilled. I exhausted the learning within my reach. Where, with my appetite excited, not slaked, was I, destitute and penniless, to search for more? My abilities, by bowing them to the lowliest tasks, but kept me from famine: was this to be my lot forever? And all the while I was thus grinding down my soul in order to satisfy the vile physical wants, what golden hours, what glorious advantages, what openings into new heavens of science, what chances of illuminating mankind were forever lost to me! Sometimes, when the young, to whom I taught some homely elements of knowledge, came around me; when they looked me in the face with their laughing eyes; when, for they all loved me, they told me their little pleasures and their petty sorrows, I have wished that I could have gone back again into childhood, and, becoming as one of them, entered into that heaven of quiet which was denied me now. Yet it was more often with an indignant than a sorrowful spirit that I looked upon my lot. For, there lay my life imprisoned in penury as in the walls of a jail; Heaven smiled and earth blossomed around, but how scale the stern barriers?—how steal through the inexorable gate? True, that by bodily labor I could give food to the body—to starve by such labor the craving wants of the mind. Beg I could not. When ever lived the real student, the true minister and priest of Knowledge, who was not filled with the lofty sense of the dignity of his calling? Was I to show the sores of my pride, and strip my heart from its clothing, and ask the dull fools of wealth not to let a scholar starve? No!—he whom the vilest poverty ever stooped to this, may be the quack, but never the true disciple, of Learning. What did I then? I devoted the meanest part of my knowledge to the procuring the bare means of life, and the knowledge that pierced to the depths of earth, and numbered the stars of heaven—why, that was valueless in the market!

“In Knaresbro’, at this time, I met a distant relation, Richard Houseman. Sometimes in our walks we encountered each other; for he sought me, and I could not always avoid him. He was a man like myself, born to poverty, yet he had always enjoyed what to him was wealth. This seemed a mystery to me; and when we met, we sometimes conversed upon it. ‘You are poor, with all your wisdom,’ said he. ‘I know nothing, but I am never poor. Why is this? The world is my treasury. I live

upon my kind. Society is my foe. Laws order me to starve; but self-preservation is an instinct more sacred than society, and more imperious than laws.'

"The audacity of his discourse revolted me. At first I turned away in disgust; then I stood and heard—to ponder and inquire. Nothing so tasks the man of books as his first blundering guess at the problems of a guilty heart! Houseman had been a soldier; he had seen the greatest part of Europe; he possessed a strong, shrewd sense; he was a villain,—but a villain bold, adroit, and not then thoroughly unredeemed. Trouble seized me as I heard him, and the shadow of his life stretched farther and darker over the wilderness of mine. When Houseman asked me, 'What law befriended the man without money?—to what end I had cultivated my mind?—or what good the voice of knowledge could effect while Poverty forbade it to be heard?' the answer died upon my lips. Then I sought to escape from these terrible doubts. I plunged again into my books. I called upon my intellect to defend,—and my intellect betrayed me. For suddenly as I pored over my scanty books, a gigantic discovery in science gleamed across me. I saw the means of effecting a vast benefit to truth and to man—of adding a new conquest to that only empire which no fate can overthrow, and no time wear away. And in this discovery I was stopped by the total inadequacy of my means. The books and implements I required were not within my reach; a handful of gold would buy them; I had not wherewithal to buy bread for the morrow's meal! In my solitude and misery this discovery haunted me like a visible form; it smiled upon me—a fiend that took the aspect of beauty; it wooed me to its charms that it might lure my soul into its fangs. I heard it murmur, 'One bold deed and I am thine! Wilt thou lie down in the ditch and die the dog's death, or hazard thy life for the means that may serve and illumine the world? Shrinkest thou from men's laws, though the laws bid thee rot on their outskirts? Is it not for the service of man that thou shouldst for once break the law on behalf of that knowledge from which all laws take their source? If thou wrongest the one, thou shalt repay it in boons to the million. For the ill of an hour thou shalt give a blessing to ages!' So spoke to me the tempter. And one day, when the tempter spoke loudest, Houseman met me, accompanied by a stranger who had just visited our town, for what purpose you know already. His name—supposed

name — was Clarke. Man, I am about to speak plainly of that stranger — his character and his fate. And yet — yet you are his son ! I would fain soften the coloring ; but I speak truth of myself, and I must not, unless I would blacken my name yet deeper than it deserves, varnish truth when I speak of others. Houseman joined me and presented this person. From the first I felt a dislike of the stranger, which indeed it was easy to account for. He was of a careless and somewhat insolent manner. His countenance was impressed with the lines and character of a thousand vices ; you read in the brow and eye the history of a sordid yet reckless life. His conversation was repellent to me beyond expression. He uttered the meanest sentiments, and he chuckled over them as the maxims of a superior sagacity ; he avowed himself a knave upon system, and upon the lowest scale. To overreach, to deceive, to elude, to shuffle, to fawn, and to lie, were the arts to which he confessed with so naked and cold a grossness that one perceived that in the long habits of debasement he was unconscious of what was not debased. Houseman seemed to draw him out : Clarke told us anecdotes of his rascality, and the distresses to which it had brought him ; and he finished by saying : ‘ Yet you see me now almost rich, and wholly contented. I have always been the luckiest of human beings : no matter what ill chances to-day, good turns up to-morrow. I confess that I bring on myself the ill, and Providence sends me the good.’ We met accidentally more than once, and his conversation was always of the same strain — his luck and his rascality : he had no other theme, and no other boast. And did not this aid the voice of the tempter ? Was it not an ordination that called upon men to take Fortune in their own hands, when Fate lavished her rewards on this low and creeping thing, that could only enter even Vice by its sewers and alleys ? Was it worth while to be virtuous, and look on, while the bad seized upon the feast of life ? This man was but moved by the basest passions, the pettiest desires : he gratified them, and Fate smiled upon his daring. I, who had shut out from my heart the poor temptations of sense — I, who fed only the most glorious visions, the most august desires — I denied myself their fruition, trembling and spellbound in the ceremonies of human laws, without hope, without reward — losing the very powers of virtue because I would not stray into crime !

“ These thoughts fell on me darkly and rapidly ; but they

led as yet to no result. I saw nothing beyond them. I suffered my indignation to gnaw my heart, and preserved the same calm and serene demeanor which had grown with my growth of mind. Strange that while I upbraided Fate, I did not cease to love mankind. I coveted — what? the power to serve them. I had been kind and loving to all things from a boy; there was not a dumb animal that would not single me from a crowd as its protector, and yet I was doomed — but I must not forestall the dread catastrophe of my life. In returning at night to my own home, from my long and solitary walks, I often passed the house in which Clarke lodged; and sometimes I met him reeling by the door, insulting all who passed; and yet their resentment was absorbed in their disgust. ‘And this loathsome and groveling thing,’ said I inly, ‘squanders on low excesses, wastes upon outrages to society, that with which I could make my soul as a burning lamp, that should shed a light over the world!’

“There was that in the man’s vices which revolted me far more than the villainy of Houseman. The latter had possessed few advantages of education; he descended to no minutiae of sin; he was a plain, blunt, coarse wretch, and his sense threw something respectable around his vices. But in Clarke you saw the traces of happier opportunities; of better education; it was in him not the coarseness of manner that displeased, it was the lowness of sentiment that sickened me. Had Houseman money in his purse, he would have paid a debt and relieved a friend from mere indifference; not so the other. Had Clarke been overflowing with wealth, he would have slipped from a creditor and duped a friend; there was a pitiful cunning in his nature, which made him regard the lowest meanness as the subtlest wit. His mind, too, was not only degraded, but broken by his habits of life; he had the laugh of the idiot at his own debasement. Houseman was young; he might amend; but Clarke had gray hairs and dim eyes; was old in constitution, if not years; and everything in him was hopeless and confirmed; the leprosy was in the system. Time, in this, has made Houseman what Clarke was then.

“One day, in passing through the street, though it was broad noon, I encountered Clarke in a state of intoxication, and talking to a crowd he had collected about him. I sought to pass in an opposite direction; he would not suffer me; he, whom I sickened to touch, to see, threw himself in my way, and affected gibe and insult, nay, even threat. But when he

came near, he shrank before the mere glance of my eye, and I passed on, unheeding him. The insult galled me; he had taunted my poverty — poverty was a favorite jest with him; it galled me: anger? revenge? no! *those* passions I had never felt for any man. I could not rouse them for the first time at such a cause; yet I was lowered in my own eyes, I was stung. Poverty! *he* taunt *me*! I wandered from the town, and paused by the winding and shagged banks of the river. It was a gloomy winter's day, the waters rolled on black and sullen, and the dry leaves rustled desolately beneath my feet. Who shall tell us that outward nature has no effect upon our mood? All around seemed to frown upon my lot. I read in the face of heaven and earth a confirmation of the curse which man hath set upon poverty. I leaned against a tree that overhung the waters, and suffered my thoughts to glide on in the bitter silence of their course. I heard my name uttered — I felt a hand on my arm, I turned, and Houseman was by my side.

“‘What! moralizing?’ said he, with his rude smile.

“‘I did not answer him.

“‘Look,’ said he, pointing to the waters, ‘where yonder fish lies waiting his prey, — that prey his kind. Come, you have read Nature, is it not so universally?’

“‘Still I did not answer him.

“‘They who do not as the rest,’ he renewed, ‘fulfill not the object of their existence; they seek to be wiser than their tribe, and are fools for their pains. Is it not so? I am a plain man and would learn.’

“‘Still I did not answer.

“‘You are silent,’ said he: ‘do I offend you?’

“‘No!’

“‘Now, then,’ he continued, ‘strange as it may seem, we, so different in mind, are at this moment alike in fortunes. I have not a guinea in the wide world; you, perhaps, are equally destitute. But mark the difference. I, the ignorant man, ere three days have passed, will have filled my purse; you, the wise man, will be still as poor. Come, cast away your wisdom, and do as I do.’

“‘How?’

“‘Take from the superfluities of others what your necessities crave. My horse, my pistol, a ready hand, a stout heart, these are to me what coffers are to others. There is the chance

of detection and of death ; I allow it ; but is not this chance better than some certainties ? ’

“ The tempter with the glorious face and the demon fangs rose again before me — and spoke in the Robber’s voice.

“ ‘ Will you share the danger and the booty ? ’ renewed Houseman, in a low voice.

“ ‘ Speak out,’ said I ; ‘ explain your purpose ! ’

“ Houseman’s looks brightened.

“ ‘ Listen ! ’ said he ; ‘ Clarke, despite his present wealth lawfully gained, is about to purloin more ; he has converted his legacy into jewels ; he has borrowed other jewels on false pretenses ; he intends to make these also his own, and to leave the town in the dead of night ; he has confided to me his purpose, and asked my aid. He and I, be it known to you, were friends of old ; we have shared together other dangers and other spoils. Now do you guess my meaning ? Let us ease him of his burden ! I offer to you the half ; share the enterprise and its fruits.’

“ I rose, I walked away, I pressed my hands on my heart. Houseman saw the conflict ; he followed me ; he named the value of the prize he proposed to gain ; that which he called my share placed all my wishes within my reach ! Leisure, independence, — knowledge. The sublime discovery — the possession of the glorious Fiend. All, all within my grasp — and by a single deed — no frauds oft repeated — no sins long continued — a single deed ! I breathed heavily — but the weight still lay upon my heart. I shut my eyes and shuddered — the mortal shuddered, but still the demon smiled.

“ ‘ Give me your hand,’ said Houseman.

“ ‘ No, no,’ I said, breaking away from him. ‘ I must pause — I must consider — I do not yet refuse, but I will not now decide.’

“ Houseman pressed, but I persevered in my determination ; he would have threatened me, but my nature was haughtier than his, and I subdued him. It was agreed that he should seek me that night and learn my choice ; the next night was the one on which the robbery was to be committed. We parted ; I returned an altered man to my home. Fate had woven her mesh around me ; a new incident had occurred which strengthened the web : there was a poor girl whom I had been accustomed to see in my walks. She supported her family by her dexterity in making lace, — a quiet, patient-looking, gentle

creature. Clarke had, a few days since, under pretense of purchasing lace, decoyed her to his house (when all but himself were from home), where he used the most brutal violence towards her. The extreme poverty of the parents had enabled him easily to persuade them to hush up the matter, but something of the story got abroad; the poor girl was marked out for that gossip and scandal which among the very lowest classes are as coarse in the expression as malignant in the sentiment; and in the paroxysm of shame and despair, the unfortunate girl had that day destroyed herself. This melancholy event wrung forth from the parents the real story: the event and the story reached my ears in the very hour in which my mind was wavering to and fro. 'And it is to such uses,' said the Tempter, 'that this man puts his gold!'

"Houseman came, punctual to our dark appointment. I gave him my hand in silence. The tragic end of his victim, and the indignation it caused, made Clarke yet more eager to leave the town. He had settled with Houseman that he would abscond that very night, not wait for the next, as at first he had intended. His jewels and property were put in a small compass. He had arranged that he would, towards midnight or later, quit his lodging; and about a mile from the town, Houseman had engaged to have a chaise in readiness. For this service Clarke had promised Houseman a reward, with which the latter appeared contented. It was agreed that I should meet Houseman and Clarke at a certain spot in their way from the town. Houseman appeared at first fearful lest I should relent and waver in my purpose. It is never so with men whose thoughts are deep and strong. To resolve was the arduous step—once resolved, and I cast not a look behind. Houseman left me for the present. I could not rest in my chamber. I went forth and walked about the town: the night deepened—I saw the lights in each house withdrawn, one by one, and at length all was hushed: Silence and Sleep kept court over the abodes of men. Nature never seemed to me to make so dread a pause.

"The moon came out, but with a pale and sickly countenance. It was winter; the snow, which had been falling towards eve, lay deep upon the ground; and the frost seemed to lock the universal nature into the same dread tranquillity which had taken possession of my soul.

"Houseman was to have come to me at midnight, just be-

fore Clarke left his house, but it was nearly two hours after that time ere he arrived. I was then walking to and fro before my own door; I saw that he was not alone, but with Clarke. 'Ha!' said he, 'this is fortunate; I see you are just going home. You were engaged, I recollect, at some distance from the town, and have, I suppose, just returned. Will you admit Mr. Clarke and myself for a short time? — for to tell you the truth,' said he, in a lower voice — 'the watchman is about, and we must not be seen by him! I have told Clarke that he may trust you, — *we* are relatives!'

"Clarke, who seemed strangely credulous and indifferent, considering the character of his associate, — but those whom Fate destroys she first blinds, — made the same request in a careless tone, assigning the same cause. Unwillingly, I opened the door and admitted them. We went up to my chamber. Clarke spoke with the utmost unconcern of the fraud he purposed, and, with a heartlessness that made my veins boil, of the poor wretch his brutality had destroyed. They stayed for nearly an hour, for the watchman remained some time in that beat — and then Houseman asked me to accompany them a little way out of the town. Clarke seconded the request. We walked forth: the rest — why need I tell? I cannot — O God, I cannot! Houseman lied in the court. I did not strike the blow — I never designed a murder. Crime enough in a robber's deed! He fell — he grasped my hand, raised not to strike but to shield him! Nevermore has the right hand cursed by that dying clasp been given in pledge of human faith and friendship. But the deed was done, and the robber's comrade, in the eyes of man and law, was the murderer's accomplice.

"Houseman divided the booty: my share he buried in the earth, leaving me to withdraw it when I chose. There, perhaps, it lies still. I never touched what I had murdered my *own* life to gain. His share, by the aid of a gypsy hag with whom he had dealings, Houseman removed to London. And now, mark what poor strugglers we are in the eternal web of destiny! Three days after that deed, a relation who neglected me in life died, and left me wealth! — wealth at least to me! — Wealth, greater than that for which I had . . . ! The news fell on me as a thunderbolt. Had I waited but three little days! Just Heaven! when they told me, I thought I heard the devils laugh out at the fool who had boasted wisdom!

Had I waited but three days, three little days! — Had but a dream been sent me, had but my heart cried within me — ‘Thou hast suffered long, tarry yet!’ No, it was for this, for the guilt and its penance, for the wasted life and the shameful death — with all my thirst for good, my dreams of glory — that I was born, that I was marked from my first sleep in the cradle!

“The disappearance of Clarke of course created great excitement; those whom he had overreached had naturally an interest in discovering him. Some vague surmises that he might have been made away with were rumored abroad. Houseman and I, owing to some concurrence of circumstance, were examined, — not that suspicion attached to me before or after the examination. That ceremony ended in nothing. Houseman did not betray himself; and I, who from a boy had mastered my passions, could master also the nerves by which passions are betrayed: but I read in the face of the woman with whom I lodged that I was suspected. Houseman told me that she had openly expressed her suspicion to him; nay, he entertained some design against her life, which he naturally abandoned on quitting the town. This he did soon afterwards. I did not linger long behind him. I received my legacy, and departed on foot to Scotland. And now I was above want — was I at rest? Not yet. I felt urged on to wander; Cain’s curse descends to Cain’s children. I traveled for some considerable time, — I saw men and cities, and I opened a new volume in my kind. It was strange; but before the deed, I was as a child in the ways of the world, and a child, despite my knowledge, might have duped me. The moment after it, a light broke upon me; it seemed as if my eyes were touched with a charm, and rendered capable of piercing the hearts of men! Yes, it *was* a charm, — a new charm, — it was SUSPICION! I now practiced myself in the use of arms, — they made my sole companions. Peaceful as I seemed to the world, I felt there was that eternally within me with which the world was at war.

“And what became of the superb ambition which had undone me? Where vanished that Grand Discovery which was to benefit the world? The ambition died in remorse, and the vessel that should have borne me to the far Land of Science lay rotting piecemeal on a sea of blood. The Past destroyed my old heritage in the Future. The consciousness that at any hour, in the possession of honors, by the hearth of love, I might be dragged forth and proclaimed a murderer; that I held my

life, my reputation, at the breath of accident; that in the moment I least dreamed of, the earth might yield its dead, and the gibbet demand its victim, — this could I feel — all this — and not see a specter in the place of science? — a specter that walked by my side, that slept in my bed, that rose from my books, that glided between me and the stars of heaven, that stole along the flowers, and withered their sweet breath; that whispered in my ear, ‘Toil, fool, and be wise; the gift of wisdom is to place us above the reach of fortune, but *thou* art her veriest minion!’ Yes; I paused at last from my wanderings, and surrounded myself with books, and knowledge became once more to me what it had been, a thirst, but not what it had been, a reward. I occupied my thoughts, I laid up new hoards within my mind, I looked around, and I saw few whose stores were like my own, — but gone forever the sublime desire of applying wisdom to the service of mankind! Mankind had grown my foes. I looked upon them with other eyes. I knew that I carried within me that secret which, if bared to day, would make them loathe and hate me, — yea, though I coined my future life into one series of benefits to them and their posterity! Was not this thought enough to quell my ardor — to chill activity into rest? The brighter the honors I might win — the greater services I might bestow on the world, the more dread and fearful might be my fall at last! I might be but piling up the scaffold from which I was to be hurled! Possessed by these thoughts, a new view of human affairs succeeded to my old aspirings: the moment a man feels that an object has ceased to charm, his reasonings reconcile himself to his loss. ‘Why,’ said I, ‘why flatter myself that I *can* serve, that I can enlighten mankind? Are we fully sure that individual wisdom has ever, in reality, done so? Are we really better because Newton lived, and happier because Bacon thought?’ These freezing reflections pleased the present state of my mind more than the warm and yearning enthusiasm it had formerly nourished. Mere worldly ambition from a boy I had disdained; the true worth of scepters and crowns, the disquietude of power, the humiliations of vanity, had never been disguised from my sight. Intellectual ambition had inspired me. I now regarded it equally as a delusion. I coveted light solely for my own soul to bathe in.

“Rest now became to me the sole *to kalon*, the sole charm of existence. I grew enamored of the doctrine of those old

mystics who have placed happiness only in an even and balanced quietude. And where but in utter loneliness was that quietude to be enjoyed? I no longer wondered that men in former times, when consumed by the recollection of some haunting guilt, fled to the desert and became hermits. Tranquillity and solitude are the only soothers of a memory deeply troubled; light griefs fly to the crowd, fierce thoughts must battle themselves to rest. Many years had flown, and I had made my home in many places. All that was turbulent, if not all that was unquiet, in my recollections, had died away. Time had lulled me into a sense of security. I breathed more freely. I sometimes stole from the past. Since I had quitted Knaresbro' chance had often thrown it in my power to serve my brethren — not by wisdom, but by charity or courage — by individual acts that it soothed me to remember. If the grand aim of enlightening a world was gone, if to so enlarged a benevolence had succeeded apathy or despair, still the man, the human man, clung to my heart; still was I as prone to pity, as prompt to defend, as glad to cheer whenever the vicissitudes of life afforded me the occasion, and to poverty, most of all, my hand never closed. For oh! what a terrible devil creeps into that man's soul who sees famine at his door! One tender act, and how many black designs, struggling into life within, you may crush forever! He who deems the world his foe, — convince *him* that he has one friend, and it is like snatching a dagger from his hand!

"I came to a beautiful and remote part of the country. Walter Lester, I came to Grassdale! — the enchanting scenery around, the sequestered and deep retirement of the place, arrested me at once. 'And among these valleys,' I said, 'will I linger out the rest of my life, and among these quiet graves shall mine be dug, and my secret shall die with me!'

"I rented the lonely house in which I dwelt when you first knew me; thither I transported my books and instruments of science, and a deep quiet, almost amounting to content, fell like a sweet sleep upon my soul!

"In this state of mind, the most free from memory that I had known for twelve years, I first saw Madeline Lester. Even with that first time a sudden and heavenly light seemed to dawn upon me. Her face — its still, its serene, its touching beauty — shone down on my desolation like a dream of mercy — like a hope of pardon. My heart warmed as I beheld it, my

pulse woke from its even slowness. I was young once more. Young ! the youth, the freshness, the ardor — not of the frame only, but of the soul. But I then only saw, or spoke to her — scarce knew her — not loved her — nor was it often that we met. The south wind stirred the dark waters of my mind, but it passed, and all became hushed again. It was not for two years from the time we first saw each other that accident brought us closely together. I pass over the rest. We loved ! Yet, oh, what struggles were mine during the progress of that love ! How unnatural did it seem to me to yield to a passion that united me with my kind ; and as I loved her more, how far more torturing grew my fear of the future ! That which had almost slept before awoke again to terrible life. The soil that covered the past might be riven, the dead awake, and that ghastly chasm separate me forever from HER ! What a doom, too, might I bring upon that breast which had begun so confidently to love me ! Often — often I resolved to fly — to forsake her — to seek some desert spot in the distant parts of the world, and never to be betrayed again into human emotions ! But as the bird flutters in the net, as the hare doubles from its pursuers, I did but wrestle, I did but trifle, with an irresistible doom. Mark how strange are the coincidences of Fate — Fate that gives us warnings, and takes away the power to obey them — the idle prophetess, the juggling fiend ! On the same evening that brought me acquainted with Madeline Lester, Houseman, led by schemes of fraud and violence into that part of the country, discovered and sought me ! Imagine my feelings, when in the hush of night I opened the door of my lonely home to his summons, and by the light of that moon which had witnessed so never-to-be-forgotten a companionship between us, beheld my accomplice in murder after the lapse of so many years. Time and a course of vice had changed, and hardened, and lowered his nature : and in the power — at the will — of that nature, I beheld myself abruptly placed. He passed that night under my roof. He was poor. I gave him what was in my hands. He promised to leave that part of England — to seek me no more.

“The next day I could not bear my own thoughts ; the revulsion was too sudden, too full of turbulent, fierce, torturing emotions ; I fled for a short relief to the house to which Madeline’s father had invited me. But in vain I sought, by wine, by converse, by human voices, human kindness, to fly the ghost that had been raised from the grave of time. I soon

returned to my own thoughts. I resolved to wrap myself once more in the solitude of my heart. But let me not repeat what I have said before, somewhat prematurely, in my narrative. I resolved—I struggled in vain: Fate had ordained that the sweet life of Madeline Lester should wither beneath the poison tree of mine. Houseman sought me again; and now came on the humbling part of crime, its low calculations, its poor defense, its paltry trickery, its mean hypocrisy! They made my chiefest penance! I was to evade, to beguile, to buy into silence this rude and despised ruffian. No matter now to repeat how this task was fulfilled: I surrendered nearly my all on the condition of his leaving England forever: not till I thought that condition already fulfilled, till the day had passed on which he should have left England, did I consent to allow Madeline's fate to be irrevocably woven with mine.

“How often, when the soul sins, are her loftiest feelings punished through her lowest! To me, lone, rapt, forever on the wing to unearthly speculation, galling and humbling was it, indeed, to be suddenly called from the eminence of thought, to barter, in pounds and pence, for life, and with one like Houseman! These are the curses that deepen the tragedy of life, by grinding down our pride. But I wander back to what I have before said. I was to marry Madeline; I was once more poor, but want did not rise before me; I had succeeded in obtaining the promise of a competence from one whom you know. For that which I had once sought to force from my kind, I asked now, not with the spirit of a beggar, but of the just claimant, and in that spirit it was granted. And now I was really happy; Houseman I believed removed forever from my path; Madeline was about to be mine; I surrendered myself to love, and, blind and deluded, I wandered on, and awoke on the brink of that precipice into which I am about to plunge. You know the rest. But oh! what now was my horror! It had not been a mere worthless, isolated unit in creation that I had seen blotted out of the sum of life. The murder done in my presence, and of which Law would deem me the accomplice, had been done upon the brother of him whose child was my betrothed! Mysterious avenger, relentless Fate! How, when I deemed myself the farthest from her, had I been sinking into her grasp! How incalculable, how measureless, how viewless the consequences of one crime, even when we think we have weighed them all with scales that would have turned with a

hair's weight ! Hear me—as the voice of a man who is on the brink of a world, the awful nature of which reason cannot pierce—hear me ! when your heart tempts to some wandering from the line allotted to the rest of men, and whispers, ‘This may be crime in others, but it is not so in thee ; or, it is but one misdeed, it shall entail no other,’—tremble ; cling fast, fast to the path you are lured to leave. Remember me !

“But in this state of mind I was yet forced to play the hypocrite. Had I been alone in the world, had Madeline and Lester not been to me what they were, I might have disproved the charge of fellowship in murder ; I might have wrung from the pale lips of Houseman the actual truth ; but though I might clear myself as the murderer, I must condemn myself as the robber, and in avowal of that lesser guilt, though I might have lessened the abhorrence of others, I should have inflicted a blow, worse than that of my death itself, on the hearts of those who deemed me sinless as themselves. *Their* eyes were on me ; *their* lives were set on my complete acquittal, less even of life than honor ; my struggle against truth was less for myself than them. My defense fulfilled its end : Madeline died without distrusting the innocence of him she loved. Lester, unless you betray me, will die in the same belief. In truth, since the arts of hypocrisy have *been* commenced, the pride of consistency would have made it sweet to me to leave the world in a like error, or at least in doubt. For you I conquer that desire, the proud man's last frailty. And now my tale is done. From what passes at this instant within my heart, I lift not the veil ! Whether beneath be despair, or hope, or fiery emotions, or one settled and ominous calm, matters not. My last hours shall not belie my life : on the verge of death I will not play the dastard, and tremble at the Dim Unknown. Perhaps I am not without hope that the Great and Unseen Spirit, whose emanation within me I have nursed and worshiped, though erringly and in vain, may see in his fallen creature one bewildered by his reason rather than yielding to his vices. The guide I received from heaven betrayed me, and I was lost ; but I have not plunged wittingly from crime to crime. Against one guilty deed, some good, and much suffering, may be set ; and dim and afar off from my allotted bourn, I may behold in her glorious home the face of her who taught me to love, and who, even there, could scarce be blessed without shedding the light of her divine forgiveness upon me. Enough ! ere you break

this seal, my doom rests not with man nor earth. The burning desires I have known—the resplendent visions I have nursed—the sublime aspirings that have lifted me so often from sense and clay—these tell me that, whether for good or ill, I am the thing of an Immortality, and the creature of a God! As men of the old wisdom drew their garments around their face, and sat down collectedly to die, I wrap myself in the settled resignation of a soul firm to the last, and taking not from man's vengeance even the method of its dismissal. The courses of my life I swayed with my own hand; from my own hand shall come the manner and moment of my death!

“EUGENE ARAM.

“August, 1759.”

On the day after that evening in which Aram had given the above confession to Walter Lester—on the day of execution, when they entered the condemned cell, they found the prisoner lying on the bed; and when they approached to take off the irons, they found that he neither stirred nor answered to their call. They attempted to raise him, and he then uttered some words in a faint voice. They perceived that he was covered with blood. He had opened his veins in two places in the arm with a sharp instrument which he had contrived to conceal. A surgeon was instantly sent for, and by the customary applications the prisoner in some measure was brought to himself. Resolved not to defraud the law of its victim, they bore him, though he appeared unconscious of all around, to the fatal spot. But when he arrived at that dread place, his sense suddenly seemed to return. He looked hastily round the throng that swayed and murmured below, and a faint flush rose to his cheek; he cast his eyes impatiently above, and breathed hard and convulsively. The dire preparations were made, completed; but the prisoner drew back for an instant—was it from mortal fear? He motioned to the clergyman to approach, as if about to whisper some last request in his ear. The clergyman bowed his head—there was a minute's awful pause—Aram seemed to struggle as for words, when, suddenly throwing himself back, a bright triumphant smile flashed over his whole face. With that smile the haughty spirit passed away, and the law's last indignity was wreaked upon a breathless corpse!

EUGENE ARAM'S DREAM.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

[THOMAS HOOD, English poet, was born May 23, 1798, in London; son of a bookseller and nephew of an engraver. A merchant's clerk at thirteen, the engraver's apprentice at nineteen, his health gave out from the confinement of each; he next became a subeditor of the *London Magazine* for two years; then a professional man of letters, editing *The Gem* in 1829, starting the *Comic Annual* in 1830, succeeding Hook as editor of the *New Monthly* in 1841, and starting *Hood's Own* in 1844. He died May 3, 1845. An eleven-volume edition of his works was issued 1882-1884. His fame rests chiefly on his matchless lines "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," "Fair Ines," "A Deathbed," "I Remember," "Eugene Aram's Dream," etc.; but his humorous pieces, like "The Lost Heir," "Ode to a Child," etc., the tragi-grotesque "Miss Kilmansegg," and others, swell its volume.]

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
 An evening calm and cool,
 And four and twenty happy boys
 Came bounding out of school;
 There were some that ran, and some that leapt
 Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped, with gamesome minds,
 And souls untouched by sin;
 To a level mead they came, and there
 They drave the wickets in:
 Pleasantly shone the setting sun
 Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
 And shouted as they ran,—
 Turning to mirth all things of earth,
 As only boyhood can,
 But the usher sat remote from all,
 A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
 To catch Heaven's blessed breeze;
 For a burning thought was in his brow,
 And his bosom ill at ease;
 So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
 The book between his knees.

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
 Nor ever glanced aside,

For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide;
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp:
"O God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book.

"My gentle lad, what is't you read,
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God;

He told how murderers walked the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain;
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain.

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme, —
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder in a dream!

"One that had never done me wrong,
A feeble man, and old;
I led him to a lonely field, —
The moon shone clear and cold;
'Now here,' said I, 'this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!'

"Two sudden blows with ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,
And then the deed was done;
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone.

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still;
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill.

"And, lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame;
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame;
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name.

"O God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain;
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out again;

For every clot a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain.

"My head was like an ardent coal;
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price;
A dozen times I groaned; the dead
Had never groaned but twice.

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice, — the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream, —
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corpse with hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

"O heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn;
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,
Mid holy cherubim.

"And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But guilt was my grim chamberlain,
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red.

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep,
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep;
For Sin has rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep.

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting, horrid hint,
That racked me all the time, —
A mighty yearning like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime.

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave.

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black, accursed pool,
With a wild, misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing;
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man;

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was elsewhere;
As soon as the midday task was done,
In secret I was there;

And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corpse was bare.

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep, —
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones;
Ay, though he's burried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,
The world shall see his bones.

"O God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now, awake;
Again, again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay,
Will wave or mold allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul, —
It stands before me now!"
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin's eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.



HANNAH BINT.

By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

(From "Our Village.")

[MARY RUSSELL MITFORD: An English author; born at Alresford, Hants, December 16, 1786; died at Swallowfield, January 10, 1855. On her tenth

birthday her father bought her a lottery ticket which drew a prize of £20,000. She was well educated and in 1810 published her first volume of poems. She wrote several dramas, including: "Julian," "The Foscari," "Rienzi," and "Charles I."; contributed poems and essays to magazines; and the following books: "Our Village" (5 vols., 1824-1832), "Recollections of a Literary Life" (1852), and "Atherton, and Other Tales" (1854).]

THE Shaw, leading to Hannah Bint's habitation, is a very pretty mixture of wood and coppice, that is to say, a tract of thirty or forty acres covered with fine growing timber—ash, and oak, and elm, very regularly planted, and interspersed here and there with large patches of underwood, hazel, maple, birch, holly, and hawthorn, woven into almost impenetrable thickets by long wreaths of the bramble, the briony, and the brier rose, or by the pliant and twisting garlands of the wild honeysuckle. In other parts, the Shaw is quite clear of its bosky undergrowth, and clothed only with large beds of feathery fern, or carpets of flowers, primroses, orchids, cowslips, ground ivy, crane's bill, cotton grass, Solomon's seal, and forget-me-not, crowded together with a profusion and brilliancy of color such as I have rarely seen equaled even in a garden. Here the wild hyacinth really enamels the ground with its fresh and lovely purple; there,

On aged roots, with bright green mosses clad,
Dwells the wood sorrel, with its bright thin leaves
Heart shaped and triply folded, and its root
Creeping like beaded coral; whilst around
Flourish the copse's pride, anemones,
With rays like golden studs on ivory laid
Most delicate; but touched with purple clouds,
Fit crown for April's fair but changeful brow.

The variety is much greater than I have enumerated; for the ground is so unequal, now swelling in gentle accents, now dimpling into dells and hollows, and the soil so different in different parts, that the sylvan Flora is unusually extensive and complete.

The season is, however, now too late for this floweriness; and except the tufted woodbines, which have continued in bloom during the whole of this lovely autumn, and some lingering garlands of the purple wild vetch, wreathing round the thickets, and uniting with the ruddy leaves of the bramble, and the pale festoons of the briony, there is little to call one's attention from the grander beauties of the trees—the syc-

more, its broad leaves already spotted—the oak, heavy with acorns—and the delicate shining rind of the weeping birch, “the lady of the woods,” thrown out in strong relief from a background of holly and hawthorn, each studded with coral berries, and backed with old beeches, beginning to assume the rich tawny hue which makes them perhaps the most picturesque of autumnal trees, as the transparent freshness of their young foliage is undoubtedly the choicest ornament of the forest in spring.

A sudden turn round one of these magnificent beeches brings us to the boundary of the Shaw, and leaning upon a rude gate, we look over an open space of about ten acres of ground, still more varied and broken than that which we have passed, and surrounded on all sides by thick woodland. As a piece of color, nothing can well be finer. The ruddy glow of the heath flower, contrasting, on the one hand, with the golden-blossomed furze—on the other, with a patch of buckwheat, of which the bloom is not past, although the grain be ripening, the beautiful buckwheat, whose transparent leaves and stalks are so brightly tinged with vermilion, while the delicate pink-white of the flower, a paler persicaria, has a feathery fall, at once so rich and so graceful, and a fresh and reviving odor, like that of birch trees in the dew of a May evening. The bank that surmounts this attempt at cultivation is crowned with the late foxglove and the stately mullein; the pasture of which so great a part of the waste consists, looks as green as an emerald; a clear pond, with the bright sky reflected in it, lets light into the picture; the white cottage of the keeper peeps from the opposite coppice; and the vine-covered dwelling of Hannah Bint rises from amidst the pretty garden, which lies bathed in the sunshine around it.

The living and moving accessories are all in keeping with the cheerfulness and repose of the landscape. Hannah’s cow grazing quietly beside the keeper’s pony; a brace of fat pointer puppies holding amicable intercourse with a litter of young pigs; ducks, geese, cocks, hens, and chickens scattered over the turf; Hannah herself sallying forth from the cottage door, with her milk bucket in her hand, and her little brother following with the milking stool.

My friend, Hannah Bint, is by no means an ordinary person. Her father, Jack Bint (for in all his life he never arrived at the dignity of being called John, indeed in our parts he was commonly known by the cognomen of London Jack), was a drover

of high repute in his profession. No man, between Salisbury Plain and Smithfield, was thought to conduct a flock of sheep so skillfully through all the difficulties of lanes and commons, streets and highroads, as Jack Bint, aided by Jack Bint's famous dog, Watch; for Watch's rough, honest face, black, with a little white about the muzzle, and one white ear, was as well known at fairs and markets as his master's equally honest and weather-beaten visage. Lucky was the dealer that could secure their services; Watch being renowned for keeping a flock together better than any shepherd's dog on the road—Jack, for delivering them more punctually, and in better condition. No man had a more thorough knowledge of the proper night stations, where good feed might be procured for his charge, and good liquor for Watch and himself; Watch, like other sheep dogs, being accustomed to live chiefly on bread and beer. His master, though not averse to a pot of good double X, preferred gin; and they who plod slowly along, through wet and weary ways, in frost and in fog, have undoubtedly a stronger temptation to indulge in that cordial and reviving stimulus, than we water drinkers, sitting in warm and comfortable rooms, can readily imagine. For certain, our drover could never resist the gentle seduction of the gin bottle, and being of a free, merry, jovial temperament, one of those persons commonly called good fellows, who like to see others happy in the same way with themselves, he was apt to circulate it at his own expense, to the great improvement of his popularity, and the great detriment of his finances.

All this did vastly well whilst his earnings continued proportionate to his spendings, and the little family at home were comfortably supported by his industry: but when a rheumatic fever came on, one hard winter, and finally settled in his limbs, reducing the most active and hardy man in the parish to the state of a confirmed cripple, then his reckless improvidence stared him in the face; and poor Jack, a thoughtless but kind creature, and a most affectionate father, looked at his three motherless children with the acute misery of a parent who has brought those whom he loves best in the world to abject destitution. He found help, where he probably least expected it, in the sense and spirit of his young daughter, a girl of twelve years old.

Hannah was the eldest of the family, and had, ever since her mother's death, which event had occurred two or three

years before, been accustomed to take the direction of their domestic concerns, to manage her two brothers, to feed the pigs and the poultry, and to keep house during the almost constant absence of her father. She was a quick, clever lass, of a high spirit, a firm temper, some pride, and a horror of accepting parochial relief, which is every day becoming rarer amongst the peasantry, but which forms the surest safeguard to the sturdy independence of the English character. Our little damsel possessed this quality in perfection; and when her father talked of giving up their comfortable cottage and removing to the workhouse, whilst she and her brothers must go to service, Hannah formed a bold resolution, and without disturbing the sick man by any participation of her hopes and fears, proceeded after settling their trifling affairs to act at once on her own plans and designs.

Careless of the future as the poor drover had seemed, he had yet kept clear of debt, and by subscribing constantly to a benefit club, had secured a pittance that might at least assist in supporting him during the long years of sickness and helplessness to which he was doomed to look forward. This his daughter knew. She knew also that the employer in whose service his health had suffered so severely was a rich and liberal cattle dealer in the neighborhood, who would willingly aid an old and faithful servant, and had, indeed, come forward with offers of money. To assistance from such a quarter Hannah saw no objection. Farmer Oakley and the parish were quite distinct things. Of him, accordingly, she asked, not money, but something much more in his own way — “a cow! any cow! old or lame, or what not, so that it were a cow! she would be bound to keep it well; if she did not, he might take it back again. She even hoped to pay for it by and by, by installments, but that she would not promise!” and, partly amused, partly interested, by the child’s earnestness, the wealthy yeoman gave her, not as a purchase, but as a present, a very fine young Alderney. She then went to the lord of the manor, and, with equal knowledge of character, begged his permission to keep her cow on the Shaw common. “Farmer Oakley had given her a fine Alderney, and she would be bound to pay the rent, and keep her father off the parish, if he would only let it graze on the waste;” and he, too, half from real good nature — half, not to be outdone in liberality by his tenant, not only granted the requested permission, but reduced the rent so

much that the produce of the vine seldom fails to satisfy their kind landlord.

Now Hannah showed great judgment in setting up as a dairywoman. She could not have chosen an occupation more completely unoccupied, or more loudly called for. One of the most provoking of the petty difficulties which beset people with a small establishment in this neighborhood is the trouble, almost the impossibility, of procuring the pastoral luxuries of milk, eggs, and butter, which rank, unfortunately, amongst the indispensable necessities of housekeeping. To your thoroughbred Londoner, who, whilst grumbling over his own breakfast, is apt to fancy that thick cream, and fresh butter, and new-laid eggs, grow, so to say, in the country — form an actual part of its natural produce — it may be some comfort to learn that in this great grazing district, however the calves and the farmers may be the better for cows, nobody else is; that farmers' wives have ceased to keep poultry; and that we unlucky villagers sit down often to our first meal in a state of destitution, which may well make him content with his thin milk and his Cambridge butter, when compared to our imputed pastoralities.

Hannah's Alderney restored us to one rural privilege. Never was so cleanly a little milkmaid. She changed away some of the cottage finery which, in his prosperous days, poor Jack had pleased himself with bringing home, the china tea service, the gilded mugs, and the painted waiters, for the useful utensils of the dairy, and speedily established a regular and gainful trade in milk, eggs, butter, honey, and poultry — for poultry they had always kept.

Her domestic management prospered equally. Her father, who retained the perfect use of his hands, began a manufacture of mats and baskets, which he constructed with great nicety and adroitness; the eldest boy, a sharp and clever lad, cut for him his rushes and osiers, erected, under his sister's direction, a shed for the cow, and enlarged and cultivated the garden (always with the good leave of her kind patron the lord of the manor) until it became so ample that the produce not only kept the pig, and half kept the family, but afforded another branch of merchandise to the indefatigable directress of the establishment. For the younger boy, less quick and active, Hannah contrived to obtain an admission to the charity school, where he made great progress — retaining him at home, how-

ever, in the haymaking and leasing season, or whenever his services could be made available, to the great annoyance of the schoolmaster, whose favorite he is, and who piques himself so much on George's scholarship (your heavy sluggish boy at country work often turns out quick at his book), that it is the general opinion that this much-vaunted pupil will, in process of time, be promoted to the post of assistant, and may, possibly, in course of years, rise to the dignity of a parish pedagogue in his own person; so that his sister, although still making him useful at odd times, now considers George as pretty well off her hands, whilst his elder brother, Tom, could take an under gardener's place directly, if he were not too important at home to be spared even for a day.

In short, during the five years that she has ruled at the Shaw cottage, the world has gone well with Hannah Bint. Her cow, her calves, her pigs, her bees, her poultry, have each, in their several ways, thriven and prospered. She has even brought Watch to like buttermilk, as well as strong beer, and has nearly persuaded her father (to whose wants and wishes she is most anxiously attentive) to accept of milk as a substitute for gin. Not but Hannah hath had her enemies as well as her betters. Why should she not? The old woman at the lodge, who always piqued herself on being spiteful, and crying down new ways, foretold from the first she would come to no good, and could not forgive her for falsifying her prediction; and Betty Barnes, the slatternly widow of a tippling farmer, who rented a field, and set up a cow herself, and was universally discarded for insufferable dirt, said all that the wit of an envious woman could devise against Hannah and her Alderney; nay, even Ned Miles, the keeper, her next neighbor, who had whilom held entire sway over the Shaw common, as well as its coppices, grumbled as much as so good-natured and genial a person could grumble, when he found a little girl sharing his dominion, a cow grazing beside his pony, and vulgar cocks and hens hovering around the buckwheat destined to feed his noble pheasants. Nobody that had been accustomed to see that paragon of keepers, so tall and manly, and pleasant looking, with his merry eye, and his knowing smile, striding gayly along, in his green coat, and his gold-laced hat, with Neptune, his noble Newfoundland dog (a retriever is the sporting word), and his beautiful spaniel Flirt at his heels, could conceive how askew he looked, when he first found

Hannah and Watch holding equal reign over his old territory, the Shaw common.

Yes! Hannah hath had her enemies; but they are passing away. The old woman at the lodge is dead, poor creature; and Betty Barnes, having herself taken to tippling, has lost the few friends she once possessed, and looks, luckless wretch, as if she would soon die too! — and the keeper? — why, he is not dead, or like to die; but the change that has taken place there is the most astonishing of all — except, perhaps, the change in Hannah herself.

Few damsels of twelve years old, generally a very pretty age, were less pretty than Hannah Bint. Short and stunted in her figure, thin in face, sharp in feature, with a muddled complexion, wild sunburnt hair, and eyes whose very brightness had in them something startling, overinformed, supersubtle, too clever for her age, — at twelve years old she had quite the air of a little old fairy. Now, at seventeen, matters are mended. Her complexion has cleared; her countenance has developed itself; her figure has shot up into height and lightness, and a sort of rustic grace; her bright, acute eye is softened and sweetened by the womanly wish to please; her hair is trimmed and curled and brushed, with exquisite neatness; and her whole dress arranged with that nice attention to the becoming, the suitable both in form and texture, which would be called the highest degree of coquetry, if it did not deserve the better name of propriety. Never was such a transmogrification beheld. The lass is really pretty, and Ned Miles has discovered that she is so. There he stands, the rogue, close at her side (for he hath joined her whilst we have been telling her little story, and the milking is over!) — there he stands — holding her milk pail in one hand, and stroking Watch with the other; while she is returning the compliment by patting Neptune's magnificent head. There they stand, as much like lovers as may be; he smiling and she blushing — he never looking so handsome nor she so pretty in all their lives. There they stand, in blessed forgetfulness of all except each other; as happy a couple as ever trod the earth. There they stand, and one would not disturb them for all the milk and butter in Christendom. I should not wonder if they were fixing the wedding day.

TO A SWALLOW BUILDING UNDER THE EAVES AT CRAIGENPUTTOCK.

By JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

[JANE BAILLIE WELSH CARLYLE was born at Haddington, Scotland, July 14, 1801. She was educated at the Haddington school. She was married, October 17, 1826, to Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881). Her published writings are contained in "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," prepared for publication by Thomas Carlyle and edited by J. A. Froude (3 vols., 1883). She died in London, April 21, 1866.]

Thou, too, hast traveled, little fluttering thing,
Hast seen the world, and now thy weary wing

Thou, too, must rest.

But much, my little bird, couldst thou but tell,
I'd give to know why here thou likest so well

To build thy nest.

For thou hast passed fair places in thy flight,
A world lay all beneath thee where to light;

And strange thy taste,

Of all the varied scenes that met thine eye,

Of all the spots for building 'neath the sky,

To choose this waste.

Did fortune try thee? was thy little purse

Perchance run low, and thou, afraid of worse,

Felt here secure?

Ah no, thou need'st not gold, thou happy one!

Thou know'st it not — of all God's creatures, man

Alone is poor.

What was it then? Some mystic turn of thought

Caught under German eaves, and hither brought,

Marring thine eye

For the world's loveliness, till thou art grown

A sober thing that dost but mope and moan,

Not knowing why?

Nay, if thy mind be sound, I need not ask,

Since here I see thee working at thy task

With wing and beak.

A well-laid scheme doth that small head contain,

At which thou work'st, brave bird, with might and main,

Nor more need'st seek!

In truth, I rather take it thou hast got
By instinct wise much sense about thy lot,
And hast small care
Whether a desert or an Eden be
Thy home, so thou remain'st alive and free
To skim the air.

God speed thee, pretty bird! may thy small nest
With little ones, all in good time be blest!

I love thee much:

For well thou managest that life of thine,
While I—oh, ask not what I do with mine!
Would I were such!



HEROISM IN HOUSEKEEPING.

BY JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

So many talents are wasted, so many enthusiasms turned to smoke, so many lives spoiled for want of a little patience and endurance, for want of understanding and laying to heart the meaning of *The Present*—for want of recognizing that it is not the greatness or littleness of the duty nearest hand, but the spirit in which one does it, which makes one's doing noble or mean! I can't think how people who have any natural ambition, and any sense of power in them, escape going mad in a world like this, without the recognition of that. I know I was very near mad when I found it out for myself (as one has to find out for oneself everything that is to be of any real practical use to one).

Shall I tell you how it came into my head? Perhaps it may be of comfort to you in similar moments of fatigue and disgust. I had gone with my husband to live on a little estate of peat bog, that had descended to me all the way down from John Welsh, the Covenanter, who married a daughter of John Knox. *That* didn't, I'm ashamed to say, make me feel Craigenputtock a whit less of a peat bog and a most dreary, untoward place to live at. In fact, it was sixteen miles distant on every side from all the conveniences of life, shops, and even post office. Further, we were very poor, and further and

worst, being an only child, and brought up to great prospects, I was sublimely ignorant of every branch of useful knowledge, though a capital Latin scholar and very fair mathematician.

It behoved me in these astonishing circumstances to learn to sew. Husbands, I was shocked to find, wore their stockings into holes, and were always losing buttons, and *I* was expected to "look to all that"; also it behoved me to learn to *cook*! no capable servant choosing to live at such an out-of-the-way place, and my husband having bad digestion, which complicated my difficulties dreadfully. The *bread*, above all, brought from Dumfries, "soured on his stomach" (O Heaven!), and it was plainly my duty as a Christian wife to bake at home.

So I sent for Cobbett's "Cottage Economy," and fell to work at a loaf of bread. But, knowing nothing about the process of fermentation or the heat of ovens, it came to pass that my loaf got put into the oven at the time that myself ought to have been put into bed; and I remained the only person not asleep in a house in the middle of a desert.

One o'clock struck! and then two!! and then three!!! And still I was sitting there in the midst of an immense solitude, my whole body aching with weariness, my heart aching with a sense of forlornness and degradation. That I, who had been so petted at home, whose comfort had been studied by everybody in the house, who had never been required to do anything but cultivate my mind, should have to pass all those hours of the night in watching *a loaf of bread* — which mightn't turn out bread after all!

Such thoughts maddened me, till I laid down my head on the table and sobbed aloud. It was then that somehow the idea of Benvenuto Cellini sitting up all night watching his Perseus in the furnace came into my head, and suddenly I asked myself: "After all, in the sight of the upper Powers, what is the mighty difference between a statue of Perseus and a loaf of bread, so that each be the thing that one's hand has found to do? The man's determined will, his energy, his patience, his resource were the really admirable things of which his statue of Perseus was the mere chance expression. If he had been a woman, living at Craigenputtock with a dyspeptic husband, sixteen miles from a baker, and he a bad one, all these qualities would have come out more fitly in a *good* loaf of bread!"

I cannot express what consolation this germ of an idea

spread over my uncongenial life during the years we lived at that savage place, where my two immediate predecessors had gone mad, and a third had taken to drink.



DOOMED TO LIVE.

By HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

[HONORÉ DE BALZAC, the greatest of French novelists, was born at Tours in 1799, educated at the Collège de Vendôme, and studied law; then retired to a Paris garret to write novels in the most miserable poverty for years, before he won the least public attention. Ten years later he had become famous, though not prosperous. In 1848 he married a Polish lady whom he had long loved, and just as he was beginning to have an easy life he died, August 18, 1850. His novels are very numerous; most of them were grouped by him as a "Comédie Humaine," which was to comprise all sides of life. Some of the best known are "Eugénie Grandet," "César Birotteau," "Père Goriot," "Lost Illusions," "The Woman of Thirty," "The Poor Relations," "The Last Chouan" (his first success), "Le Peau de Chagrin," "The Search for the Absolute," and "The Country Doctor."]

THE clock of the little town of Menda had just struck midnight. At this moment a young French officer was leaning on the parapet of a long terrace which bounded the gardens of the castle. He seemed plunged in the deepest thought — a circumstance unusual amid the thoughtlessness of military life; but it must be owned that never were the hour, the night, and the place more propitious to meditation. The beautiful Spanish sky stretched out its azure dome above his head. The glittering stars and the soft moonlight lit up a charming valley that unfolded all its beauties at his feet. Leaning against a blossoming orange tree he could see, a hundred feet below him, the town of Menda, which seemed to have been placed for shelter from the north winds at the foot of the rock on which the castle was built. As he turned his head he could see the sea, framing the landscape with a broad silver sheet of glistening water. The castle was a blaze of light. The mirth and movement of a ball, the music of the orchestra, the laughter of the officers and their partners in the dance, were borne to him mingled with the distant murmur of the waves. The freshness of the night imparted a sort of energy to his limbs, weary with the heat of the day. Above all, the gardens were planted with

trees so aromatic, and flowers so fragrant, that the young man stood plunged, as it were, in a bath of perfumes.

The castle of Menda belonged to a Spanish grandee, then living there with his family. During the whole of the evening his eldest daughter had looked at the officer with an interest so tinged with sadness that the sentiment of compassion thus expressed by the Spaniard might well call up a reverie in the Frenchman's mind.

Clara was beautiful, and although she had three brothers and a sister, the wealth of the Marques de Leganes seemed great enough for Victor Marchand to believe that the young lady would have a rich dowry. But how dare he hope that the most bigoted old hidalgo in all Spain would ever give his daughter to the son of a Parisian grocer? Besides, the French were hated. The Marques was suspected by General Gautier, who governed the province, of planning a revolt in favor of Ferdinand VII. For this reason the battalion commanded by Victor Marchand had been cantoned in the little town of Menda, to hold the neighboring hamlets, which were dependent on the Marques, in check. Recent dispatches from Marshal Ney had given ground for fear that the English would shortly land on the coast, and had indicated the Marques as a man who carried on communication with the cabinet of London.

In spite, therefore, of the welcome which the Spaniard had given him and his soldiers, the young officer Victor Marchand remained constantly on his guard. As he was directing his steps towards the terrace whither he had come to examine the state of the town and the country districts intrusted to his care, he debated how he ought to interpret the friendliness which the Marques had unceasingly shown him, and how the tranquillity of the country could be reconciled with his General's uneasiness. But in one moment these thoughts were driven from his mind by a feeling of caution and well-grounded curiosity. He had just perceived a considerable number of lights in the town. In spite of the day being the Feast of St. James, he had given orders, that very morning, that all lights should be extinguished at the hour prescribed by his regulations; the castle alone being excepted from this order. He could plainly see, here and there, the gleam of his soldiers' bayonets at their accustomed posts; but there was a solemnity in the silence, and nothing to suggest that the Spaniards were a prey to the excitement of a festival. After having sought to

explain the offense of which the inhabitants were guilty, the mystery appeared all the more unaccountable to him because he had left officers in charge of the night police and the rounds. With all the impetuosity of youth, he was just about to leap through a breach and descend the rocks in haste, and thus arrive more quickly than by the ordinary road at a small outpost placed at the entrance of the town nearest to the castle, when a faint sound stopped him. He thought he heard the light footfall of a woman upon the gravel walk. He turned his head and saw nothing; but his gaze was arrested by the extraordinary brightness of the sea. All of a sudden he beheld a sight so portentous that he stood dumfounded; he thought that his senses deceived him. In the far distance he could distinguish sails gleaming white in the moonlight. He trembled and tried to convince himself that this vision was an optical illusion, merely the fantastic effect of the moon on the waves. At this moment a hoarse voice pronounced his name. He looked towards the breach, and saw slowly rising above it the head of the soldier whom he had ordered to accompany him to the castle.

"Is that you, Commandant?"

"Yes; what do you want?" replied the young man, in a low voice. A sort of presentiment warned him to be cautious.

"Those rascals down there are stirring like worms. I have hurried, with your leave, to tell you my own little observations."

"Go on," said Victor Marchand.

"I have just followed a man from the castle who came in this direction with a lantern in his hand. A lantern's a frightfully suspicious thing. I don't fancy it was tapers my fine Catholic was going to light at this time of night. 'They want to eat us body and bones!' says I to myself; so I went on his track to reconnoiter. There, on a ledge of rock, not three paces from here, I discovered a great heap of fagots."

Suddenly a terrible shriek rang through the town, and cut the soldier short. At the same instant a gleam of light flashed before the Commandant. The poor grenadier received a ball in the head and fell. A fire of straw and dry wood burst into flame like a house on fire, not ten paces from the young man. The sound of the instruments and the laughter ceased in the ballroom. The silence of death, broken only by groans, had suddenly succeeded to the noises and music of the feast. The fire of a cannon roared over the surface of the sea. Cold sweat

trickled down the young officer's forehead; he had no sword. He understood that his men had been slaughtered, and the English were about to disembark. If he lived he saw himself dishonored, summoned before a council of war. Then he measured with his eyes the depth of the valley. He sprang forward, when just at that moment his hand was seized by the hand of Clara.

"Fly!" said she; "my brothers are following to kill you. Down yonder at the foot of the rock you will find Juanito's Andalusian. Quick!"

The young man looked at her for a moment, stupefied. She pushed him on; then, obeying the instinct of self-preservation which never forsakes even the bravest man, he rushed down the park in the direction she had indicated. He leapt from rock to rock, where only the goats had ever trod before; he heard Clara crying out to her brothers to pursue him; he heard the footsteps of the assassins; he heard the balls of several discharges whistle about his ears; but he reached the valley, he found the horse, mounted, and disappeared swift as lightning. In a few hours he arrived at the quarters occupied by General Gautier. He found him at dinner with his staff.

"I bring you my life in my hand!" cried the Commandant, his face pale and haggard.

He sat down and related the horrible disaster. A dreadful silence greeted his story.

"You appear to me to be more unfortunate than criminal," said the terrible General at last. "You are not accountable for the crime of the Spaniards, and unless the Marshal decides otherwise, I acquit you."

These words could give the unfortunate officer but slight consolation.

"But when the Emperor hears of it!" he exclaimed.

"He will want to have you shot," said the General. "However—— But we will talk no more about it," he added severely, "except how we are to take such a revenge as will strike wholesome fear upon this country, where they carry on war like savages."

One hour afterwards, a whole regiment, a detachment of cavalry, and a convoy of artillery were on the road. The General and Victor marched at the head of the column. The soldiers, informed of the massacre of their comrades, were filled with extraordinary fury. The distance which separated the

town of Menda from the general quarters was passed with marvelous rapidity. On the road the General found whole villages under arms. Each of these wretched townships was surrounded and their inhabitants decimated.

By some inexplicable fatality, the English ships stood off instead of advancing. It was known afterwards that these vessels had outstript the rest of the transports and only carried artillery. Thus the town of Menda, deprived of the defenders she was expecting, and which the sight of the English vessels had seemed to assure, was surrounded by the French troops almost without striking a blow. The inhabitants, seized with terror, offered to surrender at discretion. Then followed one of those instances of devotion not rare in the peninsula. The assassins of the French, foreseeing, from the cruelty of the General, that Menda would probably be given over to the flames and the whole population put to the sword, offered to denounce themselves. The General accepted this offer, inserting as a condition that the inhabitants of the castle, from the lowest valet to the Marques himself, should be placed in his hands. This capitulation agreed upon, the General promised to pardon the rest of the population and to prevent his soldiers from pillaging or setting fire to the town. An enormous contribution was exacted, and the richest inhabitants gave themselves up as hostages to guarantee the payment, which was to be accomplished within twenty-four hours.

The General took all precautions necessary for the safety of his troops, provided for the defense of the country, and refused to lodge his men in the houses. After having formed a camp, he went up and took military possession of the castle. The members of the family of Leganes and the servants were gagged, and shut up in the great hall where the ball had taken place, and closely watched. The windows of the apartment afforded a full view of the terrace which commanded the town. The staff was established in a neighboring gallery, and the General proceeded at once to hold a council of war on the measures to be taken for opposing the debarkation. After having dispatched an aid-de-camp to Marshal Ney, with orders to plant batteries along the coast, the General and his staff turned their attention to the prisoners. Two hundred Spaniards, whom the inhabitants had surrendered, were shot down then and there upon the terrace. After this military execution, the General ordered as many gallows to be erected on the

terrace as there were prisoners in the hall of the castle, and the town executioner to be brought. Victor Marchand made use of the time from then until dinner to go and visit the prisoners. He soon returned to the General.

"I have come," said he, in a voice broken with emotion, "to ask you a favor."

"You?" said the General, in a tone of bitter irony.

"Alas!" replied Victor, "it is but a melancholy errand that I am come on. The Marques has seen the gallows being erected, and expresses a hope that you will change the mode of execution for his family; he entreats you to have the nobles beheaded."

"So be it!" said the General.

"They further ask you to allow them the last consolations of religion, and to take off their bonds; they promise not to attempt to escape."

"I consent," said the General; "but you must be answerable for them."

"The old man also offers you the whole of his fortune if you will pardon his young son."

"Really!" said the General. "His goods already belong to King Joseph; he is under arrest." His brow contracted scornfully, then he added: "I will go beyond what they ask. I understand now the importance of the last request. Well, let him buy the eternity of his name, but Spain shall remember forever his treachery and its punishment. I give up the fortune and his life to whichever of his sons will fulfill the office of executioner. Go, and do not speak to me of it again."

Dinner was ready, and the officers sat down to table to satisfy appetites sharpened by fatigue.

One of them only, Victor Marchand, was not present at the banquet. He hesitated for a long time before he entered the room. The haughty family of Leganes were in their agony. He glanced sadly at the scene before him; in this very room, only the night before, he had watched the fair heads of those two young girls and those three youths as they circled in the excitement of the dance. He shuddered when he thought how soon they must fall, struck off by the sword of the headsman. Fastened to their gilded chairs, the father and mother, their three sons, and their two young daughters, sat absolutely motionless. Eight serving men stood upright before them, their hands bound behind their backs. These fifteen persons

looked at each other gravely, their eyes scarcely betraying the thoughts that surged within them. Only profound resignation and regret for the failure of their enterprise left any mark upon the features of some of them. The soldiers stood likewise motionless, looking at them, and respecting the affliction of their cruel enemies. An expression of curiosity lit up their faces when Victor appeared. He gave the order to unbind the condemned, and went himself to loose the cords which fastened Clara to her chair. She smiled sadly. He could not refrain from touching her arm, and looking with admiring eyes at her black locks and graceful figure. She was a true Spaniard; she had the Spanish complexion and the Spanish eyes, with their long curled lashes and pupils blacker than the raven's wing.

"Have you been successful?" she said, smiling upon him mournfully with somewhat of the charm of girlhood still lingering in her eyes.

Victor could not suppress a groan. He looked one after the other at Clara and her three brothers. One, the eldest, was aged thirty; he was small, even somewhat ill made, with a proud disdainful look, but there was a certain nobleness in his bearing; he seemed no stranger to that delicacy of feeling which elsewhere has rendered the chivalry of Spain so famous. His name was Juanito. The second, Felipe, was aged about twenty; he was like Clara. The youngest was eight, Manuel; a painter would have found in his features a trace of that Roman steadfastness which David has given to children's faces in his episodes of the Republic. The old Marques, his head still covered with white locks, seemed to have come forth from a picture of Murillo. The young officer shook his head. When he looked at them, he was hopeless that he would ever see the bargain proposed by the General accepted by either of the four; nevertheless he ventured to impart it to Clara. At first she shuddered, Spaniard though she was; then, immediately recovering her calm demeanor, she went and knelt down before her father.

"Father," she said, "make Juanito swear to obey faithfully any orders that you give him, and we shall be content."

The Marquesa trembled with hope; but when she leant towards her husband, and heard—she who was a mother—the horrible confidence whispered by Clara, she swooned away. Juanito understood all; he leapt up like a lion in its cage.

After obtaining an assurance of perfect submission from the Marques, Victor took upon himself to send away the soldiers. The servants were led out, handed over to the executioner, and hanged. When the family had no guard but Victor to watch them, the old father rose and said, "Juanito."

Juanito made no answer, except by a movement of the head, equivalent to a refusal; then he fell back in his seat, and stared at his parents with eyes dry and terrible to look upon. Clara went and sat on his knee, put her arm round his neck, and kissed his eyelids.

"My dear Juanito," she said gayly, "if thou didst only know how sweet death would be to me if it were given by thee, I should not have to endure the odious touch of the headsman's hands. Thou wilt cure me of the woes that were in store for me—and, dear Juanito, thou couldst not bear to see me belong to another, well——" Her soft eyes cast one look of fire at Victor, as if to awaken in Juanito's heart his horror of the French.

"Have courage," said his brother Felipe, "or else our race, that has almost given kings to Spain, will be extinct."

Suddenly Clara rose, the group which had formed round Juanito separated, and this son, dutiful in his disobedience, saw his aged father standing before him, and heard him cry in a solemn voice, "Juanito, I command thee."

The young Count remained motionless. His father fell on his knees before him; Clara, Manuel, and Felipe did the same instinctively. They all stretched out their hands to him as to one who was to save their family from oblivion; they seemed to repeat their father's words—"My son, hast thou lost the energy, the true chivalry of Spain? How long wilt thou leave thy father on his knees? What right hast thou to think of thine own life and its suffering? Madam, is this a son of mine?" continued the old man, turning to his wife.

"He consents," cried she in despair. She saw a movement in Juanito's eyelids, and she alone understood its meaning.

Mariquita, the second daughter, still knelt on her knees, and clasped her mother in her fragile arms; her little brother Manuel, seeing her weeping hot tears, began to chide her. At this moment the almoner of the castle came in; he was immediately surrounded by the rest of the family and brought to Juanito. Victor could bear this scene no longer; he made a sign to Clara, and hastened away to make one last effort with

the General. He found him in high good humor in the middle of the banquet, drinking with his officers ; they were beginning to make merry.

An hour later a hundred of the principal inhabitants of Menda came up to the terrace, in obedience to the General's orders, to witness the execution of the family of Leganes. A detachment of soldiers was drawn up to keep back these Spanish burghers who were ranged under the gallows on which the servants of the Marques still hung. The feet of these martyrs almost touched their heads. Thirty yards from them a block had been set up, and by it gleamed a scimiter. The headsman also was present, in case of Juanito's refusal. Presently, in the midst of the profoundest silence, the Spaniards heard the footsteps of several persons approaching, the measured tread of a company of soldiers, and the faint clinking of their muskets. These diverse sounds were mingled with the merriment of the officers' banquet, — just as before it was the music of the dance which had concealed preparations for a treacherous massacre. All eyes were turned towards the castle ; the noble family was seen advancing with incredible dignity. Every face was calm and serene ; one man only leant, pale and haggard, on the arm of the Priest. Upon this man he lavished all the consolations of religion — upon the only one of them doomed to live. The executioner understood, as did all the rest, that for that day Juanito had undertaken the office himself. The aged Marques and his wife, Clara, Mariquita, and their two brothers, came and knelt down a few steps from the fatal spot. Juanito was led thither by the Priest. As he approached the block the executioner touched him by the sleeve and drew him aside, probably to give him certain instructions.

The Confessor placed the victims in such a position that they could not see the executioner ; but like true Spaniards, they knelt erect without a sign of emotion.

Clara was the first to spring forward to her brother. "Juanito," she said, "have pity on my faint-heartedness ; begin with me."

At that moment they heard the footsteps of a man running at full speed, and Victor arrived on the tragic scene. Clara was already on her knees, already her white neck seemed to invite the edge of the scimiter. A deadly pallor fell upon the officer, but he still found strength to run on.

"The General grants thee thy life if thou wilt marry me," he said to her in a low voice.

The Spaniard cast a look of proud disdain on the officer. "Strike, Juanito," she said, in a voice of profound meaning.

Her head rolled at Victor's feet. When the Marquesa heard the sound a convulsive start escaped her; this was the only sign of her affliction.

"Am I placed right so, dear Juanito?" little Manuel asked his brother.

"Ah, thou weepest, Mariquita!" said Juanito to his sister.

"Yes," answered the girl; "I was thinking of thee, my poor Juanito; thou wilt be so unhappy without us."

At length the noble figure of the Marques appeared. He looked at the blood of his children; then he turned to the spectators, who stood mute and motionless before him. He stretched out his hands to Juanito, and said in a firm voice: "Spaniards, I give my son a father's blessing. Now, *Marques*, strike without fear, as thou art without fault."

But when Juanito saw his mother approach, supported by the Confessor, he groaned aloud, "She fed me at her own breast." His cry seemed to tear a shout of horror from the lips of the crowd. At this terrible sound the noise of the banquet and the laughter and merrymaking of the officers died away. The Marquesa comprehended that Juanito's courage was exhausted. With one leap she had thrown herself over the balustrade, and her head was dashed to pieces against the rocks below. A shout of admiration burst forth. Juanito fell to the ground in a swoon.

"Marchand has just been telling me something about this execution," said a half-drunken officer. "I'll warrant, General, it wasn't by your orders that——"

"Have you forgotten, Messieurs," cried General Gautier, "that during the next month there will be five hundred French families in tears, and that we are in Spain? Do you wish to leave your bones here?"

After this speech there was not a man, not even a sublieutenant, who dared to empty his glass.

In spite of the respect with which he is surrounded—in spite of the title of El Verdugo (the executioner), bestowed

upon him as a title of nobility by the King of Spain—the Marques de Leganes is a prey to melancholy. He lives in solitude, and is rarely seen. Overwhelmed with the load of his glorious crime, he seems only to await the birth of a second son, impatient to seek again the company of those Shades who are about his path continually.



A PASSION IN THE DESERT.

BY HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

“THE whole show is dreadful,” she cried, coming out of the menagerie of M. Martin. She had just been watching that daring speculator “perform his great feats with the hyena,” to speak in the style of the circus bill.

“By what means,” she continued, “can he have tamed these animals to such a point as to be certain of their affection for ——”

“What seems to you a problem,” said I, interrupting, “is really quite natural.”

“Oh!” she cried, letting an incredulous smile wander over her lips.

“You think that beasts are wholly without passions?” I asked her. “Quite the reverse; we can communicate to them all the vices arising in our own state of civilization.”

She looked at me with an air of astonishment.

“Nevertheless,” I continued, “the first time I saw M. Martin, I admit, like you, I did give vent to an exclamation of surprise. I found myself next to an old soldier with the right leg amputated, who had come in with me. His face had struck me. He had one of those intrepid heads, stamped with the seal of warfare, and on which the battles of Napoleon are written. Besides, he had that frank good-humored expression which always impresses me favorably. He was without doubt one of those troopers who are surprised at nothing, who find matter for laughter in the contortions of a dying comrade, who bury or plunder him quite light-heartedly, who stand intrepidly in the way of bullets;—in fact, one of those men who waste no time in deliberation, and would not hesitate to make friends with the devil himself. After looking very at-

tentively at the proprietor of the menagerie getting out of his box, my companion pursed up his lips with an air of mockery and contempt, with that peculiar and expressive twist which superior people assume to show they are not taken in. Then, when I was expatiating on the courage of M. Martin, he smiled, shook his head knowingly, and said, 'Well known.'

"How 'well known'?" I said. 'If you would only explain me the mystery, I should be vastly obliged.'

"After a few minutes, during which we made acquaintance, we went to dine at the first *restaurateur's* whose shop caught our eye. At dessert a bottle of champagne completely refreshed and brightened up the memories of this odd old soldier. He told me his story, and I said that he had every reason to exclaim 'Well known.'"

* * * * *

When she got home, she teased me to that extent, and made so many promises, that I consented to communicate to her the old soldier's confidences. Next day she received the following episode of an epic which one might call "The Frenchman in Egypt."

During the expedition in Upper Egypt under General Desaix, a Provençal soldier fell into the hands of the Mangrabins, and was taken by these Arabs into the deserts beyond the falls of the Nile.

In order to place a sufficient distance between themselves and the French army, the Mangrabins made forced marches, and only rested during the night. They camped round a well overshadowed by palm trees under which they had previously concealed a store of provisions. Not surmising that the notion of flight would occur to their prisoner, they contented themselves with binding his hands, and after eating a few dates, and giving provender to their horses, went to sleep.

When the brave Provençal saw that his enemies were no longer watching him, he made use of his teeth to steal a scimitar, fixed the blade between his knees, and cut the cords which prevented him using his hands; in a moment he was free. He at once seized a rifle and a dagger, then taking the precaution to provide himself with a sack of dried dates, oats, and powder and shot, and to fasten a scimitar to his waist, he leapt on to a horse, and spurred on vigorously in the direction where he thought to find the French army. So impatient was he to see a bivouac again that he pressed on the already tired courser at

such speed, that its flanks were lacerated with his spurs, and at last the poor animal died, leaving the Frenchman alone in the desert. After walking some time in the sand with all the courage of an escaped convict, the soldier was obliged to stop, as the day had already ended. In spite of the beauty of an oriental sky at night, he felt he had not strength enough to go on. Fortunately he had been able to find a small hill, on the summit of which a few palm trees shot up into the air; it was their verdure seen from afar which had brought hope and consolation to his heart. His fatigue was so great that he lay down upon a rock of granite, capriciously cut out like a camp-bed; there he fell asleep without taking any precaution to defend himself while he slept. He had made the sacrifice of his life. His last thought was one of regret. He repented having left the Mangrabins, whose nomad life seemed to smile on him now that he was far from them and without help. He was awakened by the sun, whose pitiless rays fell with all their force on the granite and produced an intolerable heat—for he had had the stupidity to place himself inversely to the shadow thrown by the verdant majestic heads of the palm trees. He looked at the solitary trees and shuddered—they reminded him of the graceful shafts crowned with foliage which characterize the Saracen columns in the cathedral of Arles.

But when, after counting the palm trees, he cast his eyes around him, the most horrible despair was infused into his soul. Before him stretched an ocean without limit. The dark sand of the desert spread further than sight could reach in every direction, and glittered like steel struck with bright light. It might have been a sea of looking-glass, or lakes melted together in a mirror. A fiery vapor carried up in streaks made a perpetual whirlwind over the quivering land. The sky was lit with an oriental splendor of insupportable purity, leaving naught for the imagination to desire. Heaven and earth were on fire.

The silence was awful in its wild and terrible majesty. Infinity, immensity, closed in upon the soul from every side. Not a cloud in the sky, not a breath in the air, not a flaw on the bosom of the sand, ever moving in diminutive waves; the horizon ended as at sea on a clear day, with one line of light, definite as the cut of a sword.

The Provençal threw his arms round the trunk of one of the palm trees, as though it were the body of a friend, and then

in the shelter of the thin straight shadow that the palm cast upon the granite, he wept. Then sitting down he remained as he was, contemplating with profound sadness the implacable scene, which was all he had to look upon. He cried aloud, to measure the solitude. His voice, lost in the hollows of the hill, sounded faintly, and aroused no echo — the echo was in his own heart. The Provençal was twenty-two years old ; — he loaded his carbiné.

"There'll be time enough," he said to himself, laying on the ground the weapon which alone could bring him deliverance.

Looking by turns at the black expanse and the blue expanse, the soldier dreamt of France — he smelt with delight the gutters of Paris — he remembered the towns through which he had passed, the faces of his fellow-soldiers, the most minute details of his life. His southern fancy soon showed him the stones of his beloved Provence, in the play of the heat which waved over the spread sheet of the desert. Fearing the danger of this cruel mirage, he went down the opposite side of the hill to that by which he had come up the day before. The remains of a rug showed that this place of refuge had at one time been inhabited ; at a short distance he saw some palm trees full of dates. Then the instinct which binds us to life awoke again in his heart. He hoped to live long enough to await the passing of some Arabs, or perhaps he might hear the sound of cannon ; for at this time Bonaparte was traversing Egypt.

This thought gave him new life. The palm tree seemed to bend with the weight of the ripe fruit. He shook some of it down. When he tasted this unhoped-for manna, he felt sure that the palms had been cultivated by a former inhabitant — the savory, fresh meat of the dates was proof of the care of his predecessor. He passed suddenly from dark despair to an almost insane joy. He went up again to the top of the hill, and spent the rest of the day in cutting down one of the sterile palm trees which the night before had served him for shelter. A vague memory made him think of the animals of the desert ; and in case they might come to drink at the spring, visible from the base of the rocks, but lost further down, he resolved to guard himself from their visits by placing a barrier at the entrance of his hermitage.

In spite of his diligence, and the strength which the fear of being devoured asleep gave him, he was unable to cut the palm in pieces, though he succeeded in cutting it down. At even-

tide the king of the desert fell; the sound of its fall resounded far and wide, like a sigh in the solitude; the soldier shuddered as though he had heard some voice predicting woe.

But like an heir who does not long bewail a deceased parent, he tore off from this beautiful tree the tall broad green leaves which are its poetic adornment, and used them to mend the mat on which he was to sleep.

Fatigued by the heat and his work, he fell asleep under the red curtains of his wet cave.

In the middle of the night his sleep was troubled by an extraordinary noise; he sat up, and the deep silence around allowed him to distinguish the alternative accents of a respiration whose savage energy could not belong to a human creature.

A profound terror, increased still further by the darkness, the silence, and his waking images, froze his heart within him. He almost felt his hair stand on end, when by straining his eyes to their utmost he perceived through the shadow two faint yellow lights. At first he attributed these lights to the reflection of his own pupils, but soon the vivid brilliance of the night aided him gradually to distinguish the objects around him in the cave, and he beheld a huge animal lying but two steps from him. Was it a lion, a tiger, or a crocodile?

The Provençal was not educated enough to know under what species his enemy ought to be classed; but his fright was all the greater, as his ignorance led him to imagine all terrors at once; he endured a cruel torture, noting every variation of the breathing close to him without daring to make the slightest movement. An odor, pungent like that of a fox, but more penetrating, profounder—so to speak—filled the cave, and when the Provençal became sensible of this, his terror reached its height, for he could no longer doubt the proximity of a terrible companion, whose royal dwelling served him for a shelter.

Presently the reflection of the moon descending on the horizon lit up the den, rendering gradually visible and resplendent the spotted skin of a panther.

This lion of Egypt slept, curled up like a big dog, the peaceful possessor of a sumptuous niche at the gate of an *hôtel*; its eyes opened for a moment and closed again; its face was turned towards the man. A thousand confused thoughts passed through the Frenchman's mind; first he thought of killing it with a bullet from his gun, but he saw there was not enough

distance between them for him to take proper aim — the shot would miss the mark. And if it were to wake! — the thought made his limbs rigid. He listened to his own heart beating in the midst of the silence, and cursed the too violent pulsations which the flow of blood brought on, fearing to disturb that sleep which allowed him time to think of some means of escape.

Twice he placed his hand on his scimitar, intending to cut off the head of his enemy; but the difficulty of cutting the stiff short hair compelled him to abandon this daring project. To miss would be to die for *certain*, he thought; he preferred the chances of fair fight, and made up his mind to wait till morning; the morning did not leave him long to wait.

He could now examine the panther at ease; its muzzle was smeared with blood.

"She's had a good dinner," he thought, without troubling himself as to whether her feast might have been on human flesh. "She won't be hungry when she gets up."

It was a female. The fur on her belly and flanks was glistening white; many small marks like velvet formed beautiful bracelets round her feet; her sinuous tail was also white, ending with black rings; the overpart of her dress, yellow like unburnished gold, very lissom and soft, had the characteristic blotches in the form of rosettes, which distinguish the panther from every other feline species.

This tranquil and formidable hostess snored in an attitude as graceful as that of a cat lying on a cushion. Her blood-stained paws, nervous and well armed, were stretched out before her face, which rested upon them, and from which radiated her straight slender whiskers, like threads of silver.

If she had been like that in a cage, the Provençal would doubtless have admired the grace of the animal, and the vigorous contrasts of vivid color which gave her robe an imperial splendor; but just then his sight was troubled by her sinister appearance.

The presence of the panther, even asleep, could not fail to produce the effect which the magnetic eyes of the serpent are said to have on the nightingale.

For a moment the courage of the soldier began to fail before this danger, though no doubt it would have risen at the mouth of a cannon charged with shell. Nevertheless, a bold thought brought daylight to his soul and sealed up the source of the cold sweat which sprang forth on his brow. Like men

driven to bay, who defy death and offer their body to the smiter, so he, seeing in this merely a tragic episode, resolved to play his part with honor to the last.

"The day before yesterday the Arabs would have killed me perhaps," he said; so considering himself as good as dead already, he waited bravely, with excited curiosity, his enemy's awakening.

When the sun appeared, the panther suddenly opened her eyes; then she put out her paws with energy, as if to stretch them and get rid of cramp. At last she yawned, showing the formidable apparatus of her teeth and pointed tongue, rough as a file.

"A regular *petite maitresse*," thought the Frenchman, seeing her roll herself about so softly and coquettishly. She licked off the blood which stained her paws and muzzle, and scratched her head with reiterated gestures full of prettiness. "All right, make a little toilet," the Frenchman said to himself, beginning to recover his gayety with his courage; "we'll say good morning to each other presently," and he seized the small short dagger which he had taken from the Margrabins. At this moment the panther turned her head towards the man and looked at him fixedly without moving.

The rigidity of her metallic eyes and their insupportable luster made him shudder, especially when the animal walked towards him. But he looked at her caressingly, staring into her eyes in order to magnetize her, and let her come quite close to him; then with a movement both gentle and amorous, as though he were caressing the most beautiful of women, he passed his hand over her whole body, from the head to the tail, scratching the flexible vertebræ which divided the panther's yellow back. The animal waved her tail voluptuously, and her eyes grew gentle; and when for the third time the Frenchman accomplished this interested flattery, she gave forth one of those purrings by which our cats express their pleasure; but this murmur issued from a throat so powerful and so deep, that it resounded through the cave like the last vibrations of an organ in a church. The man, understanding the importance of his caresses, redoubled them in such a way as to surprise and stupefy his imperious courtesan. When he felt sure of having extinguished the ferocity of his capricious companion, whose hunger had so fortunately been satisfied the day before, he got up to go out of the cave; the panther let him go out, but when

he had reached the summit of the hill she sprang with the lightness of a sparrow hopping from twig to twig, and rubbed herself against his legs, putting up her back after the manner of all the race of cats. Then regarding her guest with eyes whose glare had softened a little, she gave vent to that wild cry which naturalists compare to the grating of a saw.

"She is exacting," said the Frenchman, smiling.

He was bold enough to play with her ears; he caressed her belly and scratched her head as hard as he could. When he saw he was successful he tickled her skull with the point of his dagger, watching for the moment to kill her, but the hardness of her bones made him tremble for his success.

The sultana of the desert showed herself gracious to her slave; she lifted her head, stretched out her neck, and manifested her delight by the tranquillity of her attitude. It suddenly occurred to the soldier that to kill this savage princess with one blow he must poniard her in the throat.

He raised the blade, when the panther, satisfied, no doubt, laid herself gracefully at his feet, and cast up at him glances in which, in spite of their natural fierceness, was mingled confusedly a kind of good will. The poor Provençal ate his dates, leaning against one of the palm trees, and casting his eyes alternately on the desert in quest of some liberator and on his terrible companion to watch her uncertain clemency.

The panther looked at the place where the date stones fell, and every time he threw one down her eyes expressed an incredible mistrust.

She examined the man with an almost commercial prudence. However, this examination was favorable to him, for when he had finished his meager meal she licked his boots with her powerful rough tongue, brushing off with marvelous skill the dust gathered in the creases.

"Ah, but when she's really hungry!" thought the Frenchman. In spite of the shudder this thought caused him, the soldier began to measure curiously the proportions of the panther, certainly one of the most splendid specimens of its race. She was three feet high and four feet long without counting her tail; this powerful weapon, rounded like a cudgel, was nearly three feet long. The head, large as that of a lioness, was distinguished by a rare expression of refinement. The cold cruelty of a tiger was dominant, it was true, but there was also a vague resemblance to the face of a sensual woman.

Indeed, the face of this solitary queen had something of the gayety of a drunken Nero: she had satiated herself with blood, and she wanted to play.

The soldier tried if he might walk up and down, and the panther left him free, contenting herself with following him with her eyes, less like a faithful dog than a big Angora cat, observing everything, and every movement of her master.

When he looked round, he saw, by the spring, the remains of his horse; the panther had dragged the carcass all that way; about two thirds of it had been devoured already. The sight reassured him.

It was easy to explain the panther's absence, and the respect she had had for him while he slept. The first piece of good luck emboldened him to tempt the future, and he conceived the wild hope of continuing on good terms with the panther during the entire day, neglecting no means of taming her and remaining in her good graces.

He returned to her and had the unspeakable joy of seeing her wag her tail with an almost imperceptible movement at his approach. He sat down, then, without fear, by her side, and they began to play together; he took her paws and muzzle, pulled her ears, rolled her over on her back, stroked her warm, delicate flanks. She let him do whatever he liked, and when he began to stroke the hair on her feet she drew her claws in carefully.

The man, keeping the dagger in one hand, thought to plunge it into the belly of the too confiding panther, but he was afraid that he would be immediately strangled in her last convulsive struggle; besides, he felt in his heart a sort of remorse which bade him respect a creature that had done him no harm. He seemed to have found a friend, in a boundless desert; half unconsciously he thought of his first sweetheart, whom he had nicknamed "Mignonne" by way of contrast, because she was so atrociously jealous, that all the time of their love he was in fear of the knife with which she had always threatened him.

This memory of his early days suggested to him the idea of making the young panther answer to this name, now that he began to admire with less terror her swiftness, suppleness, and softness. Towards the end of the day he had familiarized himself with his perilous position; he now almost liked the painfulness of it. At last his companion had got into the

habit of looking up at him whenever he cried in a falsetto voice, "Mignonne."

At the setting of the sun Mignonne gave, several times running, a profound melancholy cry. "She's been well brought up," said the light-hearted soldier; "she says her prayers." But this mental joke only occurred to him when he noticed what a pacific attitude his companion remained in. "Come, *ma petite blonde*, I'll let you go to bed first," he said to her, counting on the activity of his own legs to run away as quickly as possible, directly she was asleep, and seek another shelter for the night.

The soldier awaited with impatience the hour of his flight, and when it had arrived he walked vigorously in the direction of the Nile; but hardly had he made a quarter of a league in the sand when he heard the panther bounding after him, crying with that sawlike cry, more dreadful even than the sound of her leaping.

"Ah!" he said, "then she's taken a fancy to me; she has never met any one before, and it is really quite flattering to have her first love." That instant the man fell into one of those movable quicksands so terrible to travelers and from which it is impossible to save oneself. Feeling himself caught he gave a shriek of alarm; the panther seized him with her teeth by the collar, and, springing vigorously backwards, drew him as if by magic out of the whirling sand.

"Ah, Mignonne!" cried the soldier, caressing her enthusiastically; "we're bound together for life and death — but no jokes, mind!" and he retraced his steps.

From that time the desert seemed inhabited. It contained a being to whom the man could talk, and whose ferocity was rendered gentle by him, though he could not explain to himself the reason for their strange friendship. Great as was the soldier's desire to stay up on guard, he slept.

On awakening he could not find Mignonne; he mounted the hill, and in the distance saw her springing towards him after the habit of these animals, who cannot run on account of the extreme flexibility of the vertebral column. Mignonne arrived, her jaws covered with blood; she received the wonted caress of her companion, showing with much purring how happy it made her. Her eyes, full of languor, turned still more gently than the day before towards the Provençal, who talked to her as one would to a tame animal.

"Ah ! Mademoiselle, you are a nice girl, aren't you ? Just look at that ! so we like to be made much of, don't we ? Aren't you ashamed of yourself ? So you have been eating some Arab or other, have you ? that doesn't matter. They're animals just the same as you are ; but don't you take to eating Frenchmen, or I shan't like you any longer."

She played like a dog with its master, letting herself be rolled over, knocked about, and stroked, alternately ; sometimes she herself would provoke the soldier, putting up her paw with a soliciting gesture.

Some days passed in this manner. This companionship permitted the Provençal to appreciate the sublime beauty of the desert ; now that he had a living thing to think about, alternations of fear and quiet, and plenty to eat, his mind became filled with contrasts and his life began to be diversified.

Solitude revealed to him all her secrets, and enveloped him in her delights. He discovered in the rising and setting of the sun sights unknown to the world. He knew what it was to tremble when he heard over his head the hiss of a bird's wings, so rarely did they pass, or when he saw the clouds, changing, and many colored travelers, melt one into another. He studied in the nighttime the effects of the moon upon the ocean of sand, where the simoom made waves swift of movement and rapid in their change. He lived the life of the Eastern day, marveling at its wonderful pomp ; then, after having reveled in the sight of a hurricane over the plain where the whirling sands made red, dry mists and death-bearing clouds, he would welcome the night with joy, for then fell the healthful freshness of the stars, and he listened to imaginary music in the skies. Then solitude taught him to unroll the treasures of dreams. He passed whole hours in remembering mere nothings, and comparing his present life with his past.

At last he grew passionately fond of the panther ; for some sort of affection was a necessity.

Whether it was that his will powerfully projected had modified the character of his companion, or whether, because she found abundant food in her predatory excursions in the deserts, she respected the man's life, he began to fear for it no longer, seeing her so well tamed.

He devoted the greater part of his time to sleep, but he was obliged to watch like a spider in its web that the moment of his deliverance might not escape him, if any one should

pass the line marked by the horizon. He had sacrificed his shirt to make a flag with, which he hung at the top of a palm tree, whose foliage he had torn off. Taught by necessity, he found the means of keeping it spread out, by fastening it with little sticks; for the wind might not be blowing at the moment when the passing traveler was looking through the desert.

It was during the long hours, when he had abandoned hope, that he amused himself with the panther. He had come to learn the different inflections of her voice, the expressions of her eyes; he had studied the capricious patterns of all the rosettes which marked the gold of her robe. Mignonne was not even angry when he took hold of the tuft at the end of her tail to count the rings, those graceful ornaments which glittered in the sun like jewelry. It gave him pleasure to contemplate the supple, fine outlines of her form, the whiteness of her belly, the graceful pose of her head. But it was especially when she was playing that he felt most pleasure in looking at her; the agility and youthful lightness of her movements were a continual surprise to him; he wondered at the supple way which she jumped and climbed, washed herself and arranged her fur, crouched down and prepared to spring. However rapid her spring might be, however slippery the stone she was on, she would always stop short at the word "Mignonne."

One day, in a bright midday sun, an enormous bird coursed through the air. The man left his panther to look at this new guest; but after waiting a moment the deserted sultana growled deeply.

"My goodness! I do believe she's jealous," he cried, seeing her eyes become hard again; "the soul of Virginie has passed into her body, that's certain."

The eagle disappeared into the air, whilst the soldier admired the curved contour of the panther.

But there was such youth and grace in her form! she was beautiful as a woman! the blond fur of her robe mingled well with the delicate tints of faint white which marked her flanks.

The profuse light cast down by the sun made this living gold, these russet markings, to burn in a way to give them an indefinable attraction.

The man and the panther looked at one another with a look full of meaning; the coquette quivered when she felt her

friend stroke her head; her eyes flashed like lightning — then she shut them tightly.

"She has a soul," he said, looking at the stillness of this queen of the sands, golden like them, white like them, solitary and burning like them.

* * * * *

"Well," she said, "I have read your plea in favor of beasts; but how did two so well adapted to understand each other end?"

"Ah, well! you see, they ended as all great passions do end — by a misunderstanding. From some reason *one* suspects the other of treason; they don't come to an explanation through pride, and quarrel and part from sheer obstinacy."

"Yet sometimes at the best moments a single word or a look are enough — but anyhow go on with your story."

"It's horribly difficult, but you will understand, after what the old villain told me over his champagne. He said — 'I don't know if I hurt her, but she turned round, as if enraged, and with her sharp teeth caught hold of my leg — gently, I dare say; but I, thinking she would devour me, plunged my dagger into her throat. She rolled over, giving a cry that froze my heart; and I saw her dying, still looking at me without anger. I would have given all the world — my cross even, which I had not got then — to have brought her to life again. It was as though I had murdered a real person; and the soldiers who had seen my flag, and were come to my assistance, found me in tears.'

"'Well, sir,' he said, after a moment of silence, 'since then I have been in war in Germany, in Spain, in Russia, in France; I've certainly carried my carcass about a good deal, but never have I seen anything like the desert. Ah! yes, it is very beautiful!'

"'What did you feel there?' I asked him.

"'Oh! that can't be described, young man! Besides, I am not always regretting my palm trees and my panther. I should have to be very melancholy for that. In the desert, you see, there is everything, and nothing.'

"'Yes, but explain that,'

"'Well,' he said, with an impatient gesture, 'it is God without mankind.'"

A CORSICAN VENDETTA.¹

BY PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

(From "Colomba": by courtesy of T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

[PROSPER MÉRIMÉE : A French writer ; born in Paris, September 28, 1803 ; died at Cannes, September 23, 1870. His father and mother were both artists, his father being for a long time secretary of the École des Beaux Arts. The son was given a college education, and studied law, but abandoned it for literary work. He was inspector general of the historical monuments of France, and in 1852 was appointed senator for life in the reconstructed French government. Among his notable writings are : "Colomba," a novel (1830) ; "Carmen," the novel which furnished the plot for Bizet's opera (1840) ; "Historic Monuments" (1843) ; "Arsène Guillot," (1845) ; "Studies in the History of Rome" ; "Historic and Literary Medleys" (1855) ; "Social War" and "Letters to an Unknown" (1873). He was elected to the French Academy in 1844.]

THE following day passed without hostilities. Both sides held themselves on the defensive. Orso did not go out of his house, and the door of the Barricinis' remained constantly closed. Five policemen who had been left as garrison at Pietranera were to be seen walking in the square or in the outskirts of the village, accompanied by the rural constable, the only representative of the town force. The deputy mayor did not take off his scarf ; but with the exception of the loopholes at the windows of the hostile houses, nothing indicated war. No one but a Corsican would have noticed that in the square around the green oak only women were to be seen.

At supper time Colomba joyfully showed her brother the following letter, which she had just received from Miss Nevil :—

MY DEAR COLOMBA, —

I was very glad to learn from your brother's letter that your enmities are over. Let me congratulate you. My father cannot endure Ajaccio now that your brother is not here to talk war and to hunt with him. We leave to-day ; and we shall spend the night with your relative, for whom we have a letter. Day after to-morrow, at about eleven o'clock, I shall come to ask you for that *bruccio* of the mountains, which you say is so superior to that of the town.

Good-by, dear Colomba,

Your friend,

LYDIA NEVIL.

¹ Copyright, 1898, by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

"Then she has not received my second letter!" exclaimed Orso.

"You see by the date of hers that Miss Lydia must have been on the way when your letter arrived at Ajaccio. Did you tell her not to come?"

"I told her that we were in a state of siege. This is not, it seems to me, a situation in which to receive company."

"Bah! Those English are queer people. She told me the last night I spent in her room that she should be sorry to leave Corsica without having seen a fine *vendetta*. If you are willing, Orso, we can show her an assault upon the house of our enemies."

"Do you know, Colomba," said Orso, "that nature was wrong to make a woman of you? You would have made an excellent soldier."

"Perhaps. At all events I am going to prepare my *bruccio*."

"It is useless. We must send some one to inform them, and to stop them before they start."

"What? Would you send out a messenger in such weather, when a torrent might sweep him away with your letter? How I pity the poor bandits in this storm! Fortunately they have good cloaks. Let me tell you what you ought to do, Orso. If the storm ceases, go very early to-morrow morning and reach our kinsman's house before our friends have started. That will be easy for you, because Miss Lydia always rises late. You can tell them what has happened here; and if they insist upon coming, we shall be very glad to receive them."

Orso readily gave his consent to this scheme; and Colomba, after a few moments of silence, went on:—

"Perhaps you think, Orso, that I was joking when I spoke of an assault upon the Barricini house. Do you know that we are stronger than they are, two against one, at least? Since the prefect suspended the mayor, all the men here are on our side. We can cut them to pieces. It would be easy to begin the affair. If you were willing, I would go to the fountain and make fun of their women; they would come out—or perhaps, they are so cowardly, they would shoot upon me from their loopholes; they would miss me. Then the amount of it all is that they made the attack. So much the worse for the vanquished. In a quarrel, who holds the victorious responsible? Rely upon your sister, Orso; the black-robed lawyers who are going to come will waste some paper, and will say

many useless words. Nothing will result from it. The old fox would find a way to make them see stars at high noon. Ah, if the prefect had not put himself in front of Vincentello, there would have been one less!"

All this was said with the same coolness with which she had spoken a few moments before about the preparation of the *bruccio*.

Orso, stupefied, stared at his sister with admiration mingled with fear.

"My dear Colomba," he said, as he rose from the table, "you are, I fear, the Devil personified. But be at rest; if I do not succeed in getting the Barricinis hanged, I shall find means to have my revenge on them in another way. Hot ball or cold steel! You see that I have not forgotten Corsican."

"The sooner the better," said Colomba, with a sigh. "What horse shall you ride to-morrow, Ors' Anton'?"

"The black. Why do you ask?"

"So that barley may be given him."

When Orso had retired to his room, Colomba sent Saveria and the shepherds to bed, and remained alone in the kitchen, where she prepared her *bruccio*. From time to time she listened, and seemed to be waiting impatiently for her brother to get to bed. When she thought he was at last asleep, she took a knife, made sure that it was sharp, put her little feet into big shoes, and without making the slightest noise slipped out into the garden.

The garden, inclosed with walls, bordered on a large piece of land surrounded with hedges, where they kept the horses; for Corsican horses do not know the stable. Generally people let them loose in a field, and leave it to their intelligence to find food, and to shelter themselves against the cold and the rain.

Colomba opened the garden gate with the same precaution, and entered the inclosure; and by whistling softly she drew around her the horses, to whom she often brought bread and salt.

As soon as the black horse was within her reach, she seized him firmly by the mane, and slit his ear with her knife. The horse made a wild bound and ran away, making a sharp cry, such as acute pain sometimes draws from animals of that kind. Colomba, quite satisfied, was returning to the garden, when Orso opened his window and cried, "Who goes there?" At

the same time she heard him loading his gun. Fortunately for her the garden gate was in complete darkness, and a large fig tree partially covered it. Soon, from the intermittent lights that shone in her brother's room, she concluded that he was trying to light his lamp. Then she hastily closed the gate; and by gliding along the walls in such a way that her black dress blended with the dark foliage of the fruit trees trained against them, she succeeded in reaching the kitchen a few moments before Orso appeared.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"It seemed to me," replied Orso, "that some one was opening the garden gate."

"Impossible! The dog would have barked. However, let us go and see."

Orso went around the garden; and when he had ascertained that the outer door was well locked, he felt a little ashamed of his false alarm, and prepared to return to his room.

"I like to see, brother," said Colomba, "that you are becoming prudent, as one in your position ought to be."

"You are training me," responded Orso. "Good night."

At the dawn of day Orso was up and ready to start. His dress indicated at the same time the pretension to elegance of a man who is going to present himself before a woman whom he wishes to please, and the prudence of a Corsican engaged in a *vendetta*. Over a tight-fitting coat he wore, slung over his shoulder, a little tin box containing cartridges, suspended by a green silk cord; his stiletto was placed in a side pocket; and he carried in his hand the beautiful Manton gun, loaded with bullets. While he was hurriedly drinking a cup of coffee which Colomba had poured out for him, a shepherd went out to saddle and bridle the horse. Orso and his sister followed close behind him, and entered the inclosure. The shepherd had caught the horse, but he had let saddle and bridle fall, and appeared to be horror-stricken; while the horse, who remembered the wound of the preceding night and feared for his other ear, was rearing, kicking, neighing, and playing a thousand pranks.

"Here, hurry up!" Orso shouted.

"O Ors' Anton'! O Ors' Anton'!" cried the shepherd; "by the blood of our Lady!" And he made imprecations without number, the greater part of which are untranslatable.

"What has happened?" demanded Colomba.

Every one approached the horse; and when they saw that

he was bloody, and his ear was slit, there was a general exclamation of surprise and indignation. It must be understood that to mutilate the horse of an enemy is, among Corsicans, at once a vengeance, a challenge, and a threat of murder. Nothing less than a gunshot can expiate such a crime. Although Orso, who had lived a long time on the Continent, felt the enormity of the outrage less than another would have done, yet, if a Barricinist had appeared before him at this moment, it is probable that he would have made him immediately atone for the insult which he attributed to his enemies. "The cowardly rascals!" he exclaimed; "to take revenge on a poor beast, when they dare not meet me face to face!"

"What are we waiting for?" cried Colomba, impetuously. "They have provoked us, and mutilated our horses, and are we to give no answer? Are you men?"

"Vengeance!" responded the shepherds. "Let us lead the horse through the village, and assault their house!"

"There is a barn covered with straw joining their tower," said old Polo Griffo; "in a trice I could put it in flames." Another proposed going to get ladders from the church tower; a third suggested breaking in the doors of the Barricini house by means of a beam which was lying in the square, intended for some house in construction. In the midst of all these furious voices, Colomba was heard announcing to her satellites that before putting themselves to the work, each was to receive a large glass of anisette.

Unfortunately, or rather fortunately, the effect that she had expected from her cruelty to the poor horse was in a great measure lost, on account of Orso. He did not doubt that this savage mutilation was the work of his enemies, and he suspected Orlanduccio particularly; but he did not consider that the young man whom he had provoked and struck had effaced his dishonor by cutting a horse's ear. On the contrary, this base and absurd vengeance increased his scorn for his adversaries; and he now agreed with the prefect that such people did not deserve to fight a duel with him. As soon as he could make himself heard, he declared to his amazed partisans that they were to renounce their warlike intentions, and that justice, which should be done, would thoroughly punish the injury to his horse. "I am master here," he added in a severe tone, "and I will be obeyed. The first man who presumes to kill or to burn, I will burn in his turn. Here, saddle the gray horse!"

"What, Orso," said Colomba, drawing him aside, "do you allow people to insult us? When our father was alive, no Barricini ever dared to mutilate one of our beasts."

"I promise you that they will have reason to repent; but it is for the police and the jailers to punish the wretches who have no courage excepting against animals. I have said that justice will avenge me,—or if not, you will not need to remind me whose son I am!"

"Patience!" said Colomba to herself, with a sigh.

"Remember, sister," Orso continued, "that if I find on my return that any demonstration has been made against the Barricinis, I shall never forgive you." Then he added in a gentler tone: "It is very possible, indeed very probable, that I shall return with the colonel and his daughter; see that their rooms are in order, and that the breakfast is good,—in short, that our guests may be as comfortable as possible. It is a very good thing, Colomba, to have courage; but it is also necessary for a woman to know how to manage a house. Come, kiss me; be prudent; there is the gray horse saddled."

"Orso," said Colomba, "you are not going alone?"

"I do not need any one," Orso replied; "and I promise you that I will not let my own ear be cut."

"Oh! I shall never allow you to go alone in a time of war. Here, Polo Griffio, Gian' Francè, Memmo! take your guns; you are to accompany my brother."

After a rather lively discussion, Orso had to submit to be followed by an escort. He took from among his excited shepherds those who had most loudly advised beginning the war; then after he had renewed his injunctions to his sister and to the remaining shepherds, he started, taking this time a round-about way in order to avoid the Barricini house.

They were far from Pietranera, and the horses were walking rapidly, when old Polo Griffio perceived, at a passage of a little stream which lost itself in a marsh, several hogs lying comfortably in the mud, enjoying both the sun and the coolness of the water. Immediately aiming at the largest, he shot it in the head, and killed it on the spot. Its companions got up and rushed away with surprising swiftness; and although the other shepherd fired in his turn, they gained a thicket into which they disappeared safe and sound.

"Fools!" cried Orso, "you mistake hogs for wild boars!"

"No, indeed, Ors' Anton'," replied Polo Griffio; "but this

drove belongs to the lawyer, and this is to teach him to mutilate our horses."

"What, you rascals!" cried Orso, transported with rage, "are you imitating the infamies of our enemies! Leave me, wretches! I do not need you. You are good for nothing but to fight with hogs. I swear that if you follow me I will blow your brains out!"

The two shepherds looked at each other, speechless. Orso spurred his horse, and disappeared at a gallop.

"Well!" said Polo Griffo, "I call that good! Love people, in order to have them treat you like that! The colonel, his father, was once angry with you because you aimed at the lawyer,—Great fool, not to shoot! And the son—you see what I have done for him. He talks of breaking my head as he would a gourd which will not hold wine. That is what they learn on the Continent, Memmo!"

"Yes, and if it is known that you have killed a hog, a lawsuit will be made against you; and Ors' Anton' will neither speak to the judges in your favor, nor pay the lawyer. Luckily no one saw you, and Saint Nega will get you out of the serape."

After a short deliberation, the two shepherds concluded that the most prudent thing to do was to throw the hog into a slough, a plan which they executed, after each had taken several slices from the innocent victim of the hatred of the della Rebbias and Barricinis.

When Orso was rid of his undisciplined escort, he continued his way, more occupied with the pleasant anticipation of seeing Miss Nevil again than with fear of meeting his enemies. "The lawsuit which I am going to have with these Barricini wretches," he said to himself, "will oblige me to go to Bastia. Why should I not accompany Miss Nevil? Why should we not go together from Bastia to the mineral springs of Orezza?" All at once reminiscences of childhood brought that picturesque place plainly to his mind. He seemed to be transported to a green lawn at the foot of chestnut trees a century old. On the shining grass, dotted with blue flowers like eyes which smiled at him, he saw Miss Lydia seated by his side. She had taken off her hat; and her fair hair, finer and softer than silk, shone like gold in the sunlight which penetrated through the foliage. Her pure blue eyes seemed to him bluer than the sky. With her cheek resting on one

hand, she listened pensively to the words of love that he tremblingly addressed to her. She had on the muslin dress that she had worn on the last day he saw her at Ajaccio. From beneath the folds of this dress escaped a little foot in a black satin slipper. Orso said to himself that he would like to kiss that foot : but one of Miss Lydia's hands was not gloved, and it held a daisy. Orso took the daisy from her, and Miss Lydia's hand clasped his ; he kissed the daisy and then the hand, and she was not offended. All these thoughts hindered him from paying attention to the road that he was following, and yet his horse had been continually trotting. He was going to kiss in imagination Miss Lydia's white hand for the second time, when he almost kissed in reality the head of his horse, which stopped abruptly. Little Chilina had barred his way, and seized his bridle.

"Where are you going in this fashion, Ors' Anton'?" she asked. "Don't you know that your enemy is near?"

"My enemy!" cried Orso, furious at being interrupted at such an interesting moment. "Where is he?"

"Orlanduccio is near here. He is waiting for you. Return, do return!"

"Ah, he is waiting for me, is he? Have you seen him?"

"Yes, Ors' Anton', I was lying in the fern when he passed. He was looking all around with his field glass."

"In what direction did he go?"

"He descended there, in the same direction in which you are going."

"Thank you."

"Ors' Anton', wouldn't it be better to wait for my uncle? He will soon be here, and with him you would be safe."

"Don't be afraid, Chili; I do not need your uncle,"

"If you were willing, I would go in front of you."

"No, thank you, thank you."

And Orso, urging his horse, rode rapidly away in the direction that the little girl had indicated to him.

His first feeling had been a blind transport of rage, and he had said to himself that fortune offered him an excellent opportunity to correct the coward who mutilated a horse in order to avenge himself for a blow. Then, while riding, the partial promise that he had made to the prefect, and above all the fear of losing the visit from Miss Nevil, changed his mood, and made him almost wish not to meet Orlanduccio. But soon the remem-

brance of his father, the insult done to his horse, and the threats of the Barricinis, kindled his wrath again, and impelled him to seek out his enemy, in order to provoke him and force him to fight. Thus agitated by contradictory resolutions he continued to go forward, but now with precaution, examining the bushes and hedges, and now and then even stopping to listen to the indistinct sounds that are heard in the country. Ten minutes after he had left little Chilina (it was then about nine o'clock in the morning), he found himself at the top of a very steep slope. The road, or rather the ill-defined footpath, which he was following crossed a recently burned *maquis*. In this place the ground was covered with whitish ashes; and here and there some shrubs and large trees blackened by the fire, and entirely despoiled of their leaves, were standing upright, although they had ceased to live. When a person sees a burned *maquis*, he believes himself transported into the midst of the scenery of the north in midwinter; and the contrast between the barrenness of the places over which the flames have swept, and the luxuriant vegetation of the surrounding country, makes them appear still more sad and desolate. But in this landscape Orso saw at this time only one important thing with regard to his position; since the ground was bare, it could not conceal an ambush, and one who fears at every moment to see issuing from a thicket the barrel of a gun aimed at his own breast regards as a kind of oasis a stretch of level ground where nothing obstructs the view. Beyond the burned *maquis* were several cultivated fields, inclosed, according to the custom of the country, with unmortared stone walls, breast high. The path passed between these inclosures, in which enormous chestnut trees, irregularly grouped, presented from a distance the appearance of a thick wood.

On account of the steepness of the slope, Orso was obliged to dismount; and leaving the bridle loose on the horse's neck, he descended rapidly by sliding on the ashes. When he was not more than twenty-five paces from one of these inclosures, he perceived directly in front of him, first the barrel of a gun, then a head projecting above the top of the wall. The gun was lowered, and he recognized Orlanduccio ready to fire. Orso was prompt in preparing to defend himself; and both of them, while aiming, looked at each other for a few seconds with that keen emotion which the bravest feel at the moment of giving or of receiving death.

“Miserable coward!” Orso cried out. He had hardly finished speaking when he saw the flash of Orlanduccio’s gun; and at almost the same instant a second shot came from his left, on the other side of the path, discharged by a man whom he had not seen, and who had aimed from behind another wall. Both balls hit him; the first, that of Orlanduccio, passed through his left arm, which had been extended forward in taking aim; the other struck him in the breast and tore his coat, but fortunately coming in contact with the blade of his stiletto, flattened out against it, and made only a slight bruise.

Orso’s left arm sank motionless at his side, and the barrel of his gun dropped for an instant; but he immediately raised it again, and aiming with his right hand alone, fired at Orlanduccio, whose head, which had been visible only down to the eyes, disappeared behind the wall. Orso, turning to the left, discharged his second shot at a man so enveloped in smoke that he could scarcely be seen. This figure in turn disappeared. The four shots had succeeded one another with incredible swiftness, and trained soldiers never left a shorter interval between their firings. After Orso’s last shot everything became silent. The smoke from his gun rose slowly towards the sky; there was no movement behind the wall, not the slightest noise. If it had not been for the pain which he felt in his arm, he could have believed that the men at whom he had just shot were phantoms of his imagination.

Expecting a second shot, Orso moved a few steps in order to place himself behind one of the burnt trees standing in the *maquis*. Behind this shelter he placed his gun between his knees, and hastily reloaded it. His left arm pained him cruelly, and it seemed as if he were sustaining an enormous weight. What had become of his enemies? He could not understand. If they had fled, or if they had been wounded, he would certainly have heard some noise, some movement in the foliage. Were they dead, then, or rather, were they not waiting under the protection of the wall for an opportunity to fire upon him again? In this state of uncertainty, feeling his strength fail, he placed his right knee on the ground, rested his wounded arm on the other, and made use of a branch projecting from the trunk of the burnt tree to support his gun. With his finger on the trigger, his eyes fixed on the wall, and his ears attentive to the slightest sound, he remained without stirring for several minutes, which seemed to him a century. Finally, far behind

him, a sharp cry was heard; and soon a dog descended the slope like a flash of lightning, and stopped beside him wagging his tail. It was Brusco, the disciple and companion of the bandits, announcing without doubt the arrival of his master; and never was honest man waited for more impatiently.

The dog, with his nose in the air, turned in the direction of the nearest inclosure, sniffing restlessly. Suddenly he uttered a low growl, cleared the wall with one bound, and almost immediately jumped back upon the top of it, where he looked fixedly at Orso, expressing surprise with his eyes as clearly as a dog can do it; then he started off again with his nose in the wind, this time in the direction of the other inclosure, the wall of which he leaped. At the end of a second he reappeared on the top, showing the same feeling of astonishment and restlessness; then he plunged into the *maquis* with his tail between his legs, and walking sidewise he withdrew slowly, keeping his eyes fixed on Orso until he was some distance away. Then he began to run again, and remounted the hill almost as quickly as he had descended it, until he met a man who was advancing rapidly in spite of the steepness of the slope.

"Here, Brando!" shouted Orso, when he believed him within hearing distance.

"Well, Ors' Anton?! are you wounded?" asked Brandolaccio, as he ran up quite out of breath. "In the body or the limbs?"

"In the arm."

"The arm! that's nothing. What about the other man?"

"I think I hit him."

Brandolaccio, following his dog, hastened to the nearest inclosure, and leaned over the wall in order to look on the other side. As he hung there he took off his cap and said:—

"Good morning to Signor Orlanduccio!" Then he turned towards Orso, and saluted him in turn in a perfectly serious manner. "That," he said, "is what I call a man neatly served up."

"Is he still alive?" asked Orso, breathing with difficulty.

"Oh, no! nothing of the kind; he had too much pain from that ball you put into his eye. By the blood of the Virgin, what a hole! A good gun, upon my word! What size! How it does crush one's brains! I say, Ors' Anton', when I first heard *pif! pif!* I said to myself, 'Confound it! they are murdering my lieutenant!' Then I heard *boom! boom!* 'Ah!'

said I, 'that is the English gun talking; he is returning the shot.' — Well, Brusco, what do you want of me?"

The dog led him to the other inclosure. "Bless me!" cried Brandolaccio, in surprise. "A double hit — nothing more nor less! The deuce! it is evident that powder is dear, for you are economical with it."

"What is it, in God's name?" asked Orso.

"Come, come! none of your jokes, lieutenant! You bring game to the ground, and want some one to pick it up for you. There's one man who will have a funny dessert to-day, and that's Lawyer Barricini! Here is butcher's meat, plenty of it! Now who the deuce will be his heir?"

"What! Vincentello dead too?"

"Dead as a doornail. Good health to the rest of us! The good thing about you is that you don't make them suffer. Just come and see Vincentello; he is still on his knees, with his head leaning against the wall. He looks as if he were asleep. This is what might be called a leaden sleep. Poor wretch!"

Orso turned his head away in horror. "Are you sure that he is dead?"

"You are like Sampiero Corso, who never gave more than one blow. Look, here, — in the breast, on the left, — it is exactly the way Vincileone was hit at Waterloo. I wager that the ball is not far from the heart. A double shot! Ah, I will have nothing more to do with shooting! Two in two shots! with bullets! The two brothers! If he had had a third shot he would have killed the papa! He will do better another time. What a shot, Ors' Anton'! And to think that it never happened to a brave fellow like me to make a double shot at the police!"

While talking, the bandit examined Orso's arm, and slit open his sleeve with his stiletto.

"That is nothing," he said. "This coat will give Colomba some work. Ah! what do I see? this tear in the front of it? Did anything enter there? No, you would not be so gay. Here, try to move your fingers — do you feel my teeth when I bite your little finger? Not at all? That is all right then; it won't amount to anything. Let me take your handkerchief and cravat; your frock coat is entirely spoiled. Why are you arrayed so finely? Are you on the way to your wedding? There, drink a drop of wine. Why don't you carry a gourd? Does a Corsican ever go out without a gourd?" Then, in the

midst of the dressing, he interrupted himself to exclaim: "A double shot! Both of them stark dead! How the vicar will laugh—a double shot! Ah, here comes that little snail of a Chilina."

Orso did not answer. He was as pale as death, and was trembling from head to foot.

"Chili!" shouted Brandolaccio, "go and look behind that wall. How's that?"

The child, making use of her feet and hands, clambered up on the wall, and as soon as she perceived the corpse of Orlanduccio, made the sign of the cross.

"That isn't anything," continued the bandit; "go and look farther, over there."

The child again made the sign of the cross.

"Did you do it, uncle?" she asked timidly.

"I! haven't I become an old good-for-nothing? Chili, it is the work of this gentleman. Pay him your compliments."

"Colomba will be very glad," said Chilina; "and she will be very sorry to know that you are wounded, Ors' Anton'."

"Here, Ors' Anton'," said the bandit, when he had finished the dressing. "Chilina has caught your horse. Mount, and come with me to the *maquis* of Stazzona. He would be a clever man who could find you there. We will give you our best treatment. When we get to the cross of Saint Christine, you must dismount. You will give your horse to Chilina, who will go to inform Colomba about you, and on the way you will give her your messages. You can tell everything to the little girl, Ors' Anton'; she would rather be hacked to pieces than betray her friends." Then in a gentle tone he said: "Here, you little jade, be excommunicated, rogue!" Since Brandolaccio, like many bandits, was superstitious, he was afraid of fascinating children by addressing to them benedictions of praises; for every one knows that the mysterious powers exercised by looks and speech have the bad habit of bringing about just the opposite of what we wish.

"Where do you want me to go, Brando?" asked Orso, in a faint voice.

"Why, that is for you to choose,—to prison or to the *maquis*. But a della Rebbia does not know the way to prison. Go to the *maquis*, Ors' Anton'!"

"Farewell to all my hopes, then!" moaned the wounded man.

"Your hopes ! The deuce ! did you hope to do better with a double-barreled gun ? Come, now ! how did they manage to hit you ? These fellows must have had as many lives as a cat to do it."

"They shot first," replied Orso.

"That's so—I forgot. . . . Pif ! pif ! boom ! boom ! A double shot with one hand ! When any one beats that, I shall go hang. Oh ! there you are mounted ; before going, just take a look at your work. It is not polite to leave the company without saying good-by."

Orso spurred his horse ; he would not for anything in the world have looked at the unfortunate men whom he had just killed.

"Look here, Ors' Anton'," said the bandit, seizing Orso's reins, "will you let me speak frankly ? Well, with no offense to you, I am grieved about these two young men. I beg you to excuse me,—they were so handsome, so strong, so young. I have hunted with Orlanduccio many a time. Only four days ago he gave me a package of cigars. And Vincentello was always so good-natured ! It is true that you have done what you ought to have done ; and, besides, the shot was too fine to be regretted. But as for me, I had nothing to do with your revenge. I know that you are right ; when one has an enemy, one must get rid of him. But the Barricinis were one of the old families—now there is one less of them, and by a double shot ! It is really curious."

Thus making the funeral oration of the Barricinis, Brandolaccio hastily conducted Orso, Chilina, and the dog Brusco towards the *maquis* of Stazzona.



A CONQUEST.

By WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

I FOUND him openly wearing her token ;
 I knew that her troth could never be broken :
 I laid my hand on the hilt of my sword—
 He did the same, and he spoke no word.
 I faced him with his villainy ;
 He laughed and said, "She gave it me."

We searched for seconds, they soon were found :
 They measured our swords ; they measured the ground :
 They held to the deadly work too fast, —
 They thought to gain our place at last.
 We fought in the sheen of a wintry wood ;
 The fair white snow was red with his blood :
 But his was the victory, for, as he died,
 He swore by the rood that he had not lied.



THE GRIDIRON.

By SAMUEL LOVER.

[SAMUEL LOVER : An Irish artist, novelist, and song writer ; born at Dublin, February 24, 1797 ; died at St. Heliers, July 6, 1868. He established himself in his native city as a marine painter and miniaturist, and in 1835 removed to London, where he wrote for periodicals. He was the author of "Legends and Stories of Ireland" (1831), the novels "Rory O'More" (1836) and "Handy Andy" (1842), and the songs "Molly Bawn," "Low-backed Car," "Four-leaved Shamrock," etc.]

MATHEWS, in his "Trip to America," gives a ludicrous representation of an Irishman who has left his own country on the old-fashion speculation of "seeking his fortune," and who, after various previous failures in the pursuit, at length goes into the back settlements, with the intention of becoming interpreter general between the Yankees and the Indian tribes ; but the Indians rejected his proffered service, "*the poor ignorant craytures*," as he himself says, "*just because he did not understand the language.*" We are told, moreover, that Goldsmith visited the land of dikes and dams, for the purpose of teaching the Hollanders *English*, quite overlooking (until his arrival in the country made it obvious) that he did not know a word of *Dutch* himself ! I have prefaced the following story thus, in the hope that the "*precedent*," which covers so many absurdities in *law*, may be considered available by the *author*, as well as the *suitor*, and may serve a turn in the court of criticism, as well as in the common pleas.

A certain old gentleman in the west of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equaled his taste for claret and fox-hunt-

ing, was wont, upon certain festive occasions when opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by *drawing out* one of his servants, who was exceedingly fond of what he termed his "*thravels*," and in whom a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and perhaps, more than all, long and faithful services, had established a right of loquacity. He was one of those few trusty and privileged domestics who, if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right. If the squire said, "I'll turn that rascal off," my friend Pat would say, "Throth you won't, sir;" and Pat was always right, for if any altercation arose upon the "subject-matter in hand," he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former services, general good conduct, or the delinquent's "wife and childher," that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing. On such merry meetings as I have alluded to, the master, after making certain "approaches," as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying siege to some *extravaganza* of his servant, might, perchance, assail Pat thus: "By the by, Sir John" (addressing a distinguished guest), "Pat has a very curious story which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember, Pat?" (turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice thus paid to himself) — "you remember that queer adventure you had in France?"

"Throth I do, sir," grins forth Pat.

"What!" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, "was Pat ever in France?"

"Indeed he was," cries mine host; and Pat adds, "Ay, and farther, plaze your honor!"

"I assure you, Sir John," continues my host, "Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French."

"Indeed!" rejoins the baronet; "really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people."

"Throth then, they are not, sir," interrupts Pat.

"Oh, by no means," adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically.

"I believe, Pat, 'twas when you were crossing the Atlantic?" says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading into the "full and true account" (for Pat had thought fit to visit *North America* for a "raison he had," in the autumn of the year ninety-eight).

"Yes, sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic," — a favorite

phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad, almost, as the Atlantic itself.

"It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, a comin' home," began Pat, decoyed into the recital; "whin the winds began to blow, and the sae to rowl, that you'd think the 'Colleen dhas' (that was her name) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her.

"Well, sure enough, the masts went by the boord, at last, and the pumps were choak'd (divil choak them for that same), and av coorse the wather gained an us; and throth, to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors call it; and faith I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever; accordingly we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits, and a cashk o' pork, and a kag o' wather, and a thrifle o' rum aboard, and any other little matthers we could think iv in the mortal hurry we wor in — and fait, there was no time to be lost, for my darlint, the 'Colleen dhas,' went down like a lump o' lead, afore we wor many strokes o' the oar away from her.

"Well, we dhrifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket an the ind av a pole as well as we could, and then we sailed illigant; for we darn't show a stitch o' canvas the night before, bekase it was blowin' like murther, savin' your presence, and sure it's the wondher of the world we worn't swally'd alive by the ragin' sae.

"Well, away we wint, for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good-lookin' eyes but the canophy iv heaven, and the wide ocean — the broad Atlantic — not a thing was to be seen but the sae and the sky; and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth they're no great things when you've nothin' else to look at for a week together — and the barest rock in the world — so it was land, would be more welkim. And then, soon enough, throth, our provision began to run low, the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum — throth *that* was gone first of all — God help uz — and oh! it was thin starvation began to stare us in the face — 'Oh, murther, murther, captain, darlint,' says I, 'I wish we could see land anywhere,' says I.

"More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy," says he, 'for sitch a good wish, and throth it's myself wishes the same.'

"Oh," says I, 'that it may plaze you, sweet queen iv heaven,

supposing it was only a *dissolute* island,' says I, 'inhabited wid Turks, sure they wouldn't be such bad Christhans as to refuse us a bit and a sup.'

"'Whisht, whisht, Paddy,' says the captain, 'don't be talkin' bad of any one,' says he; 'you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarthers in th' other world all of a suddint,' says he.

"'Thru for you, captain, darlint,' says I — I called him darlint, and made free wid him, you see, bekase disthress makes uz all equal — 'thru for you, captain, jewel — God betune uz and harm, I own no man any spite' — and throth that was only thruth. Well, the last bishkit was sarved out, and by gor the *wather itself* was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowl'd. Well, at the brake o' day the sun riz most beautiful out o' the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as crysthal: — but it was only the more cruel upon us, for we wor beginnin' to feel *terrible* hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land — by gor I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minit, and 'Thunder an' turf, captain,' says I, 'look to leeward,' says I.

"'What for?' says he.

"'I think I see the land,' says I. So he ups with his bring'em-near — (that's what the sailors call a spyglass, sir), and looks out, and, sure enough, it was.

"'Hurra,' says he, 'we're all right now; pull away, my boys,' says he.

"'Take care you're not mistaken,' says I; 'maybe it's only a fog bank, captain, darlint,' says I.

"'Oh no,' says he, 'it's the land in airnest.'

"'Oh then, whereabouts in the wide world are we, captain,' says I, 'maybe it id be in *Roosia*, or *Proosia*, or the Garman Oceant,' says I.

"'Tut, you fool,' says he — for he had that consaited way wid him — thinkin' himself cleverer nor any one else — 'tut, you fool,' says he, 'that's *France*,' says he.

"'Tare an ouns,' says I, 'do you tell me so? and how do you know it's France it is, captain dear?' says I.

"'Bekase this is the Bay o' Bishky we're in now,' says he.

"'Throth I was thinkin' so myself,' says I, 'by the rowl it has; for I often heerd av it in regard of that same;' and throth the likes av it I never seen before nor since, and with the help o' God, never will.

"Well, with that, my heart began to grow light; and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever — 'so,' says I, 'captain jewel, I wish we had a gridiron,'

"'Why then,' says he, 'thunder an turf,' says he, 'what puts a gridiron into your head?'

"'Bekase I'm starvin' with the hunger,' says I.

"'And sure, bad luck to you,' says he, 'you couldn't ate a gridiron,' says he, 'barrin' you wor a *pelican o' the wildherness*,' says he.

"'Ate a gridiron?' says I; 'och, in throth I'm not sich a *gommo* all out as that, anyhow. But sure, if we had a gridiron, we could dress a beefstake,' says I.

"'Arrah! but where's the beefstake?' says he.

"'Sure, couldn't we cut a slice aff the pork?' says I.

"'Be gor, I never thought o' that,' says the captain, 'You're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says he, laughin'.

"'Oh, there's many a throe word said in a joke,' says I.

"'Throe for you, Paddy,' says he.

"'Well then,' says I, 'if you put me ashore there beyant' (for we were nearin' the land all the time), 'and sure I can ax thim for to lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I.

"'Oh by gor, the butther's comin' out o' the stirabout in airnest now,' says he; 'you *gommo*,' says he, 'sure I towld you before that's France — and sure they're all furriners there,' says the captain.

"'Well,' says I, 'and how do you know but I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim?'

"'What do you mane?' says he.

"'I mane,' says I, 'what I towld you, that I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim.'

"'Make me *sinsible*,' says he.

"'By dad, maybe that's more nor I could do,' says I — and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I'd pay him aff for his bit o' consait about the Garman Oecant.

"'Lave aff your humbuggin', says he, 'I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane, at all at all.'

"'Parly *voe frongsay*,' says I.

"'Oh, your humble sarvant,' says he; 'why, by gor, you're a scholar, Paddy.'

"'Throth, you may say that,' says I.

"'Why, you're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says the captain, jeerin' like.

“‘You’re not the first that said that,’ says I, ‘whether you joke or no.’”

“‘Oh, but I’m in airnest,’ says the captain — ‘and do you tell me, Paddy,’ says he, ‘that you spake Frinch?’”

“‘*Parly voo frongsay,*’ says I.”

“‘By gor, that bangs Banagher, and all the world knows Banagher bangs the divil — I never met the likes o’ you, Paddy,’ says he — ‘pull away, boys, and put Paddy ashore, and maybe we won’t get a good bellyful before long.’”

“‘So with that, it was no sooner said nor done — they pulled away and got close inshore in less than no time, and run the boat up into a little creek, and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white sthrand — an illigant place for ladies to bathe in the summer; and out I got — and it’s stiff enough in my limbs I was, afther bein’ cramp’d up in the boat, and perished with the cowl’d and hunger; but I conthived to scramble on, one way or t’other, tow’rds a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin’ out of it, quite timptin’ like.”

“‘By the powdher’s o’ war, I am all right,’ says I; ‘there’s a house there;’ and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women, and childher, ating their dinner round a table, quite convaynient. And so I wint up to the door, and I thought I’d be very civil to thim, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty p’lite intirely — and I thought I’d show them I knew what good manners was.”

“‘So I took aff my hat, and making a low bow, says I, ‘God save all here,’ says I.”

“‘Well, to be sure, they all stopt ating at wanst, and begun to stare at me — and, faith, they almost looked me out of countenance; and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all — more betoken from furriners which they call so mighty p’lite; but I never minded that, in regard o’ wantin’ the gridiron; and so says I, ‘I beg your pardon,’ says I, ‘for the liberty I take, but it’s only bein’ in disthress in regard of ating,’ says I, ‘that I make bowld to throuble yez, and if yez could lind me the loan of a gridiron,’ says I, ‘I’d be intirely obleeged to ye.’”

“‘By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before; and with that says I (knowin’ what was in their minds), ‘indeed it’s thrue for you,’ says I — ‘I’m tatthered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough — but it’s by raison of the storm,’ says I, ‘which dhruv us ashore here below, and we’re all starvin’,’ says I.”

"So then they began to look at each other agin; and myself, seeing at wanst dirty thoughts was in their heads, and they tuck me for a poor beggar, comin' to crave charity — with that, says I, 'Oh! not at all,' says I, 'by no manes — we have plenty o' mate ourselves, there below, and we'll dhress it,' says I, 'if you would be plased to lind us the loan of a gridiron,' says I, makin' a low bow."

"Well, sir, with that, throth they stared at me twice worse nor ever — and, faith, I began to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all at all; and so says I, 'I beg pardon, sir,' says I, to a fine owld man, with a head of hair as white as silver — 'maybe I'm undher a mistake,' says I; 'but I thought I was in France, sir: aren't you furriners?' says I — '*Parly voo frongsay?*'"

"'We munseer,' says he."

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'if you plase?'"

"Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had siven heads; and, faith, myself began to feel flustered like, and onaisy — and so says I, makin' a bow and scrape agin, 'I know it's a liberty I take, sir,' says I, 'but it's only in regard of bein' cast away; and if you plase, sir,' says I, '*Parly voo frongsay?*'"

"'We munseer,' says he, mighty sharp."

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?' says I, 'and you'll obleege me.'"

"Well, sir, the old chap began to munseer me; but the divil a bit of a gridiron he'd gie me; and so I began to think they wor all neygars, for all their fine manners; and throth my blood begun to rise, and says I, 'By my sowl, if it was you was in disthress,' says I, 'and if it was to owld Ireland you kem, it's not only the gridiron they'd give you, if you ax'd it, but something to put an it too, and the dhrop o' dhrink into the bargain, and *cead mile failte*.'"

"Well, the word *cead mile failte* seemed to sthreck his heart, and the owld chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer, and make him sinsible at last; and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might undherstand — '*Parly — voo — frongsay*, munseer?'"

"'We munseer,' says he."

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and bad scran to you.'"

"Well, bad win to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the owld chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about a long tongs.

"Phoo! — the divil sweep yourself and your tongs,' says I, 'don't want a tongs at all at all; but can't you listen to raison,' says I — '*Parly voo frongsay?*'

"'We munseer.'

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and howld your prate.'

"Well, what would you think but he shook his owld noddle, as much as to say he wouldn't; and so says I, 'Bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen — throth if you wor in my counthry it's not that a-way they'd use you; the curse o' the crows an you, you owld sinner,' says I, 'the divil a longer I'll darken your door.'

"So he seen I was vex'd, and I thought, as I was turnin' away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience troubled him; and, says I, turnin' back, 'Well, I'll give you one chance more — you owld thief — are you a Christhan at all at all! Are you a furriner?' says I, 'that all the world call so p'lite. Bad luck to you, do you undherstand your own language? — *Parly voo frongsay?*' says I.

"'We munseer,' says he.

"'Then thunder an turf,' says I, 'will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?'

"Well, sir, the divil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me — and so with that, the 'curse o' the hungry an you, you owld negarly villain,' says I: 'the back o' my hand and the sowl o' my fut to you, that you may want a gridiron yourself yit,' says I, 'and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you,' says I, and with that I left them there, sir, and kem away — and in throth it's often sence that *I thought that it was remarkable.*"

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

[WILLIAM MOTHERWELL: A Scottish poet; born in Glasgow, October 13, 1797; died there, November 1, 1835. He was educated at Edinburgh, in Paisley, and at Glasgow University, and in 1818 began his literary career by contributing verses to the *Greenock Visitor*. He was deputy sheriff clerk of Renfrewshire, 1819-1829, and then entered journalism. His works are: "Renfrewshire Characters and Scenery" (written under the pen name Isaac Brown, 1824), "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern" (1827), "Jeannie Morrison" (1832), and "Poems, Narrative and Lyrical" (1832).]

A STEED, a steed of matchlesse speed!
 A sword of metal keene!
 All else to noble hearts is drosse,
 All else on earth is meane.
 The neigheynge of the war horse prowde,
 The rowlings of the drum,

The clangor of the trumpet lowde,
 Be soundes from heaven that come;
 And O! the thundering presse of knightes
 Whenas their war cryes swell,
 May toll from heaven an angel bright,
 And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte! then mounte! brave gallants all,
 And don your helmes againe:
 Deathe's couriers, fame and honor, call
 Us to the field againe.
 No shrewish teares shall fill our eye
 When the sword hilt's in our hand,—

Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sighe
 For the fayrest of the land;
 Let piping swaine, and craven wight
 Thus weepe and puling crye,
 Our business is like men to fight,
 And hero-like to die!

WORDS OF A BELIEVER.

BY LAMENNAIS.

(Translated for this work by Forrest Morgan.)

[HUGUES FÉLICITÉ DE LA MENNAIS (he democratized his name when he democratized his opinions), reformer, evolving from priest to republican, anti-clerical, and agnostic, was born at St. Malo in 1782, of an old commercial family. Of both scholarly and ultra-religious bent, he became teacher of mathematics instead of shipper, and an extreme advocate for church pretensions; wrote a book against materialism and another on the episcopate; entered the priesthood after the restoration; and wrote a celebrated work on "Indifference in Religion," upholding authority as the sole rule of belief, which nearly made him a cardinal. But though a leader in the reactionary group, he fast developed out of it, and in 1824 was fined for a work on the "Relations of Religion and Politics." After the revolution of 1830, being a zealous liberal but still a zealous clerical, he established a journal called *L'Avenir* [the Future] to reconcile the two interests. As it recommended the separation of church and state and other things distasteful to the clericals, Gregory XVI. suppressed it. Lamennais at first submitted; but soon becoming convinced that he must give up one side or the other, broke with the church and published in 1834 the still famous "Paroles d'un Croyant" [Words of a Believer], which went over Europe like wildfire, and was put in the Index Expurgatorius at Rome, to which Lamennais retorted with "Affaires de Rome" (1836). He became a great liberal leader, and wrote "The Book of the People" (1837), "The Country and the Government" (1840), "On Religion" (1841), "The Guide of the First Age" (1844), "A Voice from Prison" (1846), which were text-books of democracy; also a "Sketch of Philosophy" (4 vols., 1840-1846). He ceased from all religious faith, and on his death in 1854 forbade religious ceremonies at his burial.]

I

IT WAS on a somber night; a starless sky weighed down upon the earth, like a vaulting of black marble upon a tomb.

And nothing troubled the silence that night, except a strange noise as of the soft beating of wings, that from time to time was heard above the fields and the cities;

And then the shades grew denser, and each man felt his spirit shrink and a shiver run through his veins.

And within a room swathed in sable and lighted by one dull red lamp, seven men, clothed in purple and their heads encircled with crowns, were seated on seven seats of iron.

And in the midst of the room rose a throne constructed of bones; and at the base of the throne, in the guise of a footstool, was an overturned crucifix; and before the throne, a table of ebony; and on the table, a vessel filled with red and frothy blood, and a human skull.

And the seven crowned men seemed pensive and mournful ; and from the depths of the hollow sockets, their eyes from time to time let gleams of livid fire escape.

And one of them, having risen, totteringly approached the throne, and set his foot upon the crucifix.

And at that moment his limbs trembled, and he seemed about to sink. The others regarded him stonily ; they made not the slightest movement, but something inscrutable passed over their brows, and an unearthly smile distorted their lips.

And he who had seemed about to sink stretched out his hand, grasped the vessel filled with blood, turned some of it into the skull, and drank it.

And that draught seemed to fortify him.

And, raising his head, this cry came from his breast in a dull rattle : —

“Accursed be Christ, who has brought back Liberty upon the earth !”

And the six other crowned men rose in unison, and in unison sent up the same cry : —

“Accursed be Christ, who has brought back Liberty upon the earth !”

After which, having seated themselves once more upon their iron chairs, the first one said : —

“My brethren, what can we do to strangle Liberty ? for our reign is ended if hers begins. Our cause is one : let each propose what seemeth him good.

“This, for mine own part, is the counsel I give. Before Christ came, who stood erect in our presence ? It is his religion that has destroyed us : let us abolish the religion of Christ.”

And all responded : “It is true. Let us abolish the religion of Christ.”

And a second advanced toward the throne, took the human skull, poured the blood therein, drank it, and spoke thus : —

“It is not religion alone that must be abolished, but science and thought as well ; for science would know what it is not good for us that men should know, and thought is ever ready to lift the heel against force.”

And all responded : “It is true. Let us abolish science and thought.”

And having done what the first two had done, the third said : —

“When we have plunged men once more into brutishness

by taking from them religion and science and thought at once, we shall have done much, but there will yet remain somewhat more to do.

"The brute has dangerous instincts and sympathies. No nation must hear the voice of any other nation, for fear lest, if one shall complain and arouse itself, another may be tempted to imitate it. Let no sound from outside penetrate among us."

And all responded: "It is true. Let no sound from outside penetrate among us."

And a fourth said: "We have our interests, and the nations have also their interests opposed to ours. If they unite to defend those interests against us, how can we resist them?"

"Let us divide to rule. Let us create in each province, in each town, in each hamlet, an interest contrary to those of other hamlets, of other towns, of other provinces.

"By this means they will hate one another, and they will not think of uniting against us."

And all responded: "It is true. Let us divide to rule: agreement would be death to us."

And a fifth, having twice filled with blood and twice emptied the human skull, said:—

"I approve all these methods: they are good — but insufficient. Make brutes, that is well; but intimidate those brutes, strike terror into them by an inexorable justice and by atrocious punishments, if you would not sooner or later be devoured by them. The executioner is the prime minister of a good prince."

And all responded: "It is true. The executioner is the prime minister of a good prince."

And a sixth said:—

"I recognize the advantage of prompt punishments, terrible, inevitable. Nevertheless there are strong spirits and desperate spirits which brave such punishments.

"Would you govern men easily, enervate them by pleasures. Virtue is worth nothing to us, — it nourishes force; rather let us exhaust it by corruption."

And all responded: "It is true. Let us exhaust force and energy and courage by corruption."

Then the seventh, having like the others drunk from the human skull, spake after this sort, his feet on the crucifix:—

"No more about Christ: there is war to the death, eternal war, between him and us.

"But how detach the nations from him? It is a vain

attempt. What then shall be done? Listen to me: the priests of Christ must be won over with wealth, honors, and power.

"And they will command the people, on the part of Christ, to submit to us in all things, whatever we may do, whatever we may ordain;

"And the people will believe them, and will obey them for conscience' sake, and our power will be more firmly fixed than heretofore."

And all responded: "It is true. Let us win over the priests of Christ."

And suddenly the lamp which lit the room went out, and the seven men departed in the darkness.

And it had been said to a righteous man, who at that moment watched and prayed before the cross: "My day approaches. Worship and fear naught."

II.

And through a gray and heavy fog, I saw, as one sees on the earth the hour of twilight, a naked, desert, and frigid plain.

In its midst arose a rock, whence fell drop by drop a blackish water; and the feeble and hollow sound of the drops which fell was the only sound that was heard.

And seven paths, after having meandered through the plain, led finally up to the rock; and near the rock, at the opening of each, was a stone covered with an unknown something moist and green, in seeming like the slime of a reptile.

And lo, on one of the paths I espied a sort of shadow which slowly moved; and little by little the shadow approached, and I distinguished, not a man, but the similitude of a man.

And in place of a heart this human form had a clot of blood.

And it seated itself on the moist green rock, and its limbs shivered, and with drooping head it hugged itself with its arms, as if to retain the remainder of its warmth,

And by the six other roads, six other shadows successively arrived at the foot of the rock.

And each of them, shivering and hugging itself with its arms, seated itself on the moist green rock.

And they sat there in silence, and bowed beneath the weight of an incomprehensible anguish.

And their silence lasted long, — I know not how long, for the sun never rose over that plain; neither morning nor even-

ing there was known. The drops of blackish water solely measured, in falling, an enduring monotony, dusky, sluggish, eternal.

And that was so horrible to see, that if God had not fortified me, I could not have sustained the view.

And after a sort of convulsive shiver, one of the shadows, lifting up its head, let a sound be heard like the hoarse, dry sound of the wind as it whistles through a skeleton.

And the rock sent back these words to my ear:—

“Christ has conquered: may he be accursed!”

And the six other shadows started; and all raising their heads at once, the same blasphemy sprang from their bosoms:—

“Christ has conquered: may he be accursed!”

And directly they were seized with a stronger trembling, the fog grew denser, and for a moment the blackish water ceased to flow.

And the seven shadows had bent anew beneath the weight of their secret anguish, and there had been a second silence longer than the first.

Then one of them, without arising from his stone, moveless and bowed down, said to the others:—

“It has then fortunèd to you as to me. What service have our counsels done us?”

And another replied: “Faith and thought have broken the chains of the nations; faith and thought have freed the earth.”

And another said: “We would have divided men, and our oppression has united them against us.”

And another: “We have shed blood, and the blood has rained back upon our heads.”

And another: “We have sowed corruption, and it has sprouted in ourselves, and devoured our bones.”

And another: “We have thought to strangle Liberty, and her breath has withered our power to its root.”

Then the seventh shadow:—

“Christ has conquered: may he be accursed!”

And all with one voice responded:—

“Christ has conquered: may he be accursed!”

And I saw a hand that stretched forth; it dipped a finger in the blackish water, whereof the drops in falling measured eternal duration, marked with it the forehead of the seven shadows, and that was forever.

THE OLD STOIC.

By EMILY BRONTË.

[1818-1848.]

RICHES I hold in light esteem,
And Love I laugh to scorn;
And lust of fame was but a dream,
That vanished with the morn;

And if I pray, the only prayer
That moves my lips for me
Is, "Leave the heart that now I bear,
And give me liberty!"

Yes, as my swift days near their goal
'Tis all that I implore;
In life and death a chainless soul,
With courage to endure.

